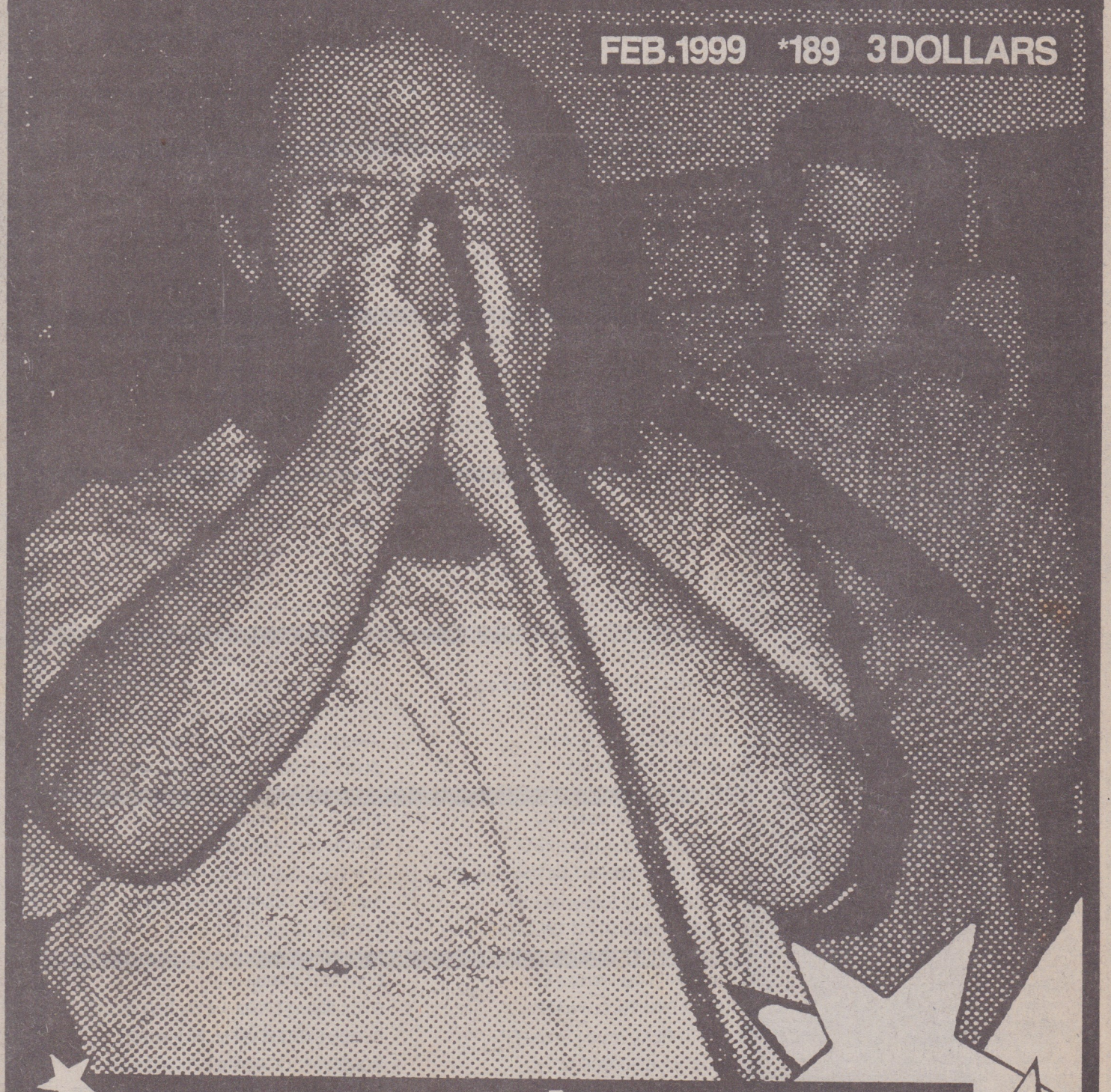
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

FEB.1999 *189 3 DOLLARS



MONSTER X

MARAUDERS · STEAM PIG ·
DEAD BEAT RECORDS · HALFWAYS ·
PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES ·
YAKUZA · HOT ROD HONEYS ·
DERITA SISTERS AND JUNIOR ·
"DECODING THE DRUG WAR"

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•*U.S.*: Copies are $3.00 each/ 6 issues sub for $18.00. If you're from California, send $19.49 (sales tax).
•*Canada*: Copies are $3.00 each/ 6 issues sub for $18.00 (US dollars).
•*Mexico*: Copies are $3.00 each/ 6 issues sub for $18.00.
•*South America*: Copies are $4.00 each/ 6 issue sub for $24.00.
•*Europe*: Copies are $5.50 each/ 6 issue sub for $33.
•*Australia, Asia, Africa*: Copies are $7.00 each/ 6 issue sub for $42.00 (US dollars).

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 148-149, 152-153, 156 Pt 2, 160, 161, 166, 168, 170-175, 177-187 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In: by 15th of previous month–
NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:
1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") $60
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $70

AD CRITERIA:
Due to backlogs, we can only run new ads for music and zine releases. All other ads must be classfieds only. We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost $3/60 words max for $4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Matt Average

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415) 642-6800 or fax (415) 642-6810. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617
Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

DEATHTHREAT-Reason To Live-EP	GERI LIVE-Growing Up-EP
SWARM/MORSER-split-EP	GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS--EP
V/A-Hardcore Ball 3-CD	GYGA-Slaving-EP
ULCER-Discography-CD	CATTLEPRESS/AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED-EP
MURDER SUICIDE PACT-Lobotomy Kit-EP	POINT OF FEW-Gone-EP

JEFF HEERMANN

JACK OBLIVIAN-So Low-LP	ACTION SWINGERS-London Sessions-LP
V/A-Blood Red Battle Royal-LP	KING BROTHERS-LP
V/A-Killed By Death #19-LP	SONICS-Introducing The Sonics-LP
HOT ROD HONEYS-Horny And Hungry-LP	MAD TRAP-STAY DISCONTENT-CD EP
V/A-Teenage Shut Down-All LPs	READY SNAKES/SPACESHITS-split-EP

TOM HOPKINS

ORCHID-Mean S.O.B.-EP/RADON-28-LP	D.S.13-For The Kids-EP/BLACK DICE-EP
MORSER/SWARM-split-EP	V/A-Teenage Shutdown-LP
DEATHTHREAT-EP/PETTY CRIME--EP	VOLUME11/GASP-EP/IN/HUMANITY-EP
DETESTATION-EP/LOCUST-Moth Eaten-LP	SUPERSNAZZt-EP/CALLOUSED--LP
FAT DAY/HARRIET THE SPY-EP	GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

JACK OBLIVIAN-LP/REAL KIDS-Live	RESINEATORS-Garbage Strike-LP
V/A-Blood Battle Royal-LP	SPACESHITS/DEADLY SNAKES-split-EP
HOT RODS HOMEY-Horny and Hungry-LP	MORNING SHAKES-The Go Sound-EP
KING BROTHERS-LP/PUFFBALL-EP	PANIC BUTTONS-EP/CRUMS-EP
V/A-Instant Pop Classics-LP	V/A-Teenage Shutdowns-all-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

JAYNE COUNTY-Goddes Of...-LP	HOT ROD HONEYS-Horny and Hungry-LP
UBANGI STOMP-Psychobilly Bloodbath-7"	PEEPSHOWS/ROCK N' ROLL TERRORISTS-EP
ANTISEEN-Jailhouse-EP	ACTION SWINGERS-London Sessions-LP
SUPERSNAZZ-It's ALright-EP	ABSENTEES-Tryin' To Mess With Me-EP
CHINESE TAKEAWAY-EP	BLOODSTAINS ACROSS BELGIUM-Vol3-LP

RAY LUJAN

POCKET CHANGE-Golden-CD	ATARIS-Look Forward-CD
RONDELLES-Fiction Romance-LP	RADON-28-LP/SEWER TROUT-CD
DEAD END CRUISERS-Feild Operations-EP	PUFFBALL-EP/J CHURCH-Cat Food-LP
REDEMPTION 87-Spidey Sessions	ANN BERETTA/SPRAY PAINT-split-EP
ARMCHAIR MARTIAN/AT THE DRIVE IN-live	EVERSON/COMRADES-split-EP

TIMOJHEN MARK

IN/HUMANITY-Occultonomy-EP	DOGFIGHT-III Millennio-EP
OUT COLD-No Eye Contact-EP	GYGA-Slaving-EP/V/A-Are We Too Late...-EP
DEATHTHREAT-Reason To Live-EP	DEMON SYSTEM 13-For The Kids-EP
LOCUST-LP/DISCLOSE-10"	GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS-EP
MORSER/SWARM-split-EP	FOUND MY DIRECTION-Before Their Time-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

DEAD END CRUISERS-Field Operations-EP	FOUR MAN MARCH-The Luckiest Man...-EP
ANN BERETTA/SPRAY PAINT-split-EP	FAT DAY/HARRIET THE SPY-split-EP
DS 13-For The Kids, Not The Business-EP	RADON-28-LP
DEATHTHREAT-Reson To Live-EP	DEVOTCHKAS-Oi Toy-EP
J CHURCH-Cat Food-LP	THE RONDELLES-Fiction-LP

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible– one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

RAIMUNDO MURGIA

STITCHES/PRESSURE POINT-Live	TRUST FUND BABIES-Demo
RANDUMBS-Piss On It-CD	SIGI POP-Heja Heja APPD-EP
ANTISEEN-Jailhouse-EP	MORMONS-Vol. 2-EP
ABSENTEES-Revenge-EP	ACTION SWINGERS-Complete London Sessions
GEHENNAH-No Fucking Christmas-EP	CALAVERA-Los Muertos-CD

JAH NELL

KING BROTHERS-Go To Hell-LP	B-SIDES/BANANAS/REDSTARS/CUTS-live
DAYLIGHT LOVERS-Casa De Rock N' Roll-EP	SEWER TROUT-From The Forgotten Memories-CD
BETTE DAVIS AND THE BALCONETTES-EP	SUICIDE SQUAD-I Hate School-EP
THE CRUMS-Creepy Crawl-EP	RADON-28-LP
ABSENTEES-both-EPs	BLACK DICE-Printed Paper-EP

JACQUELINE PRICHARD and SEAN SULLIVAN

DEATHREAT-EP/GROWING CONCERN-EP	GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS-EP
FOKKEWOLF-EP/FOUR MAN MARCH-EP	REAL KIDS-live
IN/HUMANITY-EP/FECI DAL SIGNORE-EP	FOUND MY DIRECTION-EP
ALL BETS OFF-EP/OVERFLOW-EP	ORCHID-EP
DAYLIGHT LOVERS-EP/PUFFBALL-EP	SONICS=LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

BRAINDANCE-Delusions of Granduer-LP	STREET TROOPERS-EP/LOIKMEIE/SMEGMAEP
ANTISEEN-7"/REDUCERS/FORGOTTEN-live	RANDUMBS-CD/DEVOTCHKAS-Oi Toy-EP
COCK SPARRER-Live and Loud-LP	THE TENDONS-Baby In A Bucket-CD
THE OPPRESSED-More Noise...-LP	MURDER SUICIDE PACT-Lobotomy Kit-EP
OUT COLD-No Eye Contact-EP	V/A-We Are The People-LP/

MAX WARD

SERI LIVE-Growing Up-EP/live	GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS-EP
CURTAINRAIL-Fast and Loud-EP	DISCLOSURE-Aspects of War-10"
SNIFTER/YUPPIECRUSHER-split-EP	POINT OF FEW-Gone-EP
FOUND MY DIRECTION-Before Their Time-EP	SENSLESS APOCALYPSE/HARSH-split-EP
DEATHTHREAT-Reason To Live-EP	RAHAKKA/ARMAGEDON CLOCK-split-EP

RYAN WELLS

BETTE DAVIS/BALONETTES-Sufr Surf-EP	FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM-New Professionals-LP
KARATE PARTY-EP	ABSENTEES-both EPs
KIRKS-'60 Far Out-EP	HOT POCKETS-I Live On Rocket St-EP
RONDELLES-Fliction Romance-EP	V/A-The World Ain't Round-LP
V/A-Bloodstains UK #3-LP	CHINESE TAKEAWAY-Shut Up And Behave-EP

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

PUFFBALL-Full Throttle Rock n' Roll-7"	ANTISEEN-Jailhouse/People Like You-7"
HELLACOPTERS/NITWITZ-split-EP	RANDUMBS-Piss On It-CD
ACTION SWINGERS-Complete...-LP	SUPERSNAZZ-It's Alright/Our Favorite Things
CHINESE TAKEAWAY-Shut Up and Behave-EP	THE ROCKETS-Voltage Demons/The Overdriver
MARIONETE-Wir Sind-EP	HELLACOPTERS/NITWITZ-split-7"

ZINE TOP TEN

PERSONALITY LIBERATION FRONT-#2	ARMED WITH ANGER-#5
FLIPSIDE-#115	BURN COLLECTOR-#9
SOAP&SPIKES-#5	COMPLETE CONTROL-#2
REFORMATION OF KINGS	CHANGE-#11
TRUST-#72	PLASTIC BOMB-#25

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Arwen Curry, Sean Sullivan, Jacqueline Prinhard

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#148/Sept '95. Adversives, Thorazine, Toe Rag Studios, Scott Radinsky, Wizo, Bollocks, Shitworkers, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Soda Jerks, Walking Ruins, "Roots Of Punk–The Sixties Pt 1".

#149/Oct '95. Manic Hispanic, Pet UFO, Campus Tramps, Joe Kidd, Bad Luck Streak, Chumpslap, The Humpers, No Violence, Diferentes Actitudes, Juveniles, Richard the Roadie, "Roots Of Punk–The Sixties Pt 2".

#152/Jan '96. Assfort, Turbonegro, Junior, Compound Fracture, Murder Junkies, Bottomfeeders, Battalion Of Saints, Heartbreakers, Florida Scum Pitt.

#153/ Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, A.D.Z., Oxymoron, N.O.T.A., Stun Guns, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes, "Uncle Sam & The Swastika".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, T.M.T., H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#160/Sept '96. The Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, The Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, The Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia update, "Pioneers of Punk–Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers of Punk–Ohio '77".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers of Punk–Dead Boys".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneers of Punk–The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Patrick Grindstaff of Pelado Records, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawls, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, The Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, The Bristols, My 3 Scum, The Space Shits, Chris of Pessimiser Records, The Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers of Punk–GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers of Punk: The Henchmen", Filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNT's, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless I.D., Quarantine, "Roots of Punk–Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, The Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, "Economics theme issue".

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers of Punk–Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, T.V. Killers, Slack Action, The Eyliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, The Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers of Punk–Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, The Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Block 5, D.D.I., The Normals, "Pioneers of Punk–999", "Pirate Radio" theme issue.

#182/July '98. Thee Headcoatees, Vapids, Manchurian Candidates, Squiggy, Nema, Traffic Violation Records, Jumpin' Land Mines, B-Movie Rats, Budget Girls, The Bruisers, Discount, Dead End Kids, "Pioneers of Punk–Adverts".

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers of Punk–X-Ray Specs", Article on Chiapas.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers of Punk–Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Whimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers of Punk–Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-article on homeless punks, "Pioneers of Punk--Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily and Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers of Punk--Dead Kennedy's".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers of Punk--DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Records, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita and Sister.

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! Hi! My name is Jenn and I input and edit the scene reports that come in. MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff? We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!! Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on previous page.

x625x HARDCORE

625 FASTCORE RECIPES FOR NOV 98

DEVOLA-EP

Mix a little Halfman, with some CR, and have your annoying-ass kid brother sing for it and you got the new Upstate NY hardcore kings

THEY LIVE-EP

One part Japanese hardcore, two parts INFEST... throw it on an 8-track recorder and don't forget the BASTARD cover.

MOSH OF ASS-1 PAGE DEMO ZINE

New and upcoming SXE, thrashcore, grind and death metal. The shit only costs a stamp or IRC through 625 so what the fuck. You can get it through Vacuum with your orders too! Bands send demos / issues #1 and #2 have print run of 1500.

AVULSION-Crimson Foliage Hit CD

28 songs of blistering math-grindcore. Crazy time changes, 3 singers, and heavy dose of blast beats makes one hell of a CD

PLUS REPRESSES OF:

ENTROPY-EP

8 songs of mindnumbing grindcore.

NO COMPLY / CHRISTMESS -EP

Killer fastcore for all you who missed out the first time around

Old School Recipes available through Vacuum mailorder:

-324-Ep (Terrorizor style grind)
-Kurbits IR-EP (Swedish fast core)
-Utter bastard / D.B.E-split ep
-Excruciating Terror-Live EP
-Emetic / Gorymelanoma-EP
-Godstomper-Ep

ordering info

Wholesale / distros-WRITE 625
Mailorder-WRITE VACUUM
Mosh of Ass order- 625 (submissions too)
Large trades-WRITE BOTTLENEKK

VACUUM (send stamps/ircs for catalog)
PO BOX 460324
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146 USA

625 / MOSH OF ASS
PO BOX 423413
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94142-3413 USA

STORES CONTACT:

Bottlenekk (for trades and wholesale)
510-420-8733
Revolver: 415-541-2420
Choke:773-395-0809
Very: fax-215-426-9662

other info:

New mid-80's style thrashcore band called WHAT HAPPENS NEXT EP soon / D.B.E full LP out soon / 625 does not have a catalog / down to trade flyers-videos-shirts-releases: just write 625 before / bands-send demos for Mosh Of Ass zine! / Watch for new full lengths by: PIGDESTROYER / KUNG FU RICK / MALICOUS HATE / SOCIETY OF FRIENDS / and a new EP by CORNERED. Plus the CHARLES BRONSON DISCOGRAPHY

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SOON:

HAIL MARY

★THE REDSCARE★

split five inch 4.00ppd

volume eleven

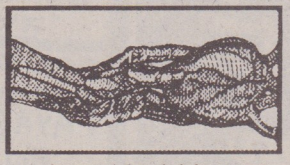
x-honeywell

ten inch 6.00ppd

shahrazad

seven inch 3.00ppd

distro: ebullition -
bottlenekk - vacuum
x.mist -stickfigure



other stuff:
ananda 12"
l'invention de morel 7"

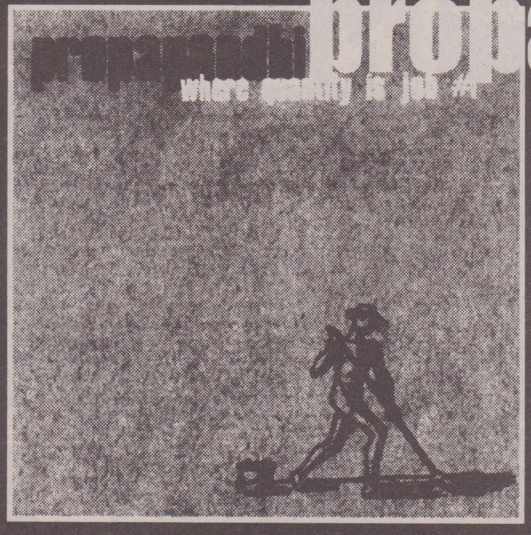
email: brian@bottlenekk.com

hand.held.heart

mailorder = color vinyl

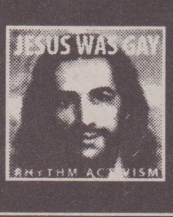
24445 lisa kelton pl - newhall, ca 91321 usa

propagandhi



OVER AN HOUR OF RARE, UNRELEASED, OUT-OF-PRINT, LIVE, DEMO AND OTHERWISE HARD-TO-FIND AND EMBARASSING TRACKS! OUCH.

"WHERE QUALITY IS JOB #1" CD



RHYTHM ACTIVISM
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$12 cdn in canada,
$12 u.s. everywhere else.

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HOPSCOTCH

the sound of self destructive youth...

OUT NOW

The Blood Brothers
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300 orange vinyl

"dis-ease" 7"
←pronounced chic, chic, chic
members of yahmos & pops smashers

SAKE
."the desert" 7"
AND
•self titled 10"

STILL AVAILABLE

AREA 51...
• discography 10"

SAKE / SUBMISSION HOLD
• unnatural disasters split 12"

MURDER CITY DEVILS
• three natural sixes 7"

APEFACE
• s/t 12"

SUBMISSION HOLD
• garlic for victory 7"

RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE
• s/t 7"

DEATH WISH KIDS
• theres nothing in school... 7"

Payable to mike(y)
distro $ by bottleneck
send stamp for ctlg.
ph# - 8052552214
and to the kid who wrote me bad mouthing Lauper just know your days are numbered...

	here	there
7"	3	5
10"	6	10
12"	7	10

KILL-QUITTY.

in the works!
-blood brothers
-behead the prophet
-hail mary
-and more...

HOPSCOTCH
POBOX55783
VALENCIA CA 91385

VERY SMALL RECORDS:

FOUR TWO PUDDING COMP CD (JAWBREAKER+24) $7.00

LIVERACHE' DBL LP $6.25
43 BAND DRINKIN' COMP

BUN LENGTH CD'S $5.50 EACH:
• SCHLONG: ESSENTIAL &
• FISHBOOTY.
• SESAME STREET COMP

BUN LENGTH LP'S $5.50 EACH:
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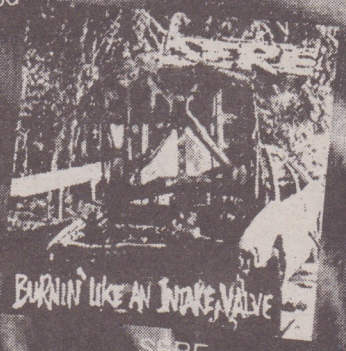

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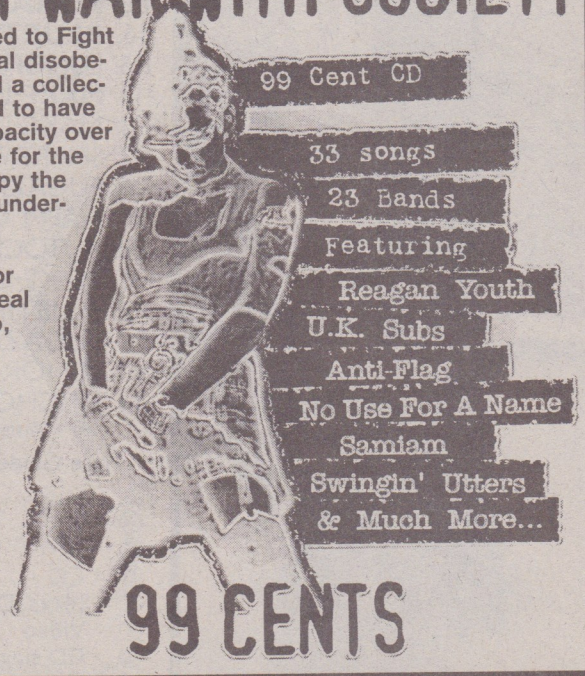

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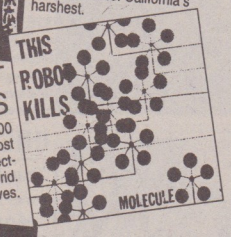

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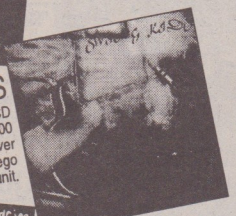

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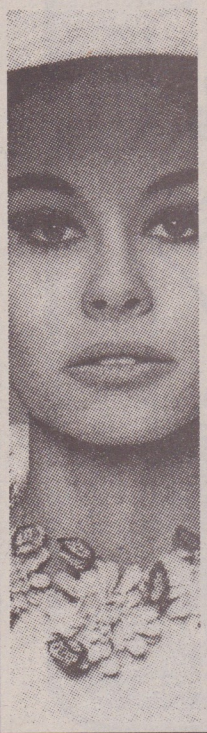

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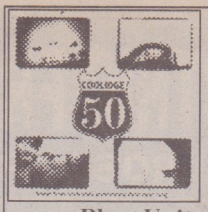

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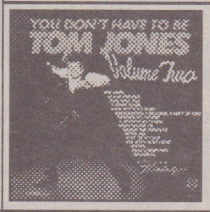

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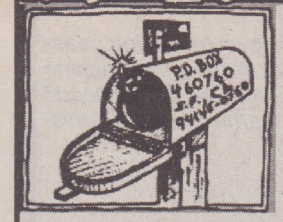


Dear MRR and readers,

Here are Sharapov and Zhenya from St. Petersburg, Russia. We make a zine called *Knives N Forks* (2 issues out). We are writing on an issue which is very important for us (and everyone).

Once you published an interview with Moscow band called Purgen. They are very proud of it, they tell everybody about it, blah blah blah. We cannot blame them for being racists, but their tapes are being released and distributed by the labels which are 100% connected with Nazis and racists. Purgen's first tape "Mertvy Prezident" ("Dead President") was issued on K.T.R. (Heavy Rock Corporation), a subsidiary of "Soyuz", the biggest label in Russia (it is Russian partner of Warner Bros.) KTR is headed by Sergei Troitski aka Pauk (Spider) who is the leader of fascist-xenophobic-nationalist band Korroziya Metalla (Metal Corrosion). BTW, he was once beaten up by a member of Napalm Death for being fascist. His band is backed by big business, their shows are broadcast by major Russian TV channels, including MuzTV (MTV sort of channel). Pauk is also the producer of "Punk Revolution" compilation series (6 issues out), on which Purgen also was featured. The next two cassettes and a video by Purgen were released by another racist label - "Hobgoblin Records". This label released tapes by white power doom metal band Deceptive and by racist punk band Yo.zhi. Also we'd like to mention that Hobgoblin tapes have a barcode. This time Purgen themselves compiled a tape called "Moscovski Punk Obstrel" (Moscow punk bombardment). It has above mentioned band Yo.zhi, some thugs with the Confederate flags; most of the bands were also on "Punk Revolution". Purgen try to distance themselves from the right-wing bands and even once refused to play with some thugs of that kind but as you can see Purgen are still connected with racists. Our zine have already started a boycotting campaign "Nazi Punks Fuck Off!!" against KTR and Hobgoblin. Our flyers were already published in at least three zines. And the editor of one of them (*Utopia*, Moscow @-magazine) was threatened with beating because of this flyer. Respectfully,
Zhenya, Sharapov/ Russia/ 195009/ St. Petersburg-9/ PO Box 30/ D. Ivanov/ http://knivesnforks.cjb.net

PS We are going to make an English version of our zine with Saint Petersburg scene report and some other stuff. It's gonna be 8 pages A5 (half-size) format.

Dear Jacqueline,

This month have been very busy for me and my activists friends. We just came back from Jakarta for a big demonstration (about 10.000 people gather from many different universities, schools, institutes!) in October 28th. That is the day we used to celebrate 'Hari Sumpah Pemuda', the National Youth's Oath. We demand the legislative department (like the Congress in America) to back off/ step down, because they have done nothing in the past 4 months. We want Soeharto's corruption, crimes, to be judged and sentenced, but they've done nothing! We don't agree with and refuse the national congress agenda this November, it's totally ridiculous! We also demand to have a transitional government because the new government is nothing but a bunch of new faces from the new order era! We demand a 'People Presidium' or a collective government which consist several Indonesian top leaders. It will be done by the national dialogue to make this a collective government. So far we don't have any strong leader figure right now, that's why a collective government should cover it. I don't know, is this event covered by the U.S. press ? Please let me know.

In Bandung things are quite O.K., shows are great. Ah, yes, I promised you photos from our anti-racism movement, I am sorry but I can't find the negative film! I'm so clumsy, I put it somewhere in my room, but I can't remember where. Maybe next time, O.K.? Gotta go now, all the best and take care,
Arian 13

PS I'm 'busy' and quite tired now, I just got back from Jakarta with my campus' friends, these days we have great protests! We succeed in gathering 4 Indonesian informal leaders, Amien Rais, Megawati, Gus Dur and Sultan Hamengku Buwono X, to have a meeting and talk about the future of our country. We kidnapped and forced them, ha! This event have many positive response from throughout the country, and will be continue on. OK, gotta go now, wish us luck!

MRR:

While I appreciate Maximum's continuing effort to provide a forum for viewpoints not usually heard in the mainstream, Allan Thompson's article in the November MRR News ("Is it terrorism to attack terrorists?") fell considerably short of the standards I have come to expect.

Certainly, the inclusion of commentary from Noam Chomsky was more than welcome, but whatever understanding this might have created was seriously undermined by the remarks from Reg Whittaker of York University. According to Whittaker, the embassy bombings attributed to Osama Bin Ladin indicate a "transition from a broadly rational use of terror" (examples offered being the PLO and IRA) to "the act of people who are in a sense political lunatics, who can't connect to a real political world at all."

This is a very tired cliché, one that is used over and over to characterize anyone who answers US violence with their own violence as essentially crazy and irrational. It goes all the way back to the stereotype of the "bloodthirsty savage" Indian, which supposes that they raid wagon trains and white settlements for no reason except that they are uncivilized and relish in chaos. Such a construction makes understanding all the more difficult—in fact, by these standards, it is not even necessary: since the terrorist is a "lunatic" there is nothing about them to understand.

As it happens, Whittaker's characterization not only plays into the hands of the US propaganda model, it is also entirely unfounded. Whatever one may think of Bin Ladin's methods, they are not disconnected to the "real political world." Bin Ladin is one in a series of figures embodying Arab anger toward US imperialism and general trends of Westernization in the Middle East. While his hardline Muslim fundamentalism is not a cause for which I have much sympathy, he and his followers are clearly not carrying out their attacks for no reason. For Reg Whittaker or anyone else to say otherwise merely contributes to a long-standing strategy of demonization that makes it easier for the United States to kill at will.
Lane Van Ham/ 15 E. Limberlost #26/ Tucson, AZ 85705

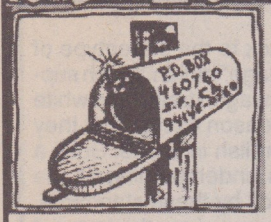
MRR,

I'm a 20 year old punk who is in the penitentiary in Oklahoma. There's not too much going on in the way of punk rock going on in Oklahoma anyway, but there is nothing for a punk rocker in prison here.

To give you a little background and to let you in on how fucked the system is in Oklahoma. I've been in for three years now on a life sentence and I shouldn't have served a day. When Destroy said, "Burn this racist system down," they had to have been talking about Oklahoma. I was railroaded bad. The entire fascist system worked against me to ensure a conviction. I wasn't allowed to call witnesses, I wasn't allows to have the lawyer I wanted (the Nazi judge chose my attorney for me), and I basically wasn't allowed to defend myself. Welcome to America, you're freedom stops here.

To add insult to injury, they literally paid witnesses with cash money, which is against federal law, to testify that I am a Nazi shithead, that is also against federal mandates. They used the Crass symbol I have tattooed on my leg to prove my right-wing affiliation.

Every single last one of my rights as an American citizen on trial for his life was systematically taken away from me and virtually every federal mandate set for a jury trial was broken to ensure my conviction. All because of my punk rock revolutionary minded roots. My anti-racist mentality in a racist state/country got me here. And now that they've got me were they want me, they're not about to let me go. They refuse me access to the law library so I can begin



working on my appeals to get the fuck out of here. Do you know what this means boys and girls? Think about it. There's a reason they don't want me (I speak for myself, but you are all included in this) on the streets. Give up? It's because they fear me. They fear what I'm about. That means they fear punk rock. Yes, kids, the movement we are a part of still intimidates these fucks just like it did in the 70's and 80's. I, like most of you, didn't realize this. I saw a boring dying scene that had been exploited so badly that you literally buy designer Black Flag shirts at the Gap. Because of this, I was becoming one of those apathetic fucks that I always bitched about. I did nothing to further the scene or to make it any changes in our fucked up Nazi society. Now I regret it.

On the other side of these walls, the racism is rampant, but it's kept undercover throughout the system. On this side of these walls, everything is blatantly racist. I am in a constant battle with the bullshit Nazi policy that dictates this world I'm in. I have it rougher than most here because I have told both the Klansmen here we call guards, and those dorks known as the Universal Aryan Brotherhood, to stick their Nazi bullshit in their arses. I'm not very popular, but then again, last time I checked punk rock wasn't around to gain popularity.

Oklahoma is a penitentiary state. This state has more prisons per square mile than any other state. The main source of income for this state are their penitentiaries. Everyone who lives here knows that. But now I know there's more to it. Oklahoma loves to send people to prison. Prison is based on Nazism. By sending all these people to spend years of their lives in a racist environment, it in turn makes them have a racist mentality. So, not only does Oklahoma get paid out the ass for locking everyone up, it turns people into Nazis. That makes the masses one with the system. Oklahoma isn't the only state like this, but it's one of, if not the, worst. If they fear us, that means we can make a difference. And if we want to make a difference and start to destroy these Nazis, a good place to start is the judicial/penal system. If you're on the inside like me, then battle it from the inside out. If you're out there, then do it from the outside in.

I know there's got to be more like minded people in the "free" world or inside. If there is I'd like to hear from you. Hell, I *need* to hear from you whether it's ideas, support, hate mail, or just bullshit.
Alexis Perryman DOC #232324/ OSP F-4/ P.O. Box 9/ McAlester, OK 74502

Dear Lefty (+ MRR),

As informative and interesting as I find your column to be at times, I do take issue with your attacks on Leninism.

All the name-calling in the world isn't going to change the fact that revolution has not, and will not, come about come about without a vanguard party providing leadership. This is not to imply that people are stupid or mindless sheep. Coherent leadership is neccesary to provide clear and concise direction to any potential movement for social change. People do not all gain political consciousness at the same time or speed, as witnessed, for example, by the minimum wage earner voting Republican.

The purpose of the Leninist party is to raise political consciousness, and prepare the subjective conditions for revolution. This party is made up of people whose knowledge of the workings of this exploitative capitalist/ imperialist system is (theoretically) more advanced.

You, yourself (Lefty), are taking a leadership role through your writing in MRR and AK Press. Does this make you elitist? No, it means you are attempting to inspire people to think, and hopefully to act as well.

As far as so-called front groups go, such as Refuse and Resist! and the October 22nd Coalition, does the fact that they were started by one or another Communist party render them invalid? Aren't these organizations made up of people who are really from many diverse streams of thought, all coming together to fight police brutality and defend the life of political prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal (among other things)?

If these groups are doing effective political work, should they just be dismissed as "front groups" because they were started by, or are guided by a Leninist party? Some people are finding a voice in these organizations, and you knock the wind out of them and provide them with what, exactly, for an alternative? Your book, perhaps?

There have been many horrendous crimes committed in the name of communism, but this does not mean we run away from our responsibilities. We learn from the past, and conduct ourselves accordingly. We build on our victories and correct our mistakes.

I am seriously interested in hearing your alternative to Leninist leadership, you "revolution without Bolsheviks."

For the record, I am in the .0001% of MRR readership who is an RCP supporter, and a supporter of the Communist Party of Peru (Sendero Luminoso) and the Revolutionary Internationalist Movement. For a free tape of my band, AK-47, write to me at: Tony/ Box 1034/ 1720 Douglas St./ Victoria, BC/ V8W 2G7/ Canada. Thanks for hearing me out.
Tony

Tony,

I can't help but be skeptical of any organization claiming to be "more advanced" than the people they plan on leading. Who wants to trade capitalist bosses for commie bosses? Speaking of bad bosses, aren't those Sendero folks a little, uh, ruthless? They're pretty well known for raising peasant political consciousness via the machine gun, e.i. shooting them. That's advanced? I thought you were learnin' from your mistakes. Jeff M.

MRR,

I totally agree with Joey's column in the November issue. I live in Upstate South Carolina and there are punks here, yeah, but there's no scene. Everyone here seems to be part of a clique, usually revolving around a band. I, myself, am not part of any clique...I just stand on the sidelines. No punks go to my school (I attend a small college) and lots of people have my number... they just choose never to call me. So my life consists of going to the few shows at the only club around here that holds punks shows (and they don't make much money putting them on either. The relatively small punk bands bring hardly anyone and the big bands—Agnostic Front, MxPx—they bring in about 300 people, and most of those kids are not from the upstate) and going to school.

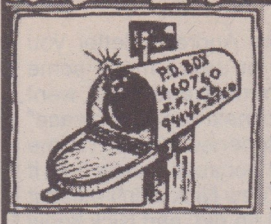
I run a zine around here and I go to most, about 90% of the punk shows. I always try to do what I can in the scene, but it is hard when there is no one to back you up. I adore punk and I want to help keep it going, but sometimes I wonder if it's even worth it to stay in the scene—it's like punk is supposed to be an outlet—a subculture where you can fit in when the rest of the world gives you shit—but it seems like I don't even fit in within the scene. What does keep me going are all the cool people I meet either online or in bands on tour. What keeps me going is the music, the zines, and the ideas conveyed through punk.

So fucks, quit your stupid cliques and your snobby attitudes. Quit singing along to your stupid Operation Ivy records and do something about unity. You think you're so different, but you're just like everyone else...
Amber/ Skunk_Girl@hotmail.com

Dear MRR:

I just want ask you where did Generic get his Dead Kennedys' info. I mean he did a pretty good job of covering their history up until "Plastic Surgery Disasters" but he didn't even cover the trial or Jello's mayoral campaign which are what set the Dead Kennedys apart from almost every other band, except the 'Pistols. He touched on every early point but seemed to miss the point completely about what the group stood for. I guess he just doesn't get them.

The 'Kennedys' music made me open my eyes and see the world for what it really is and not the happy little place I was raised in. After they entered my life I realized that gov't was lying about everything, that cops aren't our friends, and that religion truly is the opiate of the masses. Jello's



p.o.v. mixed with Ray's, Klaus's and Darren's music made a whole generation throw out everything they were taught was wholesome about America and open their eyes to the social and economic problems in the world. They were the 1st American punk band to inject politics into punk. The way they blended dark humor, sarcasm and cynicism was unlike anything anyone had done before or since. Songs like "Kill the Poor", "Police Truck", "When You Get Drafted" and "California Uber Alles" addressed social & political issues that one had ever touched on. And the now classic "Mtv Get Off the Air" took a stand against the most maniacal weapon the mainstream media ever used against us, Mtv!!! But songs like "Do the Slag", "Anarchy for Sale" and, in my opinion their best song ever, the now classic "Chickenshit Conformist" described the self-righteous punks who believe there are rules to being punk (BS). And "Insight", "Life Sentence" and "Terminal Preppy" dealt with kids who either didn't fit in at all or fit in too well. And one of their best songs ever made punks stand up and take notice on a major problem existing in America today, Nazis, in "Nazi Punks Punk Off". I was fortunate enough to not only discover punk during their existence but to see them 1986 as well, it was a reality altering experience. I haven't been the same since. I have a better understanding of how the world operates and the way the gov't does as well. I hope everyone who reads this, that didn't come out during the age of Dead Kennedys reads this and understands and goes out and buys 1 or all of DK's albums. They are probably the most influential, and inspirational American punk band ever. And anyone who saw them could tell you exactly the same thing. Their music was every definition of the word "*extreme*". No matter what internal problems the group may be having currently, their music and message will live on forever, as evidenced by my girlfriend's 13 yr old sister who absolutely loves and even gets the 'Kennedys. Long live *the Dead Kennedys! ! !*
Christopher/ 424 South East 31st Ave/ Portland, OR 97214/ flea1@iname.com

Greetings,

I am writing with great regret to report yet another tragic death in the punk rock underground. I am saddened to say that Dean Lipke, aka "Dean Dirt" and "Dean Lip", lead singer of the legendary underground punk band 10-96 died on November 1 st, 1998 in his hometown of Kenosha, Wisconsin. He was 38 years old.

Dean began performing in punk bands in 1980, when he co-founded The Worms. He went on to front the band Dead Leathers and later Twisted Christian, which by 1983 had evolved into the notorious 10-96. 10-96 lasted fifteen years and was one of the original hardcore punk bands. During that fifteen year span, 10-96 toured the U.S. four times; playing gigs with such bands as: The Exploited, GBH, Agnostic Front, U.K. Subs A.O.D., Life Sentence, The Circle Jerks, Bloody Mess & The Skabs, Beautiful Burt, S.N.F.U., U.S. Distress, The Rhythm Pigs, Broken Bones and many others.

One of the personal highlights of Dean's many musical escapades came in June of 1998 when 10-96 played Nashville, Tennessee's famous Tootsie's Lounge. (Way to go bro- now you can really sing with Hank and Patsy- I feel sorry for Elvis, too-HaHa). This was to be 10-96's last tour. 10-96 released one full-length CD on "Beer City Records, as well as four 7-inch records.

Dean was like a brother to me. He had friends and fans all over the world. I would like to send my deepest sympathies out to his family, his girl Carrie, his band mates (Joe, Moon and Kenneth) and the entire Kenosha scene. It won't be the same without you, bro- you will be missed, but like I promised you many times, I won't forget you, brother. Thanx for the friendship, good times, and the inspiration. (Life is indeed a blink).

Anyone who would like to play a benefit gig with all proceeds going to a fund for Dean's daughters, Kiona and Elise, please contact: Murf at: (414) 654-7960 or Don at: (414) 652-0356.

Thanks for printing this letter. Dean was a veteran in the U.S. punk scene and an inspiration to many. Take it sleezy,
Bloody Mess/ P.O. Box 9021/ Peoria, IL 61612/ USA

MRR,

On November 1, 1998, punk rock lost one of its best. Dean Dirt from 10-96 died of a meth overdose. He had been drinking along with other stuff all night and the meth did him in. Dean was a very special person. For those of you who were not fortunate enough to ever had met him I will tell you about him.

For 15 years Dean had sung in 10-96. Him and his band mates had a special camaraderie that most bands don't. Nothing stopped Dean. He always spoke his mind and wasn't afraid to show his mood. He was a very enthused person most of the time and didn't let responsibility or age ever stop him. (He was 38 years old when he died!)

Over the years Dean managed to raise two children, play in 10-96, do a zine, put on shows with his brother Don, eventually put on shows in his own basement too. He also loved to play paint ball as well.

Dean was always read to go on the road and meet people and have adventures! In Dean's own words him and his band were gypsy road warriors!

Either way Dean is now gone, but won't be forgotten ever. He will be missed very much by myself and many others. A final toast to Dean! ! ! Cheers my friend!
Mike Beer City

Hello Jonathan,

A common problem for independent labels from the US is getting promotion in Europe. Most are stuck with four choices: 1. Finding an exclusive distributor in each country or the whole of the continent, 2. Licensing their releases, 3. Trying to sell directly from the US and doing the promotion from there, or 4. Hiring a promotion agency. There are major drawbacks to all four scenarios in terms of costs and simply the possibility of being ripped off. I worked doing sales for Mordam for over 6 years and I am very familiar with the possible problems confronting the US labels abroad, and, in turn the European labels over there.

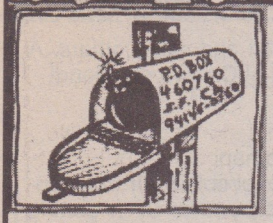
My label, Mission Control Records, founded the series called the "Superheroes Series" to confront this problem with another choice. I put out my compilations with only two labels, and only two bands from each label. This is to keep the press focused on a specific bands and labels. My label then has exclusive distributors in each European country who, as per agreement supply promotional copies of my releases to journalists/radio in their countries. Therefore, my label takes on the risks encompassed in having exclusive distributors, allowing the US labels to be free to sell their releases, already promoted, anywhere they like.

As per agreement with the US labels, I supply up to 200 promotional copies to my exclusive distributors, collect all press/ reviews and work as a mini press agency for about three months (actually longer in reality), trying to do my best to connect the labels, and bands to the European press for interviews or whatever may be of importance.

My first release in the series was "Dr Strange Vs. Asian Man". Two very good labels that, although well known in the US, are not so well known over here. The second is "Art Monk Vs. Gern Blandsten". I hope to do the same for European labels over in the US as well, or perhaps put together US and European labels, etc. With all of the extra costs incurred I have yet to break even on one of the releases, but I think it is something important to do.

Although you were correct in stating that the release is "...to sell more records from Sinkhole, Underhand, Link 80, and MU330", I think your intentions with the phrase were probably not made in regards to the above discourse. Thanks,
Mission Control Records

PS The punk scene in Europe is taking some serious hard blows, with many, many stores and distributors limiting their interest to the likes of NOFX, Bad Religion etc... Perhaps, *the* punk zine could try to be a little more supportive of all genres from the scene.



PPS Completely different subject, what the hell was Jeff Yih thinking about when he wrote, regarding the Adverts reissue: "I'm personally waiting for the 999 reissue"? Was 999 more punk than the Adverts? How old is he?

Greetings once again *Maximum Rock n' Roll*,

This is Justin Brannan from the band Indecision. I am writing to you, once again, in response to letter "H" printed in issue #187, sent in by Andrew. This is being written with the hope and intention that it will be printed in the next convenient issue so that we can have the opportunity to voice our side of the issues, implications and accusations brought up, not so much in Andrew's letter, but in MRR's response to his letter. I do regret that this has bothered us to the point of having to write to you (this the second letter we've written to you in two issues) but when the issue of homophobia was raised due to a particular word appearing in an Indecision interview, I was compelled to write and clear up the false and condemning implications, we felt, were pinned on us without any well founded reason.

Over the years I always hated and got very frustrated reading the arguments, back and forth, in the MRR letter section but now, once again, I know how it feels to have your ethics questioned and to have implications made based on one's opinion and individual perspective on the given situation, or in this case, one's sentiment of a particular word in the English language. Its rather frustrating and infuriating to read accusations in a publication such as MRR and have no defense or immediate retort, only the accusation against you on the page, in print, for all to see without a justification or defense present.

I am writing to defend myself and my band against what was implied about us, in so many ways, by MRR's response to the letter written by Andrew. Andrew was disturbed by and quoted one particular part of the Indecision interview (in issue #184) where Nick calls Jesse a "fag" because he "hadn't seen Indecision live yet". (Nick and Jesse were the two guys who interviewed me on behalf of MRR as contributors). I know both Nick and Jesse fairly well, I know them to be two sincere guys, funny, smart and sarcastic—neither of them is homophobic nor would I classify either of them as "anti-gay".

It's very important to understand that in the context of the interview the word "fag" was used it was totally in jest, as a word in Nick's slang diction - merely as a figure of speech. Whether its politically correct or not is beside the point - (then again I guess actually it IS the point). When Nick called Jesse a "fag" it was not meant to be a derogatory slur or used in a defamatory way, that much is learned just by reading the context of the interview where "the word" is used. We weren't talking about homosexuals, making fun of or condemning homosexuals. We weren't discussing new and inventive ways to demean homosexuals. If you had read the interview, you'd see the context in which the word was used. It was not premeditated. It was used merely as a figure of speech, in its innocence, as slang and it was used like it was nothing. No meaning. No cruel camouflaged relevance or hidden meaning. Does this mean Nick, Jesse or I are homophobic racists? No. You can't crucify Nick for being a homophobe, because he's not - the best you could do is nail him to a cross for using "fag" as a slang term, as a figure of speech with just as much emotionally stirring affect and meaning as if he had called a Jesse a "jerk" or an "asshole". I am not saying "fag" should be any more acceptable or tolerated in everyday conversation then a derogatory slur such as "nigger" but in today's society "fag" has become less of a belittling insult regarding one's sexual preference and more of a regular, accepted, tolerated slang word - for better or for worse, I didn't decide this. I don't make the additions to the English slang dictionary - it's just a fact. No one will turn their head on the street and look at you in utter disgust if you call someone a "fag" or if you deem a certain person or situation "gay" - it's just accepted. Whether we have become more callous as society as a whole is a whole different issue for another day. It's become a figure of speech and not a demeaning term. Its not a profanity like "fuck" and "shit" remain, but it has joined the hallowed ranks of words like "dick head", "asshole", "fuck face" and "piece of shit". An insult, but with no emotional attachment. I am not writing to explain the English language or to justify or explain every word in the slang dictionary I am writing, very seriously, in regards to the implications made by MRR in response to Andrew's letter.

Once again Jacqueline praises the author of the letter for keeping MRR "on their toes", just after she implies, in so many words, that since I did not flat out halt the interview I am therefore a homophobe. That is a totally ridiculous and carelessly brash accusation to make. I will not accept that implication and its insulting as it is frustrating to have to read such an accusation in MRR. You twisted around the context in which it was used and to a person who had never read the interview you created a situation where I condoned the word "fag" as a good derogatory slur for all homosexuals. It is not my responsibility to be the "PC" police and police my interviews. If we had actually been talking about homosexuality - the discussion would have been intelligent and very serious. Just because one of the guys interviewing me says "fag" and I don't immediately end the interview does not deem me a homophobe and it does not deem me anti-gay. Jacqueline, in your response to Andrew's letter you make it as if Nick or Jesse made some insanely racist comment and I just went along with it and said "next question, please" - that is *not* what happened. It wasn't some big deal at the time because I knew how it was being used. I knew Nick didn't mean it like you're implying he did, and Nick knew it too. I wasn't going to stop the interview and call him on his shit because of that. Had he said "nigger" or some other, in my eyes, viciously degrading racist or biased comment I would've stopped the interview and asked him in so many ways "What the fuck ?", but it goes without saying that I knew Nick did not mean "fag" as an abusive synonym to "homosexual".

To say the very least it's not fair, nor was it justified for you to make such implications against me. Were you trying to besmirch me or accuse of something you just figured I'd be capable of ? Pardon *my* slang, Jacqueline, but that is totally fucked and I demand an explanation or an apology. You said 2 sentences about me and my handling of the situation, but really it wasn't a situation at all. It was only a situation after Andrew wrote the letter and you responded to it. Even in the body of Andrew's letter he states that he is not "writing this to accuse anyone of deliberately being homophobic—not Indecision, not MRR..." etc. Where, you, on the other hand, say it is important to address the fact that I failed to confront Nick's "insult". If it had been a serious situation I would have. If I felt Nick was using the word "fag" in a denigrating manner I would have definitely addressed it then, but I knew he wasn't using it in that way and the word "fag" had rolled off his tongue without any premeditation, intention or ambition. It was merely a figure of speech. I hear people *all* the time, especially in hardcore, describing things— such as bands—as being "gay"—you're going to tell me you've never heard someone say "Oh, that band is so gay" ?? I've heard that a million times if I heard it once. Maybe I'm from a different planet, (because to you New York City IS a different planet.) It's nothing shocking. I don't think any of us should act like the Indecision interview was the first time any of us had seen or heard "fag" used as a figure of speech, because if we did admit to that, we'd all be lying like never before.

Indecision is not anti-gay, I do not suffer from homophobia. You can't justify your implication that I am a homophobe because I don't protest the word "fag" as a figure of speech or slang. I'd hate to use such an exhausted cliché but the only thing that comes to mind is... lighten up guys!!!
Justin Brannan/ Indecision, Milhouse, The Judas Factor/ PO Box 09-581/ Brooklyn, NY 11209

Justin,

"Lighten up?" What's that supposed to mean? "This is the way we're used to talking so don't criticize us"? I don't see how

Letters

you can claim that "fag" or any other insult is a meaningless term that just happens to be insulting. The whole reason it is used as a put down is because of what it means—that's why it's an insult, right? It's obviously homophobic language, but since our society is so homophobic it seems ordinary. We want to address and counter that mentality when it arises. Your justifications as to why calling someone a fag to put them down is innocent are extremely weak. Don't you think your same arguments could be used in the American south (or by racists in general), against black people, from the mid-60s up through today? Certainly "nigger" was insulting and socially acceptable. "I didn't decide this... it's just accepted." Fuck that! You make it acceptable by letting it slide. Ever wonder why there's a dearth of fags and dykes in the hardcore/ punk scene?

On a different topic, when writing to MRR, please edit your stuff so that one doesn't have to wade through an entire page to get to the point. Jeff M.

Dear Jacqueline & MRR,

It was kind of distressing to read that MRR columnists have been asked to cut down the length of their columns and also, perhaps an unrelated fact, to read that Rev. Norb is quitting MRR.

Ideally, MRR should be a collection of unadulterated mayhem and chaos, whose intelligence is assured by the fact that the *people* writing it are intelligent. I have never found any columns in MRR to be truly ignorant. If they are sometimes stupid, it's usually a refreshing, smart-assed stupidity expressed by someone who is actually really sharp but asserting their *right* to be stupid! I have never met George Tabb or Rev. Norb but their columns lead me to believe that they are actually really smart people. Mykel Board is obviously a provocateur who challenges the dearly held views of most punks not because he thinks they're wrong but because he's always challenging people to think. And he's very effective by being obnoxious & outrageous.

My view is that in a collective punk endeavor, everything should be allowed *unless* it causes a significant problem, in which a solution needs to be worked out. I don't know if excessive column length was somehow hurting people or infringing on their personal freedom, but I somehow doubt it. The lengths of different columns are a matter of style. Some stories just need more words to be told. After all, we buy MRR to *read*, not to be able to get through it quickly, so we can have time for other things. I loved George Tabb's & Mykel Board's & Rev. Norb's long columns!

The belief that only "serious" columns are thoughtful is a mistaken one that usually comes from youth and inexperience. The seriousness of George Tabb may be subtle, but many of his columns are very profound testaments on the heartbreak and pain of being human. I'm sure he would scoff at what I just wrote because he would never be so pretentious or self-important. It's his self-deprecating honest that makes his writing so great. Sure, he could be talking about political issues, but those are treated elsewhere in the magazine, and he uses the personal to make political statements about individual choices in how people live their lives.

It's the same issue as political vs. personal punk bands. Bands that sing about personal experience in a totally honest and insightful way are often much more politically meaningful than bands that sing about political issues in a generic way that only recycles the same old ideas.

I don't want MRR to be sanitized! I want it to be pure stupidity and pure intelligence all ranting together! I *want* record reviewers to go off on tangents! I *want* to know about the burritos the columnist ate that morning if s/he can make them interesting! I want to be able to find anything and everything in it's pages! Usually those little gems of spilled guts and pure humanity that either clench your heart or make you grin from ear to ear or represent just that little chunklet you needed to really start to think and reexamine your beliefs show up in the most unexpected places. Don't let those be the places you've cleaned up!

I'm a little disturbed by the prim-and-proper responses to letters that sound like a schoolmarmish comment from a teacher on a student's paper. Not that I want you to be rude, but excessive politeness only seems dishonest & is kinda condescending. Say what you mean! What happened to Jeff M., who's brief comments were usually razor sharp & right on target?

As for Rev. Norb's use of words like fag & gay, I do agree that it is somewhat questionable, but I have never found his columns to be offensive, although I am very pro-gay. While I agree that homophobia and hatred of homosexuals is a rampant problem in our society & that therefore anti-gay terminology should not be thrown around, even jokingly, what Rev. Norb usually did was to appropriate this kind of playground name-calling, like fag, geek, wimp, which has been so often used against him, to make fun of himself and of people that are ignorant enough to think it's an insult. Sort of like gays appropriating the word queer, which was originally used against them, to say, yes, I *am* queer and what is wrong with *that*? Grammar school kids and others with a grammar-school mentality use "fag" as a generic insult, interchangeable with wuss or geek. That's how I see Norb using it. And he's making fun of people that use it, because they're just so narrow-minded in what they consider unacceptable. In the generic sense that they use the term, Norb *is* a fag. And he's happily accepting the definition for himself and applying it broadly to others, in a tongue-in-cheek way.

Sorry this is not more coherent. No, I do not condone homophobia, but I don't think Norb is homophobic. Yes, he should perhaps be more judicious in his choice of language, given the hateful society we live in. But no, I don't condone censorship & it bothered me that his most recent column was clipped. Yes, MRR should not be a vehicle for hate speech or other ugliness. But the best way to fight hate speech is to counter it with ideas, not suppress it.

I wrote partly because you expressed an interest in people writing in about the content of the zine. I'm sure putting together MRR is a tough job, and I commend you and thank you for doing it. Much love, Parsnip

A note to our readers:

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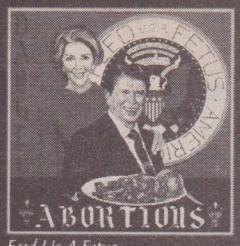

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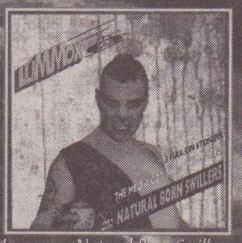

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No picture this month as ad deadline moved and film wasn't back from the processor. Sorry. Next time

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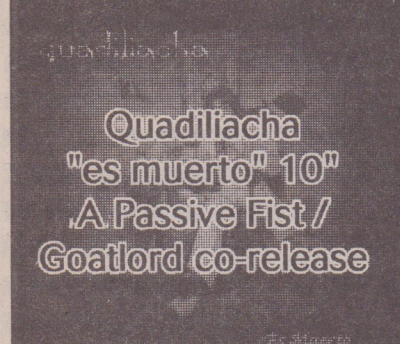

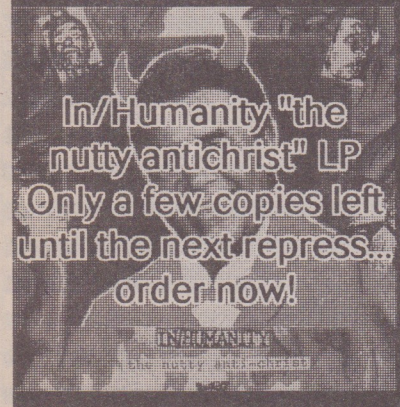

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eMpTy RECORDS

My race is Asian

—An Oriental friend of mine who didn't give permission to use his name.

I'm drunker than a straight-edger after the show. Stinking drunk. Falling down drunk. Drooling drunk. Drunk enough so every word is profound. Every sentence I utter has a depth of thought the world has never before experienced.

"Now, let me tell YOU about shoughts," I say, switching my weight from one leg to the other as each, in turn, collapses beneath me.

I'm conversing with my pal Mark. He's a former fuck-buddy, who has moved from that category to "drunken comrade." He's less drunk than I.

"Thoughts?" He laughed, "how can you talk about thoughts? You can't even stand up."

"Thash the point," I say. Then my legs give way and I fall into a heap on the floor. It doesn't stop me from talking. "Shinking ish a lot like shtanding up when you're drunk. Just like zhere are times when you can't shtand, zhere are shertain shoughts you can't think."

"Like what?" he asks.

I try to hit him, but fall again.

****

It's been at least six months since that conversation. As I write this, I'm relatively sober. It's a condition I expect to repair shortly. During these last six months, I've thought about Mark's dumb question. Of course, you can't say what you can't think about. If you can say it, you can think it. But, it's possible to show how something becomes "unthinkable." That's what I'm gonna do.

First we need to examine out dicks. Girls are gonna have to watch— or think of an appropriate analogy. Boys, I'd like you to lower your pants and look. If you're not circumcised, you've got to peel yourself back a bit. Check out underneath. See that V-shape where the shaft goes into the head? Check out the skin between the tip of the V and the circumcision scar— foreskin if you've still got one. Imagine that itching. Imagine it mosquito-bit, or rubbed with wool.

Now, how would you tell someone else about your condition? You could say "My dick itches." But the person hearing that would not know WHERE your dick itches. The image in their mind would be different from the reality between your legs.

Unless you go into a very lengthy discussion— or just whip it out and show it, you can't accurately talk about it. There just isn't an English word for this part of the body. We don't even see it as a bodypart. In fact, until this exercise, you couldn't *think* about that specific section of skin, as a section at all.

Now, let's call that skin "V-skin." Now, all the boys you know have V-skin. And when it itches, you know just what they're talking about.

That's close to what I mean when I say there are things we can't think about.

Switch gears. I wanna talk about William Safire. A guy who used to write speeches for Nixon. He now writes for The NY Times.

He complains about how English is changing. He laments the death of "shall" and "whom." Cries about the way we verb nouns. Wrings his hands at the use of sentences with no subject. He's as bad as an English teacher. Or an educated parent. He's wrong.

There are two kinds of language change. First, there's a "change from below." In this kind of change, a term starts with a small group of people. Then, gradually, it seeps into the general population. "Access" as a verb, is an example. It started as computer-nerd jargon, used with "to access a file." Then it spread. Now people talk about "accessing my nookie account," as a way to say "hot date."

"Change from above," is where a person or group of people decide on a change. Then, they impose that change on everybody else.

People adopt this kind of change because they're told to, not because they think it's cool.

An example of this, is the French Academy. They create new words for "hot dogs" so the Frogs don't use English. Another example: "African- American," a term coined by Jesse Jackson, then spread by guilt and intimidation.

I love change from below. Hate change from above. It's not a question of being "anti-PC." It's a question of being able to think.

During the early 20th century, before even I was born, a klingon and a linguist shared an Eskimo fetish. They often traveled to the arctic and jerked off together behind the igloos. After years of Eskimo watching, they came up with a theory. They modestly called it, The Sapir-Worf Hypothesis, naming it after themselves.

They saw that Eskimos had a two dozen words for snow. Many of those words depended on an exact color of whiteness. Sapir and Worf figured that BECAUSE Eskimos had so many terms for white, only they could see those colors. We can't, they said, because we don't have the language. The essence of their hypothesis is *language determines thought*.

Modern linguists and anthropologists dispute part of the theory. I want to make another, related, claim. That is, while language may not determine how you think, it determines how you CAN'T think.

I've written before about how race is a fiction. How it is a mythological combination of certain characteristics. A human average, that, like other averages, is wrong when applied to any one person.

But the reality is, we talk about race. Many who match SOME racial characteristics are identified, or identify themselves by race. That's the reality. If we talk about race at all, we need to talk in a way that lets us think freely. We need to pick our words carefully, and not in a way that keeps us from thinking.

****

I knew there'd be trouble when I first heard the word "Asian" used to mean Oriental.

Charles, a Japanese pal said, "It's just a bunch of Orientals jumping on the bandwagon. Every other ethnic group is going for a name change, so some big cheese thinks it's make-over time for us too."

When it happened, I complained that it was an inaccurate word. We certainly can't say that everyone in Asia is the same race. (Is any continent mono-racial?) I complained that the term was imprecise. When I talk about my love of Orientals, I'm not referring to the hairy Talabans from Afghanistan.

I predicted that the individual races would loose their distinction, and "Asian" would become meaningless. I was wrong. What actually happened was much worse.

Asian took over for Oriental. If someone looks Oriental, people describe them as "Asian." If they look Indian or are from someplace else in Asia, they become "looks Indian" or "is from someplace in Asia." The word "Asian" stole the racial identity of entire groups of people.

Do a Yahoo search of "Asian and people?" Check out the site listings. See how many sites that call themselves "Asian" are ONLY Oriental. It's becoming so we CAN'T THINK of Asian except to associate it with Orientals. Get the picture?

"African-American?" I've written about my glee in hearing a TV news reporter call Nelson Mandella "an African-American." But what does that term do to us— in a Sapir-Worf way? What can't we think?

Sickle-cell anemia is a disease that primarily affects Negroes. NOT African-Americans. It targets people from all over the world.

NOT Africans. It doesn't target white people who live in Africa.

NOT blacks, it doesn't target Indians whose skin is as black as any African's. It targets Negroes.

Without that word we cannot describe the group, nor adequately inform those at risk, nor test, nor treat them. We can't even think about these people as a group, without thinking NEGRO.

COLUMNS

The last thought-controlling term I wanna look at is "Gay"— a term even homos reject. By dividing the world into "Gay" and "Straight," we're unable to think of any alternatives. Even adding a third category, "bisexual," we're still forced into little boxes. (Pun unintended, but appreciated.)

We awaken from a night of hard nookie. Me and Yoshiko. I open the curtains to see what the weather's like.

"Wow, look over there?" I tell her.

It's a thin Negro, short dark hair, tight jeans, hips as narrow as two fists. Face as smooth as a penis tip. He's bending forward to tie his shoe.

"Mykel," says Yoshiko, "I didn't know you were bisexual."

"I'm not." I say.

If we don't view sex as something static, then people cannot BE "gay," but only perform "gay sex" or something else. What if we're attracted to people for a reason OTHER than gender? What if we look for body type, intellect, eye color or degree of hirsutitude. We're stuck because we can't think about this EXCEPT in gender. We have no words to express it.

Despite my reputation, I am not attracted to anything with a hole. (Whether I'll fuck anything with a hole is a different story.) I have as much taste, as many standards as the self-identified het or homo. Only that taste and those standards are not based on gender. But people can't think that way. We don't have the words.

So buckaroos, next time your V-skin itches. You've got me to thank that you can talk about it.

ENDNOTES: [*As usual since the column-length rules, these notes have been abridged for my column. You can get the complete set of notes through the links in my website: www.freeyellow.com/ members2/ seidboard/ index.html]*

—>*Setting an example dept:* If the government can't lie, who can? I got the latest issue of *Passport*, a US Post office publication. They now offer a service for American customers who are "seeking an in-country image." They call their new service "Global Direct."

Now, the post office allows the shipper to send bulk mail with NO postage on it. Fees are paid per mailbag, at the post office. The US post office ships the mail to a post-office in another country. There, local postage is stamped on. It then looks like it originated in the foreign country.

More than that, the post office will set up a bogus PO Box in another country. Then, they'll forward business reply cards from that mailbox to a PO Box in the US.

If a private company did this, it would be mail fraud. But the US Post Office can't commit mail fraud, can it? Yeah right.

You can send your comments to the post office through their website at www.uspsglobal.com. I don't have an address, though. Maybe they're not in the US.

—>*Dead Babies dept:* Seems like Nestle, Hipp and Mead Johnson are some of the companies most concerned about the population explosion. And, they're doing something about it... killing babies.

This comes from a World Health Organization report. They say these companies are the worst offenders in marketing baby formula to mothers who should be breast feeding. According to their estimates, one and a half million tots a year kick the mini-bucket because of not being breast fed. Why weren't they marketing to mamma Trump, Steinbrenner and Guiliani? THAT would have done the world a favor.

->The Primitivist Network is a group that "promotes networking among anarcho-primitivists and civilization resisters." They are back-to-naturists and anti-technology. Oh yeah, their homepage is at: http:// www.hrc.wmin.ac.uk/ campaigns/ ef/ efhtmls/ primnwk.html

—>*Safe now dept.* Well, Kamal Kharrazi, the foreign minister of Iran has announced that the country no longer seeks the death of writer Salman Rushdie. If anyone kills the guy, Iran will no longer provide a reward.... Well, that takes care of THAT summer job.

—>*The value of going to church dept:* The religious right has been distributing "voter guides" to various churches. These are actually promos for right-wing political candidates. (What a surprise?) BUT, they are not legal. Churches are tax exempt and cannot support candidates. So, if you find this stuff in a church, send it to *Project Fair Play Coordinator, Americans United,* 1816 Jefferson Place NW, Washington DC 20036-2505. They'll make sure it goes to good use— as evidence!

There were some good signs. I met another Arwen in the city and thought she was nice. People here seemed more fundamentally sane and friendlier than average. Things were going along pretty well. Then, one morning at breakfast with Jacqueline and Mark, I was asked a very unexpected question, and finally answered it. These days, Jacqueline is patient, and doesn't complain when I leave my coffee cup everywhere and ask inane questions. No one, so far, has challenged me to a duel. And then, of course, there are the records...but that goes without saying. People are curious - where does it go from here? Onward, of course. That one's simple enough, I think, so on to more important topics, like...

Weekly Motels and Television

The King's Motel was a decent choice, I thought, but then again I only spent one night there. Nicole and Lumpy were so infatuated with their new "mo-mo" that they immediately set to the task of domestication. They gave me a slow, ceremonious tour of the broken sink, the blood-stains on the ceiling, the turd-filled can in the hall, and the fire escape that descended to an enclosed, four-by-four "courtyard." Of all the cramped, miserable places to burn to death.

We had relied on the hospitality of friends, family, and occasionally strangers for too long, grateful as we were. So the eight-by-twelve room felt like an exclusive clubhouse, or a dodgy womb where we snuggled for warmth like insecure triplets. Who were we to complain? The legions of nay-sayers hadn't exaggerated when they quoted nightmares of one-percent vacancy rates and culturally-starved young professionals offering years of advance rent in San Francisco. We were losing our resolve; we had an obvious deficit of income, charm, and personal hygiene. We were losing the race.

Pale and confused, we developed nervous tics and sudden personality disorders. Lumpy passed out in bars (come to think of it, he did that anyway), Nicole became even more obsessed with skin cream and bunnyrabbits, and I launched into obtuse, lengthy speeches that disgusted even my dearest friends. It was ugly— and it made the motel seem more humbly celestial. It had walls, it was ours, and for once, there was (very) relative peace and quiet.

The next morning, as is so often the case, the world reared its snotty, vindictive head. At eight o'clock a woman who lived a few doors down began the daily shrieking castigation of Angel, her five-year-old daughter. "*Angel!! Pick up that goddamn toy! Come here. Angel! Don't just stand there!! Wipe your nose, Angel,*" etc. The security guards, who had caught a glimpse of me sneaking into the building the night before, was now making the rounds in search of the unwelcome guest (strictly, strictly against policy). "Cable TV!" they shouted repeatedly at the door. When it became apparent they weren't going to leave, I dove under the blanket against Lumpy's bulk, made myself very small, and stopped breathing. The hotel mafiosi opened the door, saw one peacefully sleeping punk rocker, and left. Always react quickly, I say, even in the most ridiculous of crises.

"*Quick,*" whispered Nicole, "*you have to get out of the building before they double back! And cover up your hair, or they'll know you were in this room!*" My heart pounding, I snuck down the hall as much like a beast of prey as possible. Unhappily, the building had grown during the night into an inexplicable, labyrinthian place. The first promising exit revealed a second fire escape, once again offering no actual escape.

The second door disclosed a festering garbage heap. Now I could hear the proprietors muttering to each other just around a corner, but disoriented, couldn't tell which. *Down is best*, I thought, and rounding a flight of stairs, hit another heavily barred door and opened it. This, of course, turned out to be the manager's apartment. An improbably shriveled old woman started in alarm and looked around frantically, as if for a weapon. Turning just in time, I followed a shaft of sunlight that leaked from under a door. This led me out of the motel, which no longer resembled anything remotely like heaven, and into the street, where I laughed out loud—feeling suddenly very free (which, many argue, is more important than feeling cozy).

A week or two later my friends found another, far friendlier motel, which endorsed hot water, clean linen, and unpersecuted guests. And after a few long, close months there, they moved into a bona fide flat. But that's not the point of the story.

One of the things I admire most about Lumpy and Nicole is their ability to create stories around themselves in defense from the world. With the many re-tellings of old stories and the constant turn-over of rules to live by, they manufacture their own propaganda better than any two people I have ever met. I envy this, sometimes. They have the effect of a tiny media machine, effectively selling (to willing customers) their own version of reality. It's a cheerful, contagious manipulation. For them, the motel hardly had a chance as a dingy little room. In minutes, it had become a myth. A historical thing, with a name and a roster of stories (see above).

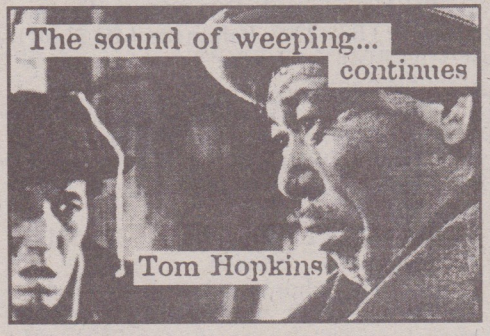
This method of "coping" is nothing new; presumably, people have been doing this since the beginning of people. At least, I can't imagine what else they would have done. Defining the edges of the world, and then trying to make yourself as comfortable as possible within them, almost goes without saying. Some of us, though, have an easier time of it than others.

First of all, most of the residents of the King's Motel probably don't have the confidence that their stay there was temporary, like my friends did. It's a privilege of class to assume that eventually, you'll be able to move somewhere more comfortable. That's why you can laugh about it. If you don't have much of a chance of escaping the maze of poverty (thanks again, Reagan), you can't really afford to be cheerful about it, since that amounts to accepting its parameters. But people, regardless of income, need *something* to believe in, ya know - we're just not all very DIY about it.

Not everyone can live with temporary, personalized myths. Some might even call them a symptom of cultural downfall. Most people, out of necessity, default to a more generic species of underlying belief (increasingly, even in the world outside the US, of American origin), like "jokes on sitcoms are funny" or "television news tells me the truth," not "this filthy shoebox is really an awful nice place." The function is still the same—it's a question of whether you make up your own lies, or buy a prepackaged variety. TV, of course, is the primary medium for prescribing, under the guise of *describing*—the essence of what we supposedly share, and it's *so easy*.

The shady characters who ran the King's Motel eventually did install a cable TV, and of elephantine dimensions. It hung from the ceiling like a mammoth booger and restricted movement to half the space. It became virtually impossible to speak, talk, or even think when the grotesque thing was switched on. And predictably, Lumpy welcomed the TV with 24 hours of motionless, open-mouthed staring. When I think about it turning grayer and grayer and finally dark outside the old window without him moving a muscle, and grunting to Nicole, too distracted by stale one-liners, the mo-mo becomes what many would argue, *it actually is*—the same sad, shitty, exorbitantly-priced hole that Angel and her mother wake up trapped in every single day—no longer a story to file away in the annals of a mischievous, but fundamentally safe, life.

But wait, Angel has a right to create her own world if she wants to, doesn't she? Shouldn't she? If not, is it misery that fills up the space? Or just television, just a thousand other concessions to a nebulous "cultural identity" of someone else's design, that are supposed to be grander—and more real—than the small fictions of our everyday lives?



Do you know what the sanctions against Iraq are? Up until a week ago I was sure that they were likely quite criminal but didn't know any of the specifics. Now I've been somewhat informed and would like to pass on a bit of what I've learned. Iraqi agricultural production is at near collapse due to a prohibition of importing fertilizer and animal feed equipment. It is illegal for Iraq to import baby food and enriched powdered milk which is a major factor in the deaths estimated between half a million to over 1,200,000 children. The sanctions prevent the Iraqi medical community access to anesthetics, water purification devices, X-Ray equipment, and items such as cotton bandages and swabs. And what else is the civilian populace of Iraq not allowed: tampons, children's clothes, light bulbs, and much more. The sanctions have been quite effective in creating widespread malnutrition and outbreaks of preventable communicable diseases. The U.S. Secretary of State, Albright, states that the sanctions will stay in place because the U.S. wishes to show "[it] will not be intimidated or pushed off off the world stage by people who do not like what we stand for, and that is freedom, democracy and the fight against disease, poverty and terrorism." This is the present result of the yellow ribbons of 1990 and 91.

***

Those of you who might like a more compact, tight, clean sounding UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMAGEDDON would be wise to try out the A GREAT DIVIDE EP. Spat, slightly manic vocals over repeating guitar and really solid drumming. One song has a nice slowdown with a trumpet. Not a strumpet. (610 Escalona Dr., Capitola, CA 95010)

New BLUETIP LP out. I got pretty aggravated listening to it because I just found it to be extremely boring college radio stuff. I could never imagine being all that excited by this. (Dischord)

The DAY OF MAN AS MAN EP has some very good packaging. Each sleeve appears to be handmade, but in a very minimalist, not sloppy way. The members appear to be from Baltimore, a scene with more and more really interesting bands. there is some pretty recognizable slow soft stuff that works its way into the kind of fast, screamy stuff. The vocals (which are very full on nearly teary sounding) and solid guitar (nice big wall created even in the soft bits) keep this from being generic and disposable. (Ricecontrol, PO Box 3489, Silver Spring, MD 20918)

TWELVE HOUR TURN and I HATE MYSELF floated in on some crazy vinyl. The TWELVE HOUR TURN side is as good as their split with STRIKE-FORCE DIABLO and brings back fond memories of their great live sound. The tunes are split up between well paced, hectic singing and guitar work and slowed down darkly melodic staring at the ceiling ballads. I HATE MYSELF isn't quite as great as the one sided 12" I have. Not as much straight forward drive, and the vocals have taken a bit of a back seat to much longer, and quiet songs. Get this for the TWELVE HOUR TURN side so you can hear one of the better bands out there right now. (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

Two issues of the zine *Nowhere Fast* (#4 and #5) made it to my homestead. Both could be put under the umbrella term of personal zine. However, I enjoyed this about ten times more then most zines of that variety. Why? For a few reasons. The woman who compiles this actually drinks, smokes pot, and seems to have a pretty good time. So many emo personal zines come across as so fucking anti-fun. Not, Jen's! I also appreciate that she mixes in some very strong, take no prisoners political messages. I was also amazed at her sticky fingers abilities in

convenience stores. Each issue is available for one dollar or 3 stamps. (Jen, PO Box 235, Jericho, VT 05465)

I'm not all that sure why the zine *Rapid Fire* was sent my way. Coverage is primarily of the more popular punk bands. ($2:Rd#1, Box 3370, Starksboro, VT 05487-9701)

There's a demo available from the New York band COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH. After a number of listens I find that I am either very into the fact that everything about this is very rough, from the recording to the instrumentalism to the editing of the lyrics or it just gets too much. It only really gets to be too much when the songs go on for over four minutes. Lots of somewhat careful slow parts with very direct lyrics that pound up to about a mid tempo pace of spasticness. (PO Box 3146, Steinway Station, Long Island City, NY 11103)

What a lucky chap I am. Finally, after a wait that has been much too long, I have VOLUME 11 songs on vinyl! Anyone familiar with the vacuum cleaner core of HONEYWELL will know why I was so looking forward to hearing some of the ex-members new project. While most ex-members projects leave that turd taste in your mouth, VOLUME 11 fucking delivers. Loud, spastic, frantic, but all pulled together in incredible small digestible packages. These tunes are on a split with GASP who are doing some kinda weird space/noise tunes. I think the LP is better. Regardless, this "Welcome To The Cosmos" EP is a fucking must purchase. ($3ppd:Witching Hour, PO Box 30287, Indianapolis, IN 46230)

RACEBANNON will be touring the west coast from December 26th to January 8th.

I think that EQUATION OF STATE may be the first band from Nova Scotia that I've listened to. Their "Exploded View" CD is well worth the asking price considering the numerous songs and nice packaging. The bass player comes across as the boss of the band but not a boss that has to be the standout member. Awesome bass work that has a great tuneful sound but doesn't drown out the almost as soulful (but still harsh) sound of the guitar and the energy of the drummer. If you buy CDs you should be ordering this one right now! ($6ppd:Subprofit, PO Box 34029, Scotia Square R.P.O., Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 3S1, CANADA)

Well above par guitar work can be found on the WALL "A Silent Voice Wanders The Sea Of Contradiction" CD. I think its neat that the guitar is kind of dissonant and not connected to what the rest of the band is doing. Works quite well and overall a smooth, melodic sound is created. ($11ppd:Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 155 JAPAN)

It has been a hell of a long time since anything since I've been interested in buying anything someone was playing at Epicenter. The past couple of times I strolled in with visitors or after a burrito it was either NWA, TOOL, or some twerpy Kill Rock Stars/K Records band blaring through the speaker. The last time I went through however, the woman staffing the counter was playing the most recent 400 YEARS LP, "Transmit Failure." This record kills! The bass and drums hit hard throughout, while the guitar chops all around and the vocalist is tearing his cords. YES! Great transitions in tempo and strength also. It is nothing short of amazing that this band has so much power in their sound after being around for so long and letting the guy from JAWBOX record them. (Lovitt, PO Box 248, Arlington, VA 22210)

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TOP TEN OF 1998

What follows is a top ten of my favorite releases of the past twelve issues. Only records that have appeared in this column were considered. Of course picking just ten was hard, because some really quality stuff comes through. My criteria came down to records that I have listened to again and again, which says a lot for a record since I have less and less time these days to listen to stuff just for kicks. This list is in no particular order.

1. PARTY OF HELICOPTERS "Abracadaver" LP (Donut Friends, 1030 Jessie Ave., Kent, OH 44240)
2. LAST MATCH EP (Insect, Postfack 58 116, 74 Stockholm SWEDEN)
3. SINKER "Finality" EP (Sunny Sindecut, 915 L St., #C-166, Sacramento, CA 95814)
4. ANOMIE LP (Anima, 1416 Ambercroft Ln., Oakville, ON L6M 1Z7, CANADA)
5. MOONRAKER 10" (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)
6. BEHIND CLOSED DOORS 12" (Vermin Scum, PO Box 2202, Baltimore, MD 21203)
7. HARRIET THE SPY "Tour Single" EP (Troubleman)
8. FIELDS LAY FALLOW LP (Lunchbox, PO Box 55316, Atlanta, GA 30308)
9. AT THE DRIVE IN "In Casino Out" LP (Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St., #545, Westminster, CA 92683)
10. PLUNGER LP (Planeria, PO Box 32123, Washington D.C., 20007)

That should about do it for this month. As always, and for who knows how much longer, I can be reached at 1950 McAllister #1, S.F., CA 94115.

The facts for the first portion of the column were gleaned from the "Killing Iraq" editorial in the December 14, 1998 issue of The Nation by John Pilger. He, in turn, got some of these facts from Geoff Simmon's book *The Scourging of Iraq*.

Hi. I'm John S. Ringhoff. This is my first column for MRR. You're probably wondering who I am. You're probably also naked too. Know why? Because you are a pervo punk. Face it, the only people who read MRR are old pervo punks. Young kids might buy it, but they just look at the ads. That's where I come in. MRR wants me to write for them because they want columns by someone who can reach the younger audience. Let me tell you a little bit about myself. I'm from Modesto, Ca. What a town! Everyone there has a mullet and a mustache. They all ride BMX bikes or drive trucks with confederate flags hanging on top. In Modesto everything is old timey. The movie theaters there aren't equipped with sound. There is just some old guy playing the Mighty Wurlitzer organ. The kids in Modesto who don't drive big trucks or BMX bikes hang out in coffee shops and write poetry. We used to drive by and throw dirt at these people. Have any bands come out of Modesto? Yup, the Meat Shits and Keystone. If Henry Rollins came to Modesto his tour journal would sound like this:

12/14/96 **Modesto, Ca**

I opened my stomach and threw it at the crowd tonight. My soul is as black as my coffee. I gave it my all out there. Modesto Bowl was packed. The kids were begging to come on the tour bus and smell my balls. If these kids really knew me they wouldn't be my fans. No one really knows me. I was onstage giving 100% and a thirty year old with a mullet and a mustache did a wheelie across the stage on his BMX. T said, "Hey. I'm not a God. I'm just like you". He just kept doing wheelies and called me a fag. I need some coffee. My friend is dead and I am in Modesto.

Now back to MRR and teens. I thought I'd break the ice in my first column by having some teens share their EMBARASSING MOMENTS!

One time I was at a party and my crush sat down next to me and started talking to me! I couldn't believe it! I have had a crush on him since I started school. We w-ere hitting it of and before I knew it I had my period ALL OVER HTM! I just ran!-Emily. **Hoboken NJ age** 12

Last winter I went to the big Christmas dance at my school. I was hoping Bobby (my crush) would be there. Not only was he there but he ASKED ME TO SLOW DANCE WITH HIM! It was my favorite song, Faithfully by Journey! Anyways after it was over he asked if I wanted some punch. Then my period got all over him! -**Sasha. Merced, Ca. Age** 15

This summer there was a big pool party at my friend Julie' s house. My crush (a dwarf named Hector) came over and asked if I wanted a Coke. I opened my mouth to talk and a big fish came out and started flopping around on the ground in front of us. Then my period got all over him. **-Mary. Mountain View, Ca. age** 24.

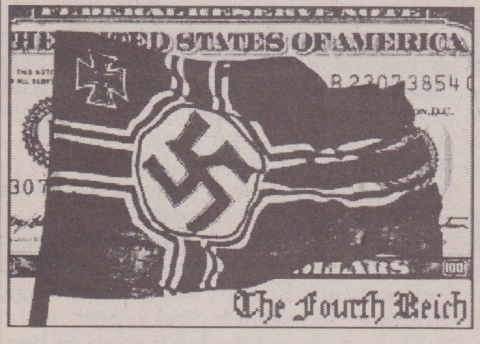
Two months ago I got the good student award and was supposed to give a speech to the WHOLE SCHOOL! I prac-

ticed and practiced because I knew my crush would be in the crowd. He's so dreamy. I walked up in front of the whole school and right as I opened my mouth to give the speech a 20 foot flaming ball of shit flew out of my ass. The embarrassing part was that two weeks later my period got ALL OVER MY CRUSH during class. -**Amy. Los Angeles, Ca. Age** 15 1/2

One time my class took a field trip to Washington DC and my period got all over the Lincoln memorial! I don't know where my crush was when it happened. **-Sally. Tacoma Park. Age** 14.

It was the last day of the 7th grade. All year long I had wanted to meet Harold. Most girls don't like him because he's fat and wears sweatpants. But I think he's the BEST. He rolled up on his wheelchair and I accidentally burped, farted, shat, vomited, pissed, prematurely ejaculated, sneezed, and sweated ALL OVER HIM! Thank God I wasn't having my period! **-Jennifer. Omaha, Ne. Age 13**

There now we don't feel so awkward after all. The teen years can be so embarrassing. A lot of teens are into comics. This brings me into a little rivalry between two comics strips. Cathy VS the Family Circus. Christ I have the WORST time trying to find a bathing suit and I LOVE CHOCOLATE! That's why I have to go with Cathy on this one. Don't' you hate Mondays? I do. They make those sweat things fly off my head. Ack! Know what I love? FRIDAYS! Hey TGIF! Know what I'm sayin'? Hey, know what's the biggest pain? MEN!! Now the Family Circus is just frustrating. Can Jeffy for once just go straight to the store? EVERY TIME he has to take some obscure path to get there. He has to climb along a fence, play with a dog, swing on the swings. It just upsets me. And every time he leaves a stupid trail of dots! That's the worst to clean up! And every Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving holiday the creepy ass ghosts of their dead grandparents start hanging around. And they are the worst ghosts ever! All they do is stand there in their sweaters holding each other and looking happily at their living relatives. Get some chains, moan or something. Well that's my column for this month. Send me something. 500 South Lake st #1 17. Los Angeles, Ca. 90057, France.



Part two

D: Hello, My name's Dave Emory and once again it's my privilege to present to you Christopher Simpson, the author of "The Science of Coercion," subtitled communication research and psychological warfare 1945-1960 On hardcover and softcover by the Oxford University Press. Chris, welcome to our airwaves. We've been discussing what literally could be called a networking of social scientists, and national security institutions and personages which had its development during WW2 and then evolved in the post WW2 period to effect what can perhaps be called a synthesis of social science and national security operations. You discuss an old-boy network stemming from WW2, and then you trace the codification of this relationship between psychological warfare and communication research with the development of the post WW2 national security state through such NSC directives as NSC4, 4-a, and 10/2. Can you briefly discuss those with us?

C: NSC is the National Security Council and they're the principal advisors to the president on National Security issues. That got set up because up until the end of the Roosevelt administration we had the military advisors shouting in one corner and the political advisors shouting in the other and Roosevelt was crafty enough to handle both, but as a new world emerged Truman and his successors wanted a staff to combine the military and the political questions into a single group of advisors. Back in the beginning, one of the very first things that this combined staff did was to work on the issue of psychological warfare, and the combination of propaganda and violence. An example of this is NSC document #4. This was rated "confidential" and those of you who are national security buffs know that a confidential document is the lowest level of government secret and tens of thousands of government employees have access to it. So while it is nominally official and even legal, confidential information is seen on the front page of newspapers every day. that has been the case for decades. NSC4 was a confidential decision that said that we have to set up psychological warfare operations to counter the Russians and this will consist of what was the predecessor of the US information agency and the early voice of America and so on. Psychological warfare in this officially secret, but really public definition was hard hitting propaganda in the way it was presented. You saw it written up in those terms in US News and world report and magazines of that sort. Minutes after deciding on NFC4 as a confidential decision, the NSC took up NSC4A which was a top secret decision and a top secret classification is considerably stricter than confidential, and one of its aspects is that it's at the very existence of a top secret decision. No government official can legally acknowledge a top secret decision to do this thing or that thing has been made. NSC4a said that these little propaganda operations, USIA, The Voice of America, and so forth, would be supplemented by systematic campaigns of sabotage, guerrilla warfare, covert operations, assassinations, insurgency, counter insurgency, and so forth. The authority to do this at the stage of NSC4a was pretty vague, it's because the different security agencies were still arguing over who would get the brief to carry out this type of warfare. The decision on that came about 6 months later with a decision called NSC10/2. Again, your CIA buffs are probably familiar with 10/2. That was created in an entirely secret government agency named "The Office for Policy Coordination". The function of this entirely secret government agency was to carry out these types of covert operations that I've mentioned. That secret government agency eventually became the Operations Directorate at the CIA which has basically the same functions to this day.

D: One of the institutions that you've mentioned as exemplifying this marriage of social science , warfare, and propaganda is Public Opinion Quarterly, a very influential academic journal which in many ways epitomizes the bridging of that gap.

C: And I would like to talk about Public Opinion Quarterly, but to get at this whole question of the interplay between the academic and violence. I think it's necessary to take a step even further back, and that is to look at how mass consumer societies spread themselves, how they work. We live in a mass consumer society today, the thing runs on how many Fords or Toyotas or cans of Coca-cola or whatever it is that the various manufacturers can sell to their audiences. Most of the mass media the real job that most of the mass media is involved in is the business of selling eyeballs to advertisers. It's all broken out rather precisely, if you want to buy advertising on Seinfeld, just pick a show, 60 minutes for example, the network can tell you with great precession how many million men between the ages of 16 and 25 watch this show. How many millions of women between the ages of 25 and 35 watch this show. You can see, particularly if you watch sitcoms, precisely who the advertising is aimed at. What a TV station really does is not put on entertainment, where its money comes from is selling your eyeballs to advertisers. In order to make that work, there has to be ways to count how many eyeballs are being sold. There has to be ways to survey this and put forward a plausible argument from the media's side to the advertisers as to why the advertisers should come up with a billion dollars a year to sell cosmetics for example, or comparable numbers to sell automobiles. Where the academic field of mass communication research began was in the development of these techniques to do precisely this type of measurement, to measure how many eyeballs or ears (radio) were looking at particular advertisements, and what impact this had on sales, and to what degree did the person reading the advertisement remember that advertisement. There are lots and lots of studies that

you can find in the library that elaborate on these themes. To come around to the question of violence, what we've seen since the 1940's with the expansion with this type of consumer society, and I'm not even talking about a left or right or whether one is capitalist or one is socialist or any of that stuff. I'm talking about the expansion of mass consumer society around the world. What one has seen is that type of society precludes, it overwhelms other forms of social organization. It cuts them out and proceeds, rather frequently, with great violence, often including genocide (particularly genocide of indigenous peoples) as it spreads around the world. As it spreads, it carries particular ideas with it which include particular preconceptions about what is good and what is bad about the world and how things work and so forth. We can go on for another hour about consumer societies, but the point that I'm trying to come around to is; number one, for consumer society to run there has to be some sort of way to measure what is being bought and sold. Number two, for it to expand, it expands only at the expense of existing society. Number 3, as it overwhelms an existing society, say as it arrives in Turkey or Lebanon or Egypt or in southeast Asia or in Peru, it breaks down the existing social structure and instead substitutes itself. This sets off a chain of, both frequently, damage to the people who live there and also resistance to these developments. So how do you manage the resistance to the arrival to Coca-Cola and Ford Motor Co.? When the local unions, social activists, or churches have decided that they've had it up to here with what the foreign companies are trying to push onto them. How do you manage these people? Well that comes around to the question of psychological warfare and the whole theory of "economic development" the main centers of communication research during the '50's were obsessed with this question of what do you do if people in Egypt don't like the products that you're trying to sell them? What if they're restless? How do you keep them in line? The first step is that you broadcast radio programs or TV programs in one way or another, either in nice words or in nasty words, "well you guys better keep in line", that's the first step. When that doesn't work, what's the next step? Well you've got carrots and sticks, so you use economic development, but there's also the stick. The stick is police and military violence, particularly counter insurgency and low intensity warfare. Methods to identify the various dissidents in these various societies, and to eliminate them. By the 1990's, this process of identifying and quite literally eliminating people who are seen as inconvenient to the expansion of American interests around the world. This has become high science. You see it operation most particularly in central and south America today.

D: Chris, jumping ahead to something that follows fairly logically to what we've been engaging in, you discuss on page 53 as follows; "at least a half dozen of the most important centers of US communication research depended for their survival on funding from a handful of national security agencies. Their reliance on psychological warfare money was so extensive as to suggest that the crystallization of mass communication studies into a distinct scholarly field might not have come about during the '50's without substantial military, CIA, and US information agency intervention." One of the 6 institutions that you talk about is the center of international studies at MIT and in connection to mass communication and what it does to societies, could I ask you to talk about development theory which is actually a term which has a mass communication research applicability and also a national security applicability.

C: Development theory is an interdisciplinary theory, this is very much the fond dream of academics, is to have these interdisciplinary developments. It combines communication research with sociology, political science, bits and pieces of psychology, and so on. It's idea is to figure out some sort of formula by which every country in the world would "develop" among the lines that the hegemonic power wanted it to develop. There was a cold war going on, the Americans weren't the only players in this game. What happened was that the various developing countries of the world, countries that have come out from under colonial yoke, were caught in this crossfire, mainly between Russia and the US, to their great disadvantage. Even Pope John Paul the second, who is no radical, has argued that this so called development in the midst of the cold war has been in truth been extraordinarily damaging to most of the people in the world. Most particularly to those people in countries that became centers of contention between east and west. Development theory was what the so called best and brightest of the west attempted to work out as a unified field theory so to speak of how these 'types of crisis' were going to be managed.

D: One of the institutions which served to a large extent as a vehicle for the weighing and communication of some of the concepts such as development theory, developed by the CENIS, is the previously mentioned Public Opinion Quarterly. That publication epitomizes the cross over between psychological warfare and communication research. Could I ask you to discuss the 1952 issue on international communication research which could perhaps be described as a covert operation in and of itself?

C: This gets back to a question you raised earlier which I went drifting off into another subject, and didn't really get to answering your question before. Public Opinion Quarterly is a very well known academic journal that specializes in how public opinion is measured. During the early 50's it was really rather straight forward in that it viewed itself as participating in psychological warfare. It would publish articles describing what the various tactics of the west had been against the Germans during WW2. That was on the first and most obvious level. The next level is that journal itself promoted particular attitudes about what communication is, what society is, and even down to such things as what's the correct line on strategy for dealing with the Russians or the Italians, you name it.

D: I was thinking of some of the work of Warren Walsch did for example in POQ.

C: So the journal itself was, although it didn't present itself in these terms, a propaganda organ. On the third level, a very close inbreeding between the senior editors, and the editorial board of the journal on the one hand and the intelligence agencies on the other. The founder of the journal back in 1937 was a man by the name of Dewitt Poole who was then on sabbatical from the State Department and whose specialty was anti-Communist propaganda. That's what he did for a living. Moving into the post-war period, he eventually became a senior executive with the Radio Free Europe, Radio Liberty operations that were founded by the CIA. In that particular issue of the journal, there were a series of interesting reports including one that presented itself as if it were simply communication research, and the title "Political Extremists in Iran, a secondary analysis of communications data" by Benjamin Ringer and David Sills. Well, who were these extremists? What was going on was that the voice of America was paying a very well known, very liberal think tank in New York called the Bureau of Applied Social Research to study dissident groups in the middle east, and this particular study looked at so called "extremists" in Iran. Those people were supporters of Muhammed Mosada, at the time the leader of Iran, but he was out of favor from the west because he had this extraordinary and shocking idea that Iran should control its own oil resources. This did not go down very well with the Americans or with the British, and eventually they engineered a coup-de-etat that overthrew Mosada and his supposed extremist followers and installed the Shaw of Iran. So what you see in the academic journal, the sort of mirror of this as it appears in the academic literature, is a article that has lots of footnotes and it has the vocabulary, and it has the whole sort of image of heavy academic research. But what it is in true is a report on applied political covert operation where these guys went out and attempted to get the lay of the land so that with the coup-de-etat to overthrow Mosada would go more smoothly.

We've been talking about a three level pattern here where you have articles that are officially and literally about psychological warfare. A psychological report on how we've convinced the Japanese in Si Pon to surrender in WW2. An official psychological warfare study. Then you have the next

level of propaganda to social scientists, to convince them to tow a particular line. Then you have this third level, where the publications of social science themselves become tools for intelligence gathering or as elements of covert operations.

D: You also discuss the Hook Insurgency in the Philippines, and similar articles that functioned in connection with that covert operation. Some of these operations were quite bloody. I'd like to read a sentence from page 85, and ask you to comment on the effects of some of these relationships on the methodological paradigms of communication research, "This continuity of leading theoreticians became part of a broader pattern through which the psychological warfare of one generation became the "international communication" of the next." You talk of one of the effects of the relationship between mass communication research and psychological warfare as an internal purge of dissident voices. Not by the government, but by the recipients of this governmental positive feedback, and then you discuss the effects of this on the developing zeitgeist or dominant paradigm of communication research.

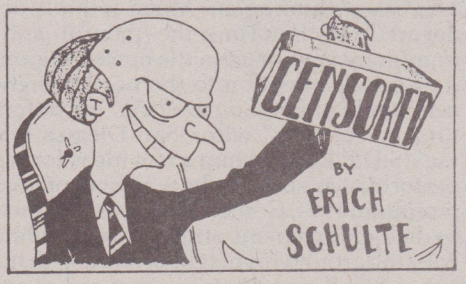
C: Somebody whose a professional radio personality as you are Dave, you might be able to wrap it up in three minutes, but I certainly cannot. What I will say is this, In the early cold war, they talked about psychological warfare straight up. They were pretty frank about the whole thing. By the mid 1950's, they realized that if you said "Well we're engaged in psychological warfare against the Italians, " that the Italians might not like that very much and they may take exception to it. The rhetoric of the field began to change. There was an example coming out of Columbia University in which a long bibliography of what psychological warfare was, examples, definitions, case studies, and so forth had been prepared secretly during the early 50's, and then eventually published in 1955 or 56. The only difference between the 1953 version that was talking about psychological operations, and the 1956 version was that the title had been changed. The new title was "International Communication". The rhetoric of the field was changing, but the content of the field was not changing, or at least the content of the field was developing along the same lines that it had been developing earlier. This is the way that the relatively straight-forward use and discussion of psychological warfare as a form of violence and social control of the immediate post 1945 period became international communication. Even a sometimes conflict resolution, and portrayed in much more cushioned terms, tended to isolate the people who were using them from the realities of the world that they were in the process of creating.

D: Chris, we are at the end of our interview. Do you think it would be unfair to perhaps describe the situation that you just set before us as psychological warfare as kinder and gentler.

C: Well, if you take into account that George Bush was not telling the truth when he said that he was a kinder and gentler Ronald Reagan, yea sure, I'll go with that.

D: We've been speaking to author Christopher Simpson, the author of among other titles "The Science of Coercion," On hardcover and softcover by the Oxford University Press, copyright 1994. This is Dave Emory saying thanks for listening.

For more information about Dave Emory, his research, and his audio cassette series, contact: Spitfire, PO Box 1179, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, email - alcalame@ix.netcom.com, Web site - http://www.kfjc.org Attention non-commercial radio stations! Contact Spitfire regarding Dave Emory's weekly radio program.



School is winding down, and my hours spent on school work to hours spent sleeping ratio for the week is about 2/1. What I'm saying is, don't be to critical of (m)any spelling and grammatical errors, sudden religious conversions or Republican rhetoric in this column. I'm not myself. Anyway, I'm going to stick to a pretty simple topic this month, which is my recent disillusionment with conservatives. I always saw the right as divided into two rough categories. The first is the ignorant masses, folks who get most of there information from talk radio and the rest from TV guide. This view has remained largely in tact. After all, people who demand lower wages, poor medical care, and dirty air and water are obviously not getting the full picture, or even a glimmer of the real picture. These people, like most, are distracted by the rich tapestry of distortions that is our media, but for one reason or another are attracted to an inane windbag like Rush, instead of an inane windbag like Ted Koppel.

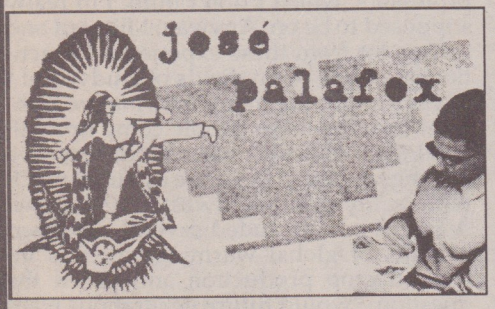
So far so good. But I always pictured the conservative intelligentsia as having a much deeper understanding of how society works. One of the best known political scientists alive, for example, is Samuel Huntington of Harvard University. His claim to fame is that he helped found modernization theory. In a nutshell, the theory holds that by rapidly growing to produce manufactured goods, and social infrastructure, third world, or less developed countries could become developed and enjoy the bounty of democracy and equality we have in the U.S. (cough) even if they had to go through fascist dictatorships and enormous poverty to get there. This was the dominant view of development for about forty years, and still has many proponents. It also could be debunked by someone with a paint huffing high and an extra chromosome. I won't get too far into it, but let's just say that when your economy is based on assembling toys and bell hopping for Northern tourists there are definite limits of the dispersal of economic gains.

Now in spite of this, Huntington and others like him aren't dolts. I always figured they knew they were full of shit, but also knew that coming up with justifications for U.S./corporate tyranny can advance your career and land you in a nice place like Harvard (although they may not overtly acknowledge it, even too themselves). Besides, you gotta have cheap Barbie dolls, right? Anyway, this was before i joined the Econ-Law mailing list. This is a list of professional economist, lawyers and professors, which I don't think I'm really supposed to be on. Anyway, I figured and learn a lot from these experienced practitioners of one of my fields of study, and I have. Among the many informative technical insights these people come up with (again, not dolts) are various conservative rantings. Some of these are as out of touch with reality as any Midwestern talk show. A recent post included several supposed benefits of global warming, such as increased crop production and posed the question; "would future generations want us to create global warming or not?" A follow up post pointed out that there is no reason to think skin cancer (that comes from ozone depletion, but whatever) won't be cured in the next century or so, so we needn't worry about that. That leaves only the petty concerns of the collapse of the ecosystem, the melting of the polar caps, and chaotic climatic effects.

Another post, which was in response to one I ventured, actually out did that one. I was going back and forth with a professor at a pretty well known University about whether GM did anything wrong in letting defective trucks through after estimating that it would be cheaper to pay off suits on the part of the dozens who would die, than fix the flaw. After about 4 days of this, he made the argument that companies would never want to harm customers because if they were dead they couldn't buy anymore products. Now this can be dismissed by simple arithmetic (Billions in corner cutting savings - maybe $1 million in lost future sales). However, what struck me about this argument was that it was the exact same argument that Roy Munson uses to convince the Amish kid, Ishmail to smoke in the classic of cinema, Kingpin. When Ish says cigarettes are unhealthy Munson replies with something like "whose done more research on cigarettes than the good folks at the American Tobacco Institute. They say it's harmless. Why would they lie? If you're dead, you can't smoke" In case you happen to a professor at a well known University, it was supposed to be a

joke. You see, cigarettes really are... ah, never mind.

The point is that even intelligent people who's profession, at least theoretically, is to access and pass on knowledge can be indoctrinated to the point where they have only a tenuous hold on reality. This is not to say that there is not what I think of as a Marxist right intelligentsia, which is aware and approves of class structure and domination, just that a lot of the people who might seem to be in that group might just be the upper crust of the ignorant masses. And again, the fact that such people can be so thoroughly duped speaks volumes about strength of our dominant ideologies. For a slightly more serious look at this type of indoctrination, check out a collection of essays entitled The Cold War and the University edited by Schiffren and published by the New Press. homerrmone@aol.com



"Para triunfar, gente viene de todas partes. Vienen todos a aventurar en busca de dolares Yanquis... Sus vidas vienen a arriesgar... ilucionados lo dejan todo y miren lo que les espera."

"To succeed, people come from many places. They venture in search of Yankee dollars... They come risking their lives. You come risking your life... enthusiastically you leave everything and look at what awaits you."—Mercado Negro (punk band from Tijuana, Mexico, late 1980s)

One of the first punk bands I saw was Mercado Negro. For a while the punk "scene" in the border city Tijuana, Mexico was pretty strong. I remember going to see shows in some crazy places. Cops would show up a lot and fuck with people. Recently, I got a chance to go back and visit some family in Tijuana. I was born Tijuana, and, since my family lives in San Diego, I visit often. While in San Diego I got a chance to get some literature on a pretty cool group of artists/activists that, looking back, had quite an influence on me. Started in 1984, Taller de Arte Fronterizo/Border Arts Workshop (TAF/BAW) died out in the early 1990s for various reasons. Made up of artists, activists, and intellectuals from both sides of the border, TAF/BAW was set up as a "binational collective that combined critical writing, site-specific performance, media and public art with direct political action... on both sides of the border" (TAF/BAW Statement).

Guillermo Gómez-Peña, one of the main founders of the group remembers how living in the San Diego-Tijuana border region influenced him as a performance artist. In an article, "Death on the Border: Eulogy to Border Art," published in High Performance (Spring 1991), Gómez-Peña tells us the article was written at a time when anti-immigrant groups like "Light Up The Border" would go the San Diego-Tijuana border and shine their car lights toward Mexico to call attention to the Border Patrols, "ineffective" strategy of stopping undocumented immigrants. "[T]he border as a region of political injustice and great suffering still exists," wrote Gómez-Peña, "[t]he border remains an infected wound on the body of the continent, its contradictions more painful than ever."

For those claim that art is just "for art,s sake," think again. Much of this "border art" reflects not only the "painful" anti-immigrant sentiment in the border region, it also calls attention to the need to fight xenophobia. For Gómez-Peña, his unfortunate "contacts" with "San Diego,s finest" (S.D.P.D) gave him a few ideas for his performance shows. In a period of two months in 1994, Gómez-Peña was detained by law enforcement officials: once, while walking around his neighborhood with his boom-box, for stealing his own radio; another time for failing to answer to a summons that was issued while he away; and, once, Gómez-Peña was dragged out of bed at 7:00 a.m. and handcuffed in front of his son and wife for supposedly being a drug dealer.

The incident which Gómez-Peña will never forget is the time when he and his son spent 45 minutes in police custody after Gómez-Peña was accused of stealing his son. After eating breakfast with his wife and his then-four- year-old son (who happens to be fairly blond), Gómez-Peña decided to go for a walk in a park with his son where he was stopped by a policemen. As it turned out, two blond women from the restaurant had called 911 to report that a Latino man and a "suspicious-looking woman" were in a cafe with a boy "who didn,t look like he belonged to them," and "who was clearly being held against his will." "In many ways," later recalled Gómez-Peña, "[i]t made me aware of the current climate in California, of the resurgence of this virulent xenophobia. I realized that I was coming back to a country that,s in a state of emergency, and that I was going to have to be in a constant state of alert. I really felt my own fragility, an the fragility of my own son" (Reader, San Diego,s Weekly, June 9, 1994, p.27-28).

While Gómez-Peña is careful to note the racism and the cultural antagonisms between Anglos and Latinos in the borderlands, he also implicates the media anti-immigrant legislation with rise of violence against the Chicano/Latino population. In his book, The New World Border: Prophecies, Poems, and Loqueras for the End of the Century (San Francisco: City Lights, 1996), Gómez- Peña tells us that "[w]hat begins as inflammatory rhetoric eventually becomes accepted dictum, justifying racial violence against suspected illegal immigrants. What Operation Gatekeeper, Proposition 187, SOS [Save Our State] have done is to send a frightening message to society: The governor is behind you; let those "aliens" have it. Since they are here "illegally," they expendable... To hurt, attack, or offend a face less, nameless "criminal" doesn,t seem to have any legal or moral implications" (p. 69).

TODAY: A group of really cool individuals have been setting up shows getting their communities involved in the process. Mike Amezcua lives near the Latino neighborhood Pico Union in Los Angeles. He just recently put out a benefit 7" compilation called "libérame" ("Free Me"). The record includes songs from: Los Crudos, Youth Against, Former Members of Alfonsin, Huasipungo, Krontaattaque, Swipe, Godstomper, and Parades End. What,s really cool is that the record comes with a booklet full of information on recent anti-immigrant legislation, the militarization of the U.S.-Mexico border, and what YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT. The booklet has a whole bunch of addresses and phone numbers of pro-immigrant rights organizations that you can contact in your local area. It also has a short bibliography on recommended books that deal with globalization and immigration.

Mike Amezcua and Danny Echeverria write in their introduction to the record: "We feel immigration affects all of us in one way or another, but more directly the Latino community communities that we grew up and live in. From Los Angeles to New York, Tijuana to Juarez, from the beat downs and harassment of our relatives at the borderlines, to the INS raids at our homes and workplaces... What does this have to do with you? Well, you as an individual can do a big part in this just by educating yourself and looking into the issue..." (my emphasis). On a final note, Bertolt Brecht once stated that "art is not a mirror held up to reality, but a hammer with which to shape it." Buy the record! Look into the issue. Get involved. Send $3 (ppd) to get the 7" to El Grito. Po Box 20722. Los Angeles, Ca. 90006. U$A. Outside the U.S., send $5 (ppd).

This column is gonna be sorta quick, room is packed and in a matter of days I'm leaving for a cross-country trip, moving back to Indiana. I here lots of good things are going on in Bloomington, where I'm

moving. Let's hope...and now on to the rock 'n' roll!!!

Just as I finished my column last month, I got a package from Gary X-Ray at Saddle Tramp Records, outta England. What a good note to begin this column on! Two singles, four songs, a lotta rockin', and even more orange! I don't know if Gary is doing it on purpose, but Saddle Tramp releases are getting easy to spot by eye. The covers all (of the three records out so far) feature a cheesy late '60s/'70s pin-up mag type woman, and they're all done in orange. Aurally, they're not as distinguishable from similar types of music, but they certainly don't lower the standard for 110mph, can't get your breath, break-neck rockin. The CELLOPHANE SUCKERS and the CHARGERS deliver this time around. (Saddle Tramp/PO Box 5412/Nottingham, NG1 6HT, UK)

The RADON LP has FINALLY been released! After like five years of patiently waiting, No Idea came through (they always do). A few hundred are on a cool green & white weird vinyl. Whatever color vinyl you got, I can almost promise you'll love the record, *especially* if you're like me and listened to their 7" enough to wear it thin.

Save your money for the US release of the second TURBONEGRO album, coming out in a limited edition vinyl on Man's Ruin or non-limited cd version on Sympathy. The immediately hard to find picture disc 7" on Sympathy released a few months ago gave us Americans a taste of what's to come. TURBONEGRO lead the trend followed by countless meathead growling fucks of turning up the ROCK, toning down a bit on the tough-guy screaming aggro shit.

Two RADIO BIRDMAN bootleg records have been released in the past few months. One is called "Rock 'n' Roll War 76-78" and the other is called "Murder City Nights." Murder City Nights is also available on CD; I'm not sure about RnR War. The vinyl of both is limited to 500 copies. Rock 'n' Roll War wins out over the two, as far as I'm concerned. It has a lot of rare studio recordings along with some vicious live stuff. Murder City Nights is all live, but not all from the same show. Kinda cherry picked from a bunch of different shows. The sound quality is pretty good, but it sounds really disjointed with the different recordings, different moods, crowds, etc. Still, if you love rock 'n' roll, you will be on these quick, cause they aren't sticking around.

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY is back again as "Serial Girlfriend," a moody LP (on Damaged Goods) of songs which fit the title of the record very well.

One of my many dreams is to someday own a "Record Your Own Voice" record making machine. I don't even know when this things disappeared. People would step in, stumbling around, say a few things to a loved one, maybe sing a song, whatever. Each recording was one of a kind. Like audio photobooths–fucking brilliant! Dish Recordings released a cd a while ago that is a collection of old record your own voice type records called "One of One: Snapshots In Sound". 23 tracks on here, ranging from a "Sapphire Needle Test" to "Ray Whistling". This is pretty incredible. ($12: PO Box 107/St. Helena, CA 94574-0107)

On the punk reissue comp circuit, this month we see the third instillation in the **Bloodstains Across Belgium** record mini-series. For such a small country, Belgium sure packs a helluva wollup when it comes to old punk songs. This is as great as the past two, and off the top of my head, I don't think any of the songs have appeared elsewhere. I could be wrong. **Killed by Death #19** (all American punk), **Bloodstains Across Northern Ireland #2** (100 on green vinyl!) and ...**Across the UK #3** all saw light this month. There's an ugly trend of releasing wimpy-ass pop singles comps-all the punk bands who got in touch with their more sensitive, more "musically inclined" side. **Instant Pop Classics** is a horrifyingly great example of this. Not only is the cover shit (looks like a fucking techno turd record), but the songs ain't got no guts AT ALL! Topping out at $20 in stores, I say avoid this pup

Teenage Treats Volume 1 finally surfaced. It was recently released with Volume 5. Get 'em while you can, more great powerful pop from the late '70s and early '80s.

Detour Records, out of the U.K. is promising a new comp in the pop/mod punk vein called **Bored Teenagers**. Given the quality of most Detour stuff, this should be one to look for.

The newest installment in the **Killed By 7 Inch** (#6) is out and is great (and as limited!) as the previous five. Also out is a compilation called **Bust!** This comp earns the distinction of being the first reissue comp to be a 10". The artwork is cheap, just the covers reproduced on the inside of the fold out sleeve. But not a bad comp–better than the artwork would lead one to believe.

I think I'm gonna start distributing punk reissue comps, kind of a one-stop for those of you who are having a hard time finding these records in your local stores and can't shell out the extra money it costs to pay for shipping to order them from Europe. If you put these out, or if you're looking for these records, email or write me.

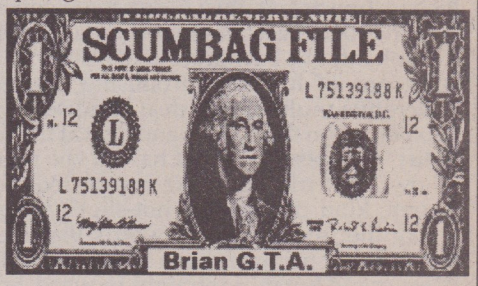
Before I left the MRR compound, I copied all the old Scum Pit articles, as well as just a handful of other stuff, including interviews with MRR people back before the mag started, when it was just a radio show. There's also a few interviews (Zero Boys, Penelope Houston, Greg Shaw, etc) some Pioneers of Punk and Tesco Vee's article on record collecting, as well as a reprint of the "MRR Bibliography". I'm going to put them all together in sort of a zine. This is not a "best of..." thing. It's just a bunch of stuff from old MRR's I think is interesting, and other people might as well. If you're interested in a copy, send me $3 ($5 outside the US). This is NOT any kind of official MRR zine or by-product.

Lookin' For Love:

Hey! can any of you Europeaners help me get my mits on the European pressings of either/both of TURBONEGRO's Lps??? How about the Vikings' LP??? And just to round shit out, I'm looking for the first two Killed By 7" records...

How many of you were in New York City for New Year's eve? And I HOPE you were on St. Marks for what could've been the greatest rock and roll showdown–within 100 yards of each other, all on the same night: the DICTATORS, the FLESHTONES, the REAL KIDS, and the almighty DEVIL DOGS! Jeez-us! I'm writing this before it actually happened, but if all went off as is planned, I guarantee a good time was had by all. More on this next month, because you better fuckin' believe I was there!

Overandout, icki, PO Box 1223 • Bloomington, IN 47401 • icki@mindspring.com



How Can You Tell When a Label is Bad!?!

Good question, and I wish that I could give you some simple way to spot the lousy labels each and every time, but I can't. While some might obviously have the word "creep" flashing over their heads in big neon lights, others are not so easy to detect and will take a bit of "leg" work plus keen observation in order to flush them out. Of course one of the easiest ways to spot a crud is by the contract they hand you (if they have one). Unfortunately, how to properly read and understand a music contract is a much too complex and involved topic to have room to cover this time around but is one I will hopefully get to in an upcoming issue as it is fairy important. Instead we will be discussing the body signals, verbal posturing, etc. which are the first signs of yet worse things to come.

Example #1 The Dirt Bag: Otherwise known by plenty of other less flattering descriptions, this type will promise you anything because they know that absolutely none of their agreements will be honored. Often they leave a trail of disgruntled bands that shouldn't be too hard to track down that will be only too happy to verbally shred said labels a new asshole once that subject rears its ugly head. Also, be very weary of so-called larger indies whose

bands seem to gravitate towards much smaller labels afterwards. Bands on larger indies either usually, unless dumped, stay on those labels, move to another label of equal size, or one much larger; that is unless their first time experience with said larger indie was so terrible that they fear being on anything but a small D.I.Y. or their own label where the band will have much more control.

Example #2 The Dreamer: This person boasts about how their label is on the way to becoming the next Epitaph, Lookout, or (insert popular selling label here) and quite possibly believes their own groundless illusions of grandeur to be true. Always be very aware of the fact that most people who get involved working within the music industry (or making an attempt to work there) almost never downplay their own importance or honestly portray their place in the overall scheme of things. Instead, they will tell you that they have better distribution, more sales, tons more ads, etc. than they actually do and are getting better all of the time. (If only I had a nickel for every time...) For example, the head honcho at this talent management agency back east personally requested that I look into the background of a label offering one of his very promising clients a lucrative multi-album deal because of my expertise on the subject and "get at the real dirt" business savvy. Ha ha, did you notice how I just tried to make myself look like some kind of industry hot-shot? Always take the important key words that these people are using and as a substitute, fill in less grand but more straight forward, honest words in their place. Now, does what they are saying still seem as impressive? I thought not. Anyhow, where was I? So yeah, this friend of mine back east is part time managing this friend's band who gets an offer from this self-proclaimed big time indie for a multi-album recording deal which includes plenty of label support and the pull to get the label's big budget video for the band played on MTV. So I make a few inquires to people I know that work with the same style of music (distros, zines, and other labels) and their responses were basically, "Who the fuck is that?" or "He hasn't really done much of anything yet." In the almost two years since, I have never seen nor heard another word about this "label." Most likely these types will come up with another "get rich quick" scheme when this one doesn't pan out, or get a "real" job.

Example #3 The Drug Addict: This party maniac might actually be a good person that means well for your band but just wasn't sober enough to do right. It sure was fun partying with him/her at the recording studio, but the next day when you were fully conscious, your new LP mixes sounded like shit. Once the record is out, it gets poorly packed and shipped to the wrong address and all of the paperwork as to what got sent to which distro and who owes what is lost in a blur of binging. I guess that means there will be no royalties, no repress, and what few remaining copies left were taken by his/her dealer to pay off the powder debt owed. If you think that sounds like some cornball "Just Say No" propaganda, guess again. I know of quite a few bands/labels (some of them close friends) who ended up in that exact same scenario.

Example #4 The Hot and Cold Running Prick: This person's friendship and availability is based solely on whether or not they need you to make money in the future. Once you've outlived your usefulness due to your band not moving enough "units" to make you desirable for another project, have no more music left, and/or have gone to some other label, then all of the sudden your phone calls become unanswered and unreturned. This also means that there is a good chance that they will start dipping into your band's share of the royalties as their newly updated people schedule does not involve you. This unfortunately seems to be a very well-integrated practice at many labels where all calls from band members are pre-screened and for certain bands the person they want to speak with is always "out of the office" or "on another call." The best way to check for this avoidance dance is to make contact with bands or close friends of bands whom the label might view as no longer "useful." Of course another variation on this behavior is when a label has overextended itself financially and avoids all of its bands. Beware of labels that have lost all of their bands during a relatively short period of time.

Example #5 The Control Freak: This type thinks that just because you're doing a record with them that you are giving all rights to your music and name over the label. Commonly, they'll want the rights to not only the recordings but also the musical compositions (the actual written music/songs themselves), album art, merchandising (t-shirts, wrist watches, stickers, posters, etc. bearing your name, logo, or likeness) etc. for "in perpetuity" (Derived from the word "perpetual." This means forever!) In fact, they are making so many decisions for your band that they have crossed over the line into management which is a conflict of interest, unethical in most instances, and possibly against the law as some states and countries might have special conflict of interest statutes governing the way music industry businesses are allowed to operate. For instance, an unethical manager/label owner combination will want you to stay on his label even though much better offers have been made by other outside labels and will try to find ways to keep you there. At least one band I know had all of their royalties going to finance the manager's label with no clear accounting as to how many records the band sold. They also found that they were unable to rerecord their own songs for another label or themselves to release without paying the manager/label owner they had ditched a substantial portion of their royalties. Once you do leave, it's quite probably a sure bet that they'll become even possibly bigger bastards than before with special remixed LP editions years later on other labels and different t-shirt designs that you may accidentally stumble upon if said jilted label can still squeeze a few bucks from your namesake. You'll never know when something's coming out and you won't get compensated unless you win a costly lawsuit (which still doesn't guarantee payment) or find "another" way to muscle them. That stated, once you realize that you have stumbled into a business relationship with such a person, you will want to get out as soon as possible. (Maybe even if it means the threat of a lawsuit against you!)

Anyhow, I think that I've taken up enough space on this topic for now. Maybe we will come back to it in the next issue, who knows?

Now, onto the most important part of my column; my self-centered requests! First off, I'm looking for old punk/HC radio shows on cassette with English-speaking DJs 1980-83 (mainly '81/'82) that played loads of smaller underground stuff and not just the biggies like TSOL, DK, Exploited, Pistols, etc. I am also looking for someone that collected a lot of early 80's punk/HC in my local area that I can sometimes tape from and come over to check the records out first before having you tape them in exchange for CDs on my label. I didn't collect as many records as some of my friends and was therefore able to eventually start a label. The downside is that my memory is sometimes getting a bit foggy on some bands. Also, the dude from Re-Animator Records (?) that sent me the article on horror punk a while back, lost your phone # and address! Lastly, please, when contacting me about my personal requests, be sure to include your name and phone # with best time to call.

Until next time...

Brian c/o GTA, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd. Suite 313, Glendale, CA 91202

I've been in this tiny apartment all day, eating the same stale pizza for breakfast, lunch and dinner, while the rain poured down and rattled off the windows. I want to rent a movie and get some groceries, but the wind is blowing ominously, and even

though it's only eight o'clock, it was dark hours ago. It's a three mile walk into town, since I don't have my bike or a bus schedule, and I'm making up excuses not to go. I have things to do, I tell myself even though I've been working here most of the day. I don't want to spend the money, I don't know what movie I want to see, it's such a long walk. But really, I know, I'm just afraid to walk outside tonight.

Ann Arbor is a safe place, the kind of city that people move to so they can leave their doors open at night in the summer; I was relieved to let down my guard a bit after returning here from Columbus. I know the streets and neighborhoods, love downtown after 2 AM when all the drinkers have stumbled into the greasy spoons and the city is deserted. I know there is probably no danger lurking in the clusters of nice old homes between this apartment and the video store. Probably. It's that small uncertainty, those dark spaces and wooded lots between the streetlights, keeping me here on the couch inside.

Such fear is second nature, almost instinct, to most of the women I know. I always study the crime map in the local paper, noting robberies and sexual assaults near my home, filing away the information for times like these, so I can make an educated decision about the route I should take home from work at night. I wear boots and long ago learned the neutral eye contact that warns away potential assailants, the look that says *I'm no easy target*. The high point of my class last year was learning self-defense, watching as each of my students pounded a padded, 250-pound attacker with their fists, elbows and knees, knowing that each blow increased their chances of fighting back if they ever needed to.

Some people equate this caution with paranoia, or think that giving in to fear victimizes women as surely as violence does; I have a friend who refuses to worry more than any man about where she walks and parks her car. I've ridden freights with only another girl and her puppy, gotten lost in Oakland at night, slept in parking lots in big cities without so much as a scratch, and sometimes I agree with her. But for every friend I have who walks alone at night unscathed, there's one whose sister is being stalked, another followed through a dark park by a man beating off, another raped at knife point by a stranger who's never been caught. I can't pretend that I'll somehow become immune to violence if I refuse to acknowledge its presence.

Just the other day I listened with my ear pressed to the wall as my neighbor's boyfriend smashed furniture in her apartment, ready to dial 911 if I heard her cry out. The incident resurrected memories of women I've known who've experienced similar violence: the bartending partner who'd been thrown out of a speeding car while her children looked on; the penpal's graphic description of being raped; the waitress whose purple and green bruises were left by her husband, the chief of police; even the letters from readers of this magazine who were abused as children. Maybe those memories have left me feeling more shaken and vulnerable than I realize, and my reluctance to venture into the night is merely a symptom of my train of thought this week.

But I wonder if my fear would be any less valid if it didn't fade once those women's stories are filed away again in my mind and replaced with happier memories and lists of things to do. What if it accumulated, washing over me with each ripple of violence I heard about and experienced myself, until I could no longer ignore it? What if I let it change my life? Would I be a coward? Or would I just be a woman?

*****

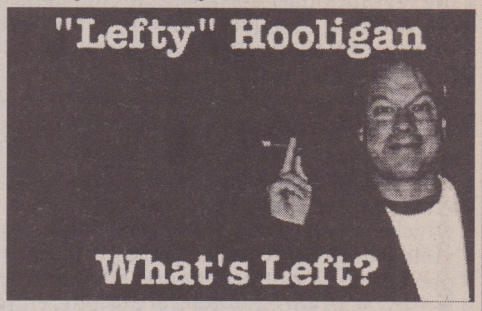
Less than a week after writing this, two people were killed in the building next to mine, the first murders to occur in this city all year. Not wanting to drive me home from a friend's house, my roommate mocked my reluctance to return to our apartment alone. *It's not as if he's gonna come back to kill you*, he laughed. I almost cried trying to explain that it wasn't the shootings, it was the shadowy parking lot, the unlocked laundry room, the lack of a mirror over a blind spot in the stairway that had me spooked. Knowing there were fresh bloodstains setting into the carpet next door just made it impossible to ignore those things, and the white noise of nervousness they cause, the way I usually do. Even though he drove me home that night, I'm still not sure he understood.

*****

If you read no other zine this year, you really, really have to read *Burn Collector #8*. More like a novella than a zine, the talented, handsome, and probably a little crazy Al Burian (of Hellbender and Milemarker fame) drinks and temps his way through almost 100 half-sized pages, spewing up wise and hilarious observations about the predicament of being happily overeducated and underemployed on the streets of Portland. I was inflicting quotes from it upon my loved ones for weeks until my friend Jesse borrowed my copy and refused to give it back. Am I gushing enough yet to get you to send Al a couple bucks at 307 Blueridge Rd., Carrboro, NC 27510?

*****

after 2 1/2 years, gumption #4 is now done; it has a loose "bodies and images" theme and a nice layout, if i do say so myself. you can get one by sending a couple bucks (or anything tiki) to me at pob 7564, ann arbor, MI 48107. you can send correspondence to the same address or to sheri@cyberspace.org. apologies to those who've been waiting for letters; i've been dealing with a lot of emotional shit lately and most of my stuff (including your mail) has been packed away in boxes for months longer than i expected. i've also been listening to lots of sarge and otis redding, in case anyone cares.



The statistics are horrific.

In Latin America, 150,000 have died. One million have perished in Eastern Europe and Vietnam respectively. The continent of Africa has seen 1.7 million die. The body count is two million each in Cambodia and North Korea. The territories of the former Soviet Union can record the death of 20 million, and China can account for 65 million more dead.

And folks are still dying.

A terrible scourge has already killed nearly 100 million people world wide since October 25, 1917. Yet unlike malaria or AIDS or the ebola virus little is said about this vicious plague, especially on the Left. That's because this virulent disease goes by the common name of Leninism.

Well, thanks to Tony's feeble apology for Leninism, "Lefty" Hooligan is gonna say something. You can read Tony's letter in this issue and follow along as I take him down.

Tony's wrong of course. Revolution has and will continue to come about without a vanguard party providing leadership. The 1905 and February 1917 Russian revolutions both occurred without Leninist vanguard party guidance. In fact, Lenin and his Bolshevik party were taken by surprise by these revolutionary outbreaks. The party hesitated about supporting them whereas Lenin scrambled to take the opportunities they offered. In Spain the cornerstones of the 1936-39 revolution—the socialist peasant land expropriations of March 1936 and the anarchist peasant and worker land and factory seizures of July through October of the same year—at first were opposed and condemned by virtually every formal political organization on the Spanish left; liberal, socialist, communist *and* anarchist.

Revolution has never occurred because "the masses" marched in lockstep to the orders of some vanguard party. Even Mao's example puts the lie to this in a back-handed sort of way. Mao's Peoples Liberation Army conquered most of China militarily from their social base in Yenan during the civil war that followed the defeat of Japanese imperialism. Hardly the mass uprising of working people that is the *sine qua non* of social revolution.

While paying lip service to such popular upsurges, Leninism typically underestimates the capacity of working people to emancipate themselves. Lenin himself main-

tained that, without a vanguard party bringing revolutionary socialist consciousness to the working class from outside of the class, workers by themselves were capable only of a reformist trade union consciousness. This despite the remarkable system of self-governing workers and soldiers soviets (councils) that the Russian working class created spontaneously in 1905 and 1917, which Lenin opportunistically praised but which the Bolsheviks commandeered by violence after their "October Revolution" to preserve that vanguard party's leadership. In turn Mao suppressed the self-governing urban Communes, modeled after the Paris Commune, that arose in Shanghai and other Chinese cities in February 1967 during the Cultural Revolution because they directly threatened the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party.

Working people are capable of liberating themselves as a class using their own self-created class-wide institutions of proletarian government; the communes, councils and committees that we know from history. What's more, and apropos of Marx, *only* the working class *as a class* can emancipate itself from the power of capital. Eugene V. Debs used to comment in his speeches that if he could lead his working class audiences into the socialist promised land, he could also lead them right back out again. There is a role for a revolutionary organization in this process of working class self-activity and self-organization to help define and refine the class's own revolutionary consciousness. Capable of autonomous action, such a revolutionary organization cannot behave as an outside vanguard leading the working class, but instead must act as an exemplary agitational and educational force within the working class and its revolution. The quite flawed Spanish FAI (Iberian Anarchist Federation) nevertheless acted as such a revolutionary organization within the CNT (National Confederation of Labor) labor union as well as the aborted Spanish revolution.

A much more telling argument is that working class revolutions have never been able to maintain themselves against the forces of *bourgeois* counterrevolution without the intervention of some type of ruthlessly disciplined, quasi-military vanguard party. I've done past columns on this troublesome subject, citing examples from Zapata through the Spartacist uprising and Makhno to the anarchist militias of Spain to demonstrate that it's only occasionally been *bourgeois* counterrevolution that's done in such revolutionary situations. Political parties on the Left concerned with state power—social democratic, revolutionary, or vanguardist—sooner or later derailed such social revolutions and dismantled their gains from within. In particular vanguard parties destroyed the very revolutions they tried to save, much as the US military destroyed Vietnamese peasant villages in order to save them from the Vietcong.

That's in part because Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Mao, Ho, Castro *et al*, and their respective vanguard parties, were mass murderers; responsible for the slaughter of almost 100 million individuals in some 80 years across the entire globe. This still doesn't hold a candle to Hitler and his Nazi regime which managed to exterminate 25 million people in 10 plus years in Europe alone. Yet the carnage rendered by Leninism was no less conscious or deliberate.

And to what end was such slaughter directed?

To dictatorially seize and hold on to state power by whatever means necessary. To despotically substitute the vanguard party for the working class in power. To recoup and reconstitute class relations and class society in the name of socialism. To accomplish primitive accumulation and the economic tasks of a *bourgeois* revolution in the name of the working class.

Hardly revolutionary aspirations.

Again Tony is wrong when he claims that such Leninist brutality is simply a series of "mistakes" from which Leninism can learn. They're not mistakes at all. They are the "standard operating procedure" of a Leninist vanguard party, and of the Leninist ruling class that the party's "victory" creates. Comprised of an overlapping elite in the vanguard party, state bureaucracy and military-security establishment, this Leninist ruling class owns *de facto* all nationalized property through its monopoly command of state power and thus exploits the labor of the working class, expropriating the class's surplus value for its own ends in part through its use of state terror. Whether Leninist class societies are state capitalist or an entirely new form of class exploitation is a discussion that's beyond the scope of this present column. Suffice it to say that when Leninist class societies lapse into more conventional capitalist ones—in eastern Europe after 1989 and in the former Soviet Union after 1991—this ruling class easily obtains the *de jure* ownership of privatized state property to become a true *bourgeoisie* in every respect.

To be fair the global rise of capitalism and its *bourgeois* ruling class, from the British land enclosures through industrialization to our post-industrial present, took far many more human lives. The American civil war was prelude to and preparation for our country's own industrialization. It alone claimed over a million lives and this doesn't even touch the holocaust of two capitalist world wars. Yet until the rise of Nazism, mass murder was not a part of announced *bourgeois* social policy. By contrast, in 1930 Stalin ordered the "liquidation" of 10 million peasant kulaks "as a class" in the first stages of his collectivization of Soviet agriculture. When the rest of the world reacted in horror to Red Army massacres in the Ukraine Stalin sardonically commented: "One does not weep for the hair once the head has been cut off." The generally less clever justifications for similar acts of savagery by other Leninist leaders and parties are too numerous to catalogue, though they do establish Leninism's cold-blooded methods beyond a doubt.

Now folks familiar with my column know I have no problem with the armed working class rising up, "expropriating the expropriators" and socializing the *bourgeoisie*'s private property. If the capitalist ruling class resists, I have no problem with the working class using organized violence to keep this property socialized. These are naturally unfolding acts of working class dictatorship, and I have no problem with calling a spade a spade. This is what Marx called "the dictatorship of the proletariat" by the way.

Unfortunately, the Leninist vanguard party's ruthless calculated violence is all too rarely directed against the *bourgeoisie*. The working classes frequently take the brunt of it; disciplined by Leninist bosses, exploited by Leninist bureaucrats, and terrorized by Leninist secret police. Rebellious students, workers and peasants are routinely harassed, jailed, tortured, executed and disappeared; their movements infiltrated, subverted, decimated, smashed and liquidated. Leninism saves a special bloodthirstiness for rival non-Leninist members of the Left, and the Peruvian Communist Party/Sendero Luminoso that Tony so sanguinely supports is notorious for the terror and assassination it directs against fellow Peruvian leftists. Finally, the vanguard party routinely purges itself for the sake of ideological purity as well as the labor needs of its concentration camps, while its internal collective leadership is endlessly engaged in bloody factional power struggles.

To justify such copious methodical bloodshed by contending that the Leninist vanguard party is needed in order to lead the working class to a successful revolution is the height of bullshit.

So far this discussion has all been rather academic. Let's get concrete and down to cases. Well, one case at least.

I put on the first Anarchy Picnic in San Diego's Balboa Park on May 5, 1984. It was a low-key affair. A bunch of lefty literature tables, a few musicians and an open microphone were the highlights. Seventy-five, maybe a hundred people attended, among them a contingent of radicals organizing "war chest tours" around the Democratic and Republican conventions. This group consisted of a self-proclaimed anarchist communist and two members of the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade—RCYB, youth wing to the Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP). They used the open mike to advertise their efforts and to announce that a new alliance of "rebellious youth" was in the making.

This was the beginning of No Business As Usual, an RCP front that attempted to organize mainly white punks ostensibly to engage in militant political activism against "the system." It really got going a year later in 1985 but lasted barely two years. NBAU typified many of the main characteristics

and problems of a vanguard party front in that brief time span.

It was clear from the start that, as far as the RCP was concerned, NBAU's main functions were to give the party some street cred and to help its RCYB youth auxiliary recruit in one of the party's favorite social bases; "rebellious youth." The founding call itself drew in a high percentage of punk anarchist types however. NBAU chapters even formed in places without any RCP/RCYB presence. After the initial phase of rapid growth and dramatic street action, NBAU's relatively diverse and decentralized direct action politics came under the RCP's withering ideological scrutiny. This vanguard party tried to curb the libertarian exuberance within NBAU and build a centrally directed organization. In turn, the anarchists in NBAU resisted the RCP/RCYB's efforts to narrow the front's politics to tail that vanguard party's political line, insisting on chapter, affinity group and street action autonomy which threatened to convert NBAU in fact into a revolutionary anarchist federation. The RCP/RCYB then purged NBAU, expelling individuals, groups and chapters to discipline their front and bring it into conformity with the party's version of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse Tung Thought and democratic centralism. A couple of years after it was established, NBAU was little better than dead.

So when Tony claims that front organizations "started... [or] ...guided by a Leninist party" are made up of people from "many diverse streams of thought," or that "some people are finding their voices" in them or that they do "effective political work," he's full of shit. The front's political efforts are designed to dovetail with the vanguard party's work, give the party a patina of popular legitimacy, and recruit new party members. Nothing more. If a front happens to do some good, say get a new trial for Mumia Abu-Jamal, so much the better. That's entirely secondary to serving the needs of the front's guiding vanguard party however. Individual members of a front organization are permitted to represent their politics only if they fit within the front's rather narrow political range as defined by its guiding vanguard party. And if truly independent elements emerge in the front and effectively challenge the vanguard party's guidance, they are purged in time-honored Leninist fashion.

By comparison to a popular mass organization let alone a grassroots social movement, calling this political diversity is a fucking joke. It's like basing the standard measure of healthy ecological diversity not on the vast uncontrolled variety in say a rainforest, but rather on a carefully pruned garden limited to some three or four types of plants.

"Why the hell are you working with the RCP?" I asked Andy, the anarchist-communist. I'd approached him after he'd spoken on the open mike.

"There's many points of unity between the RCP's politics and anarchism these days." He gave me a winning smile. "'Specially around anti-electoral actions that take on both the Democrats and Republicans."

"The RCP is a goddamn Leninist vulture." I scowled. "They took over and destroyed a really great, broadbased political organization I once belonged to. Vietnam Veterans Against the War-Winter Soldier Organization. Ever hear of it?"

"'Fraid that was before my time." He gave me a sheepish look.

"So was the Bolshevik suppression of the Tambov peasants, Makhno's army, the Kronstadt uprising and the Workers' Opposition." I countered, the sarcasm thick in my tone of voice.

"Those were all unfortunate mistakes." Andy waved his hand dismissively. "The RCP has learned from the Left's sad fucking history of revolutionaries always fighting each other."

"The RCP is a bunch of fucking Maoist turds." I steamed. "Mao liquidated the Chinese ultraleft during the Cultural Revolution. You'll help the RCP into power, and for all your efforts you'll be the first up against the wall facing an RCP firing squad come the revolution. Maybe if you're lucky they'll give you a prison cell with a fucking view in one of their reeducation camps."

"That's a very sectarian attitude," Andy chided. "What we need now is more revolutionary unity..."

Given NBAU's sorry history after that ugly encounter, all I could do was quote P.T. Barnum: "A sucker is born every minute." Are you listening Tony?

Remind me to do a column some day on the wrong-headed academic effort to define terror as central to both Leninism and Nazism, incorrectly equating Leninism's class-based mass murder with Nazism's racially-based genocide...

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

LABOR CROSSOVER... Although written from a trade union point-of-view, two books give interesting insights into present-day labor struggles in general. *Organizing to Win: New Research on Union Strategies* (ed. Bronfenbrenner *et al*; $19.95; Cornell University Press, Sage House, 512 E. State St., Ithaca, NY 14850) is a rather academic study of the many dimensions of successful labor organizing. *A Troublemaker's Handbook: How to Fight Back Where You Work-And Win!* (by Dan La Botz; $17; Labor Notes, 7435 Michigan Ave, Detroit, MI 48210) is the nuts-and-bolts guide covering much of what's in *Organizing to Win* with good organizing advice even for folks who don't believe in unions.

CLASS POWER... *Collective Action Notes* #14/15 is out, with its usual excellent coverage of the theory and practice of working class self-emancipation. On the practice side there are articles on the French jobless movement, the Liverpool dockers strike, the Rome bus strike and Hungarian workers struggles. On the theoretical side it has something on Karl Korsch, libertarian socialism, a critique of democratic representation and delegation, a pamphlet from Echanges et Mouvement in France, and the rise of the ultraleft in India. *Collective Action Notes* is well worth your support, and now they have a web page at http://www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/Lobby/2379. *Collective Action Notes*; $2/£1.50 per issue or $8/£7 for 4 issues; POB 22962, Baltimore, MD 21203, USA.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.

A Russian immigrant sold me the slave laborer's old ID card at the 24th Street flea market.

I think I paid ten bucks, but the haggard figure in the austere black-and-white picture is priceless. It's all there in neat cursive script: Dmitri Heremok, age 31, began work as an "ostarbeiter"—foreign worker—at the Hermann Goering Reichswerke factory at Strasbourg in the Nazi-occupied French province of Alsace on July 14, 1944. The Allies may have liberated Dmitri later that fall, assuming that the Germans didn't drag him back east to build more stuff for them. But from the look on his face, I'd be surprised if he made it. His hair has fallen out in strange places and his eyes are sunken back into his skull. He wears a tight, forced wince, as if he's trying to comply with the photographer's order to say the German equivalent of cheese. His clothes hang off a skeletal frame. He's half-dead.

I keep Dmitri Heremok's ID, number 3259 if you give a shit about such things, in front of me at the desk where I work. Whenever I start to feel sorry for myself for whatever reason, I look up at that picture. No indignity I've ever experienced or am likely to face could begin to compare with what Dmitri went through.

Nazi slave laborers were forcibly deported, often leaving their families behind without any means of support. They worked insane hours, day after day, without proper nutrition or medical care. Unsurprisingly, they died by the hundreds of thousands, their last days spent manufacturing goods for companies doing business with the Third Reich. Few Americans can imagine the agony of being slowly worked to death in such unmitigated squalor, but with most able-bodied German

men in the armed forces slave labor was an integral component of the Nazi war economy. According to a new report by Lord Janner, chairman of Britain's Holocaust Education Trust, about one million Jews died under slave labor, and by late 1944 there were 7.7 million non-Jewish slave laborers working for the Nazi regime.

Many companies that fattened their profit-loss statements with slave labor from concentration and death camps are household names today: BMW, Daimler-Benz (now Daimler-Chrysler), Ford Motor Co., General Motors Corp. and Volkswagen are all tainted with the blood of slave laborers murdered during World War II. "I believe that these companies which are today run in a moral and decent way by honorable people will wish to make appropriate amends. There may be legal implications of a massive kind—claims made against them—but equally there is a huge moral obligation," Janner says. And in fact, the magazine *Der Spiegel* has reported that the country's new socialist government is secretly working with German corporate leaders to work out a settlement of reparations to the surviving slave laborers who have sued them in New York.

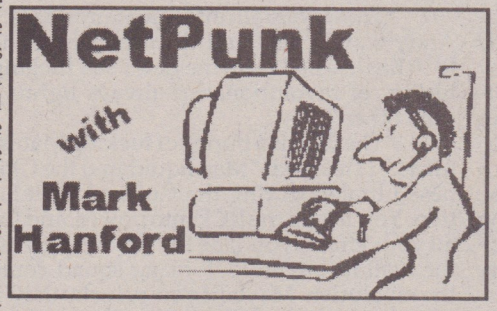
Unfortunately for their former "employees," here in America GM and Ford are failing even to match the Germans' lame-ass approach by continuing to deny the obvious. It's a smart legal strategy—the plaintiffs are old, and will die sooner rather than later. All they have to do is keep stalling, they figure.

Nonetheless, what worked for five decades may work no longer. *The Washington Post* reported on Nov. 30 that archives prove that American car manufacturers allowed their German subsidiaries to convert to military production while simultaneously resisting pressure from their own government to increase military production here. GM spokesman John Mueller denied the *Post*'s charges: "Such allegations, purporting to portray GM as a supporter of the Nazi war effort, are slanderous and untrue and do a great disservice to the thousands of loyal GM employees and their families who worked for the U.S.-Allied cause in that war."

Yo, Johnboy, no one said anything about GM employees. We're talking about *management* here.

Of course, all of the companies now being sued might have bitten a far tastier bullet back in 1945 when litigants might have been bought off with a relative pittance. Five decades of being ignored and denied has a way of turning people mean, not to mention greedy. But perhaps the greatest irony of the war-that-won't-leave is that the huge corporations involved are now just as important to our economy as they once were to Adolf Hitler's. Once again, the bottom line trumps morality. Even if we sold off GM lock, stock and barrel, it would put thousands of innocent workers out of work while hardly putting a dent into what slave laborers ought to receive for their agony. After all, it's impossible to put a price tag on suffering, right? The trouble with the Big Three automakers is that they'd rather not even try.

Just a reminder: If you want your band considered to have its music played as the top-of-the-hour slot on my weekly call-in radio show, Sundays 9 to midnight on KFI AM 640 Los Angeles, send tunes (CDs are better) to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108. Include phone or e-mail contact info so I can tell you if you're going to be on. I don't return anything, and I only run music I like, which means nothing metally or wimpy. Hate mail to: ted@rall.com.



This month's column reckons to be relatively short, as I haven't heard from many of you lately, and nothing much has come up in the way of legislation meant to screw with your access to internet goodies. I do have a handful of sites, however, for you to stumble into. Before I begin, however, I have to mention the cost of computers nowadays. Unfortunately, the price of a system still isn't within the range of a low income family, but you can get a super-fast system (one that is a hell of a lot better than what I'm writing this column on) for less than 500 bucks, including monitor! And prices continue to go down. What that means is that you can either get yourself a powerful new system, or you should be able to score a used system (good enough for laying out record covers, doing a zine, browsing the net, etc.) for less that 200 bucks. Be a Luddite if you want, but computers are a fact of life so you might as well learn how to use them. The first site I'll mention this month isn't your usual punk links, music, interviews and so forth. Instead, it is the website of J. T. Colfax, a prisoner in jail in Colorado whose friend has put up a website dealing with his legal plight. Colfax ended up in jail for trying to set fire to the house where JonBenet Ramsey was murdered and for taking pictures of corpses that he was responsible for as an employee of a cadaver transport company. While Colfax may be sick, the web site does make it sound like he is being railroaded for his, as he puts it, "performance art". You can also check out some drawings by Colfax at this site, which you'll find at http:// members. tripod. com/ ~JT_Colfax/ index. htm . Next on our web tour is Insert Clever Title Here (hey, whatever works) at http:/ / www. biztech. net/ user/ mrflak/ insert. htm . The coolest thing about this site is that if you are in a band and send this guy your music, he'll review it, and put the song on the web for everyone to hear, free of charge. Actually, this sounds like a good scam for getting free music. . . maybe I should try it. He does have quite a few reviews, as well as links to record labels and other music sites. >From Germany comes the Psychobilly Photopage (http:/ / psychopix. notrix. de/). This has a bunch of photos of psychobilly bands that have played in Germany, as a well as a reviews page, news, and a couple of interviews. If Psychobilly is your bag, this site is worth your time. A site that has a good start, but that is way too basic, and way too much of a static advertisement for the label is the Dirty Records page at http:// www. dirtyrecords. com/ main. htm . I wouldn't have as much of a problem with this site as I do if there was much information here, but unfortunately, when I visited there was one sound file, a couple of nice looking but non-interactive ads for what the label has to offer, and a page of stuff to order. Not my idea of a dynamic site, but maybe it will be improved by the time you visit. The Poopunk! Web*zine is one of the better e-zines out there. A hell of a lot of stuff here, from a couple of online music compilations to band interviews and columns from the regulars of the website. You could spend quite awhile wading through everything you'd find here. Check it out at http:// members. tripod. com/ ~poopunk/ . For those wannabe singers, check out Punk Rock Lyrics on the Web (http:// members. xoom. com/ punklyrics/). While most of the band here fall within the Epitaph realm of punk rock, there are quite a few lyrics. Next time you're arguing with a friend about the lyrics to Cannibal Caf off of SNFUs first album, you know where to go. The only cool thing would be to find lyrics to lesser known, or hard to find punk albums (for example, early Necros, or Anti-system, or that kind of stuff). Anyway, kind of fun to read the lyrics if you don't already have the lyric sheet with the album. I got e-mail from the Pet Peeves about their slick looking website, which you'll find at http:// members. conk. com/ world/ petpeeves/ . Coming out of New Mexico, the Pet Peeves site doesn't have a lot of info, but there is a decent photo gallery of the band, and a short bio, as well as links to other NM sites. And, judging by the two sound clips found here, their forthcoming seven-inch should be something to grab. I had a couple more sites for you this month, but unfortunately, Netscape just decided to eat all of my bookmarks. See, even geeks have computer troubles. A reminder that you can e-mail me at hanford@cruzio. com or snail mail me at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz CA 95061. Until next time, keep those web sites coming my way. . . see ya.

COLUMNS

DON'T TALK TO ME

Yes! There is a great EP by STREET TROOPERS available now on Knockout Records. This new record is entitled "Montreal" and it starts off with the excellent track "On The Streets of Montreal" where STREET TROOPERS sing: "Raped of its industrial past...Unemployment creeps like sewer rats...The city's soul is cold and gray...This memory won't fade away, on the streets of Montreal." The STREET TROOPERS are a SHARP skinhead band with the "Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice" logo emblazoned on the record sleeve. In the song "Don't Let Them Win" STREET TROOPERS write: "Not being racist is not enough, You gotta fucking fight if you want it to stop. Won't let these bastards get in the way of the workers' struggle for unity." This band plays hard oi streetpunk and their political stance is crystal clear!

Another valuable addition to the Knockout catalog is the recent split EP featuring LOIKAMEIE and SMEGMA. LOIKAMEIE starts things off with a rough hewn version of "One Love, One Heart", which is much stronger than the reggae original. In "Uns're Szene" LOIKAEMIE continue the powerful oi music with deep vocals and tight guitars and drums. This has both melody and strength. Very good!

On side "B", SMEGMA begin the festivities with "Harri's Muhle". A straightforward oi/streetpunk number with gruff singing. The second tune by SMEGMA is called "Working Class Pride". Some of the lyrics are: "The parties try to use you, they try to get your voice. Don't be a fucking jerk, yourself must be the choice, 'cause we are the future of our land. The destiny of the working class lies in our hands." Good stuff!

BRAINDANCE has a fresh LP for you punks - it's called "Delusions Of Grandeur" and its chock full of streetpunk anthems like "Fuck 'em All", "Get A Life"," Punk Ain't Dead", "Voices" and "Do I Really Look As If I Care". This is more of the energetic punk-rock you've come to expect from this Norwich, England outfit. BRAINDANCE also contributes "Leave Me Alone" to the Knockout Records tribute to the ANGELIC UPSTARTS called "We Are The People". Also featured on this LP are THE REBELS, SON OF BRONTO, REAZIONE, THE RED EYES, KLASSE KRIMINALE, RED ALERT, LEATHERFACE, 1977, THE ULTIMATE, CHARGE 69, RED LONDON, THE NEWTON GRUNTS, DISTORTION, and THE STREET SURVIVORS. The many fine cover songs illustrate what a prolific band the ANGELIC UPSTARTS were back in the late seventies and early eighties.

Knockout has compiled several of the 1995-1998 releases by THE OPPRESSED to give you an LP called "More Noize For The Boys". This gives you a good overview of recent activities by this legendary SHARP skin/oi band. Included are an EDDIE AND THE HOT-ROD cover, three SLADE covers, and four OPPRESSED originals including a 1995 version of "Work Together". This is a worthy compilation by a very important and influential band that was prominent in the Oi! scene early on.

Knockout also has reissued the COCK SPARRER "Live and Loud" LP that was out on Link Records ten years ago. Of course this is a must have for you COCK SPARRER completists. There really is no better streetrock band anywhere!

Did you listen to the punk supergroup created out of the shards of the ENGLISH DOGS and GBH? Give the WERNT EP a spin . It's called "Barking Spider" and is available on Data Records. Good punk rock with veteran guitar wanking. These old fucks can still make some loud noise!

Helen Of Oi has new product for you streetpunks! The CD is by the TENDONS and it's called "Baby In A Bucket". The TENDONS play fast punk rock with good vocals and good guitar playing. These beer soaked louts from Bedford, England start out with the optimistic track "Life's Shit" and then go right into their theme song "Tendons". Beside the title track, "Baby In A Bucket", you have good cuts such as "Pure Hate", "Pub Slag", "Religious Suicide" and "Cliche". A newspaper clipping included with the liner notes relates an incident where the TENDONS lowered pigs' heads on wires from the ceiling, impaled a pigs' head on a cymbal stand and allegedly kicked the pigs' heads around the stage! How's that for a dramatic punk show! Give a listen to the TENDON's debut CD on Helen Of Oi at your earliest convenience!

THE RANDUMBS have released an excellent five song CD on URINE RECORDS/CHAPTER 11 RECORDS called "Piss On It". This fucker starts out with the pedal all the way to the metal! In "My Land" Saul rails "I just bought another gun and it kicks like a mule. I keep it under my bed just waiting for a fool. Cocked and loaded, safety off. Still waiting for that day. Just might invite somebody over, to blow his ass away. " Stay away from THE RANDUMBS' house when you're cruising Sonoma! In "Bullet for You", the RANDUMBS sing "You try to tell me what to do, try to mold me in the image of you. Let me tell you something, you're not better than me...I won't take a bullet for you. That would be the last thing I'd ever do." Yes! You have to hear THE RANDUMBS segue out of "Speed Racer" into GG ALLIN AND THE JABBERS' "Don't Talk To Me". Fucking great! Now that Saul has become a cattle baron in the great state of Washington, you can welcome Ben Coleman, formerly of the FEELERS, aboard as singer. On second guitar will be the Mighty Michael Novak. Keep your ears peeled! Order your CD from Chapter 11 Records, P.O. Box 152, Sonoma, California 95476

TKO Records has some new product coming out in the very near future. Coming any day will be the BELTONES hot new 7" "Naming My Bullets" which contains a NEWTOWN NEUROTICS song. Right on the heels of that release you will get a CD by the BELTONES called "On Deaf Ears" that contains new versions of the songs from the "Lock and Load" and "My Old Man" seven inches plus more! According to Professor Ian "Dog" Randumb this is the hottest material on TKO since the WORKIN' STIFFS LP. After the BELTONES you are going to get a full length LP by Sonoma's bad boys THE BODIES, and then... and then ... THE REDUCERS S.F. album will change the rules for streetpunk in San Francisco forever! After the excellent "Don't Like You" single there is much anticipation for THE REDUCERS S.F. full length!

THE REDUCERS played a hell of a show at the Mad Dog pub recently! What a treat to see hometown favorites in such an intimate setting! THE FORGOTTEN played their asses off as the support band . Great!

Vulture Rock is brewing up some strong streetrock for you punks. First on the menu is THE YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS from Connecticut, USA. with their 7' "Independence Day" followed by an LP entitled "Damn Nation". The next offering coming soon from Vulture Rock is THE STRIKERS, followed by SOLDIER 76 , the new band from Bo, bass player and songwriter of BOOT PARTY (FRESNO, CA. USA.) The Commandant over at Vulture Rock Headquarters is very excited by this upcoming release by SOLDIER 76. Stay tuned to this space for further updates.

You fucking kids want head-splitting hardcore? You have a new release from OUT COLD on Kangaroo Records. This Dracut, Mass. band's final studio release delivers the goods on the "No Eye Contact" EP. Listen to "Stray Bullet", "It's All Your Fault" and "Broken and Battered". This is ruthless, loud, fast, angry hardcore! Get it !

Another strong hardcore record of note is the "Lobotomy Kit" 7" by MURDER- SUICIDE PACT on Burrito Records. These four songs were recorded at the same time as the full-length LP of a couple of months ago. This EP features the same brutal approach to hardcore that MURDER-SUICIDE PACT demonstrated last time out. If you like POISON IDEA and NEGATIVE APPROACH then this slab of wax will definitely appeal to you. Old School Hardcore is alive and well in Brandon, Florida.

COLUMNS

THE STITCHES came to Northern California to fuck shit up - and that's what happened! The Sacramento show went well with good opening sets performed by THE UPSETS and ONE MAN ARMY. THE STITCHES ripped through their hits and sprinkled in a couple of newer tunes.

The next night, in San Francisco, PRESSURE POINT started the ball rolling with some tough-as-nails street oi. These guys take no prisoners - it's all about enthusiasm for the scene and celebrating the working class ethic for all races! Look for a new LP by PRESSURE POINT on GMM Records after the first of the year. THE LOWDOWNS put on a lackluster set thanks to their singer who was a pathetic mess. Better luck next time. Next you had THE FORGOTTEN who were in fine form and took this opportunity to showcase their new LP on TKO Records "Veni Vidi Vici ". Check out this record. You're going to want a copy for yourself. Unfortunately THE STITCHES set was performed without a p.a. - the club shut it down after the fighting between the crowd got out of hand. It was kind of humorous seeing the fans sing along . Being the consummate professionals that they are, THE STITCHES pulled it off under difficult conditions.

Till next month-
See ya around...
I'll be seeing you.
See ya round...
I'll be seeing you...
See you in hell!!

In order to retaliate against the pop bands who keep covering entire Ramones albums several hardcore labels have gotten together to issue a series of DRI covers albums. Expect these to start hitting the shelves around January. First Capitalist Casualties will cover the Dirty Rotten Album, His Hero Is Gone will cover Dealing With It, Code 13 will cover the Violent Pacification EP, Spazz will cover Crossover, MK Ultra will cover Four of a Kind, Charles Bronson will re-form to cover Thrash Zone. These will be strictly limited to 500 copies each, vinyl only, and the sleeves will feature amusing adaptations of the original DRI masterworks.

A group billing itself as "anarchy's ad agency" recently mailed a stack of "FUCK WORK" stickers to Extreme Noise. I don't have time this month to give my opinions on vacuous sloganeering and bumper sticker politics, but I guarantee you'll here it here someday. What's wrong with work? I like to work. I enjoy remodeling old houses for a living and putting out records. I gain great satisfaction from the nobility of toil and how the fruits of my labor enhance the community. "Fuck my meaningless job" maybe for all those stuck in shit jobs, but its not work that sucks it is the system which reduces labor to a meaningless commodity. When it was still an active political force anarchism was a working class movement. It is sad that in only 60 years we have declined from the militant workers of the Spanish Civil War who took control of the means of production to build a better world to the slacker pot smokers whose ideas of Anarchism are culled from Ween lyrics and High Times editorials. Bookchin wrote about how the anarchist movement had been corrupted by "lifestyle anarchism" which prevented it from becoming an effective political force. Worse than the "political activism as therapy" racket is the "like, anarchy dude" sector. Go back to freeing the hemp or rubbing the crystals and leave anarchism alone.

Last month we started looking at important UK punk bands to add to your collection. As I said before you can skip the new Bovver Lads Invasion '84 7" on Herbert of OI records for now and start at the roots and work forward. Before I proceed into England 1981, I think I should cover a little more of the 78-80 period than just Menace. So here are some more very obvious bands releases you should add to your collection before you go any further. As an aside this period was the subject of a few excellent video documentaries which are still widely available. UK DK and Rough Cut and Ready Dubbed have a lot of interesting live footage and interviews. Jorge from the Casualties has a video distribution which specializes in late 70's and early 80's UK Punk, worth checking out if you like to watch TV. As for me I'd rather spin vinyl than watch the boob tube any day so here goes.

Where would we be without the UK Subs? UK Subs is of course short for United Kingdom Subversives. And yes, all their LP's are titled in alphabetical order starting with Another King of Blues. Charlie Harper is like the Mick Jagger of punk (That is no dis). Charlie was already a veteran pub rocker when punk exploded in 1976-77. Charlie wasted no time in assembling a truly rocking band. The UK Subs were huge in the early 80's, on a major label (Gem/RCA) and were very popular in America as well. When I first got into punk in 1983 a lot of the older punks who were leaving the scene passed on their gear to us young bucks. I got like four UK Subs t-shirts and a leather jacket with UK Subs painted on the back and on the inside! I guess that gives you some kind of idea how popular the Subs were in DC. Between '77 and '81 the UK Subs released a solid string of kick ass singles. First was CID/I live in a Car (City Records, Pin 22) followed by Stranglehold/World War (Gem/Gems5)Tomorrows Girls/Telephone Numbers (Gem/Gems10) She's not There/Kicks (Gem/Gems14) Warhead/The Harper(Gem/Gems23)Teenage/Left For Dead (Gem/Gems30)Party in Paris/Fall of the Empire (Gem/Gems42) and so on.. Countdown, Shake up the City, Keep on Running etc. Also Charlie harper did several solo 7" plus the Urban Dogs. I didn't find the solo 7"s too interesting but the Urban Dogs is right up the same alley as the UK Subs, straight ahead rocking punk with its roots in pub rock. The first three UK Subs LPs are also great: Another Kind of Blues (Gem/Gem100) Brand New Age (Gem/Gem106) Crash Course (Gem/Gem111) Diminished Responsibility is OK too (Gem/Genm112) After about 1981 the UK subs seemed to lose a little bit of their fire but Charlie has kept the band going to this day. Guitarist Nicky Garret eventually quit the band and moved to America. He now runs New Red Archives records and occasionally records with the Subs. The UK Subs have been touring a recording pretty consistently at the rate of an album every year or two ever since 1978. While I don't get into much of their later material I have to give the Subs props for sticking to it forever. Charlie Harper clearly loves punk rock and will be a rocker to the day he dies. How can you argue with someone who has been kicking out the jams for over 20 years.

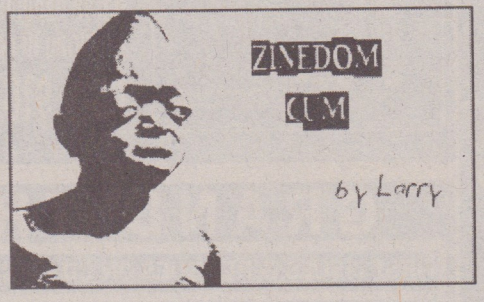
Another band that was doing pub rock already when punk rolled in was Cock Sparrer. Really, I still think of this band more in the context of the Small Faces and Slade than any later OI or Punk bands. I didn't really start listening to this band until about five years ago because I'd been turned off by their nationalistic lyrics which I mistook for right wing sentiments. Really this is a great band with very catchy songs and a lot of energy. Once again more of a lads rock band than an OI or Punk outfit, but still great. A lot of working class anthems like Runnin' Riot, Sunday Stripper, England Belongs to Me, Run for Cover etc. I'm sketchy on 7"s but I know of two Sister Suzie/Runnin Riot and We Love You/Chip on my Shoulder there are two original LPs Shock Troops and Runnin' Riot. Cock Sparrer has bounced around on different labels over the years so there are numerous live and greatest hits type records about plus some more recent recordings. As usual my advice is to start with the originals and work forward.

I guess I should mention Sham 69 and the Cockney Rejects. I never got too into the Cockney Rejects, and I tried pretty hard. Their music is pretty much a cross between the Sex Pistols and football chants. Maybe its and English thing or a skinhead thing but I never got too into it. There are three LPs all entitled Greatest Hits and a lot of singles, I'm Not a Fool, (EMI 5008) Greatest Cockney Rip Off (EMI Z2) , We Can Do Anything (EMI Z6), Flares and Slippers, Easy Life (EMI Z20), Bad Man (EMI 5035), We Are the Firm (EMI Z10) On the Streets

Again (EMI Z21). Probably some more too. At some point the Rejects changed from punk to hard rock. I actually like their hard rock material better, very much in the vein of Slade, Rose Tattoo, etc. there was an LP the Wild Ones (AKA 1) and single To the End of the Day. Perhaps their career continued I don't know.

Sham 69 was another band I never really got into, largely due to their association with skinheads. I think Sham musically and lyrically were really inspirational at first. But now in hindsight I find the working class imagery somewhat forced, especially in light of their later rock/new wave releases and Jimmy Pursey's crap disco solo work. At first Pursey and Co. actively courted a skinhead/hooligan following and image. This backfired on them when Sham gigs were overrun by violent right wing skinheads. Pursey reportedly stormed off the stage in tears after one stage invasion by flag waving bootboys. Well, don't talk the talk if you aren't ready to walk the walk. I guess I could say the same for the all the fake "hard" bands who cultivate a street tough image to boost sales then return to an elite white suburb. This aside as a teenager I really liked Sham because a lot of their lyrics addressed the alienation of being a working class kid such as "tell us the truth" and "hey little rich boy." Singles worth checking out I Don't Wanna, Borstal Breakout, Sons of the Streets, Angels With Dirty Faces, If the Kids are United, Hurry Up Harry, Questions and Answers, Hersham Boys, Unite and Win, You're a Better Man than I and probably a few more. The early LPs are all first class Tell Us the Truth, That's Life and Hersham Boys in 1980 was an LP called the Game and it sort of went down hill from there. Sham went in a more pop/rock direction and re-united several times but I never bothered to check out any of their later stuff. There are scores of live and greatest hits re-packages as well, but I would stick to the 7"s and early LPs.

Those bands aside lets talk about the crucial early 80's punk rock we started on last month with Blitz. While Blitz and Vice Squad were probably more popular my favorite early 80's UK "Street Punk" band by far is the Partisans. If I had a little brother or sister I wanted to turn on to punk I think the Partisans LP would be the first record I'd tape them. The Partisans played totally catchy straight forward aggressive punk. There were three 7"s Police Story/Killing Machine (No Future OI 2), Seventeen Years of Hell (No Future OI 12) and Blind Ambition (? Part 1) and a crucial Self Titled LP (No Future Punk 4) some of the LPs are on Green Vinyl, it has been reissued by Get Back. The Blind Ambition ep was just ok but the two 7"s and the album are some of the greatest punk ever. These guys really captured the spirit of the alienated and disenfranchised youth and gave it voice. "I Never Needed You" and "I Don't give a Fuck" sum up their opinion of what the world thought about them. The classics are of course "Police Story" "Power and Greed" "Bastards in Blue" and the immortal "17 years of Hell." I remember when I finally turned 17 and could proudly sing along about how society had given me a full 17 years of hell. Now its 29 years of hell and ain't a damn thing changed since '82. The Partisans also had a lot of style. Plaid and Leopard print bondage pants, studded leather, big boots, what all the New Jersey kids try to look like these days. In the How the Mighty have Fallen category after original bassist Louise left the Partisans she was replaced by a character named Dave who is now in alternative rock band Bush. Ugh. Don't you hate learning shit like that? The good thing about records is that they are an artifact, a document of a time and place captured on vinyl. While the members of the bands you enjoy may have moved on and sold out the music and ideas endure forever. So when your little sister asks you what punk rock is all about put a tape in the deck cue up the Partisans and drop the needle. Next month: More old UK PUNK ROCK!



In issue #20 of **Heartattack**, Kent McClard and a few others weighed the pros and cons of DIY, the encroachment of big business and/or some people in the scene embracing it.. There has been quite a bit written about what is truly DIY, what constitutes selling out, etc., but Kent's feelings are much more grounded than much of what has been written in zines about the subject. Also, Kent discussed real issues instead of simply pointing fingers at the easy targets such as Victory, Lookout and Epitaph.

Kent, as the force behind HaC and Ebullition Records, discusses DIY issues for both zines and records. For HaC, the issues they're wrestling with are advertisers and enforcing their somewhat controversial bar code policy (HaC will not review releases with bar codes). With advertising, ownership of labels has become so nebulous that it's possible Capital Records could be funding a small emo label. At the same time, Victory Records probably makes more money than most major label subsidiaries.

I said HaC's bar code policy is "somewhat controversial" because there's really not much to it. Bar code = no review, and it pissed a lot of people off. Bottom line, it's his zine and he can set whatever policies he likes. It's amazing how people can forget that.

What's tricky now is a lot of labels are printing their bar codes on the clear shrink wrap on CDs. A label could simply send an unwrapped CD and qualify to be reviewed. Also, since vinyl is so limited these days, a label could print a bar code on the CD but not on 12" version, circumventing their review policy.

On the other hand, Kent says bar codes really aren't that bad, minus the fact that they're ugly and detract from the artwork. Summing him up, he basically said a bar code is nothing more a price tag that has no value after the item is sold, but he also reiterated that just because something does have a bar code doesn't mean it's not worthy of listening to.

Besides HaC usual columnists, there is also a number of people writing about the hardships, rewards and pitfalls of DIY. There's columns about zine distributing, discussions on big punk labels, a rebuttal to Kent's policy on bar codes, and DIY ethics.

For a copy of this issue, send $1.50 to PO Box 848, Goleta, CA 93116.

***

By the time this is printed, Jim Goad will already have gone to trial for assaulting his ex-girlfriend, 22-year-old Sky Ryan. For those of you who don't already know, Jim and Debbie divorced a little while go. Also Debbie has ovarian cancer, and although it's in remission, she says she may only have one year to live. What happened between Jim and his girlfriend isn't black and white, and Jim has been cooling his heels in jail awaiting trial since the incident. The main reason is the prosecutors argued successfully for a high bail. A balanced and detailed account of what happened to the Goads, there actually was a decent article actually appeared in the January issue of Spin. Next month, I'll let you know how the trial turned out.

Also, there was an interview with Debbie Goad in issue #18 of **10 Things Jesus Wants You to Know**. For a copy, send $3 to 8315 Lake City Way NE #192, Seattle, WA 98115

***

A few months ago, the people at Portland's fantastic zine store, Reading Frenzy, were sweating. It looked like a fast food chain, Taco Del Mar, was going to take over their space. After a large outpouring of support for the store, along with a lot of bad publicity for Taco Del Mar, they gave up their attempt at taking over the location. Reading Frenzy was able to secure their space with their landlord, but their rent increased 70 percent in the process.

If you like to send your zine to Reading Frenzy for consideration, mail one copy to 921 SW Oak St., Portland, OR 97205. The owner, Chloe, said in return, they'll send you a catalog regardless of whether or not they decide to carry your zine.

***

I'm always on the lookout for stories about Satanism, the occult, Christians gone

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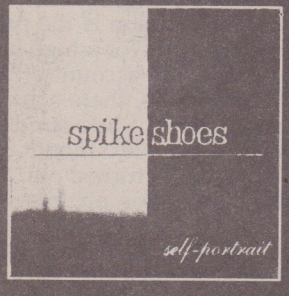

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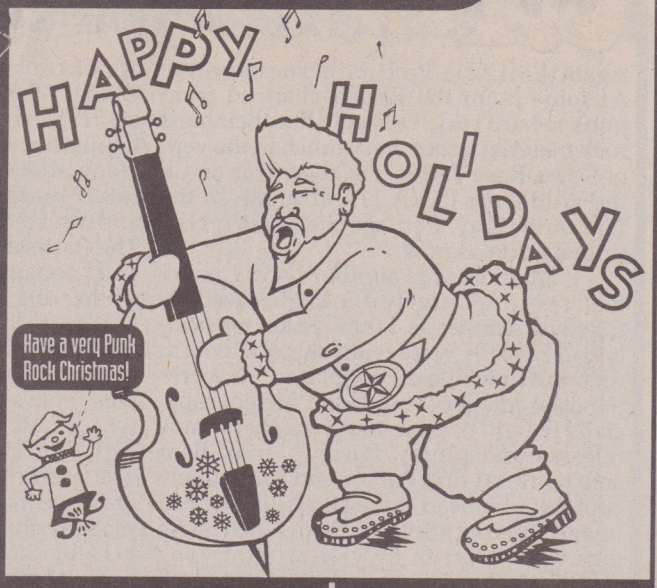

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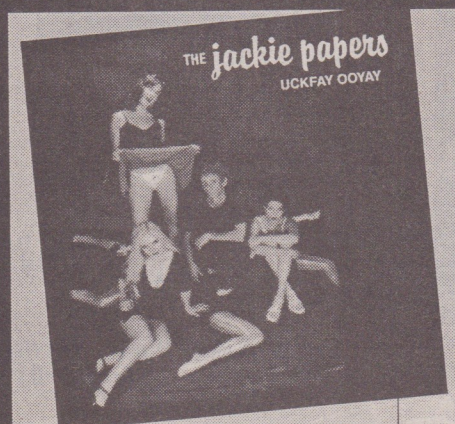

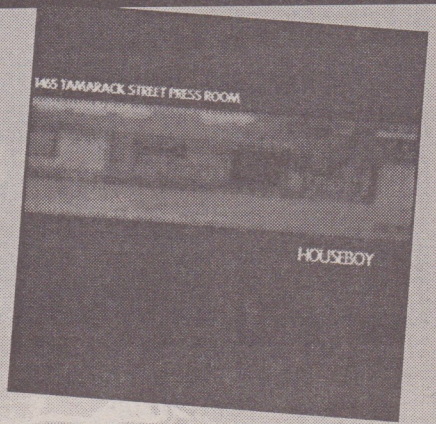

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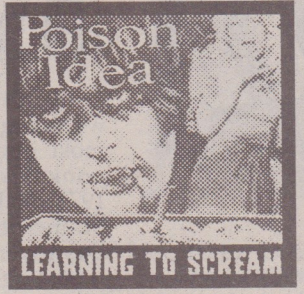

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bad, etc. that appear in your local newspapers. Please send copies with the name of the newspaper and the date the story appeared. Copies of my zine, Genetic Disorder are still available. The most recent issue is $2. I can be reached at <harmon1@mail.sdsu.edu> or PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175.

In many a column past, if I'm not mistaken, I have had occasion to recommend the books of Nick Tosches, especially his "Unsung Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll." I was recently perusing said libro and was reminded of its majestic greatness (especially in comparison to the numerous rock mishistories over which it towers) and felt that I should perhaps recommend it even more vigorously to anyone interested in the unhumble beginnings of Rock 'n' Roll.

Foremost among the many qualities that make Tosches such a great writer (of fiction as well as nonfiction) is his intelligent wiseacreism, especially as it manifests itself in his ability to recognize bullshit and concisely and amusingly kick the fuck out of it.

To wit, from the introduction to "Unsung Heroes...";

"The history of rock 'n' roll has been obscured by a great deal of misknowing and ignorance, and by a great many lies. There are those who believe that rock 'n' roll was a sudden, magical effusion; that a young man named Elvis Presley one day rose, dipped his comb in water, swept his hair into a duck's ass, bopped out into the world, and created-thank God, Alan Freed was there to give it a name-rock 'n' roll. This is perhaps the most popular and abiding myth. It is merely another lesson learnt from that cherished American history book that taught us that Peary went to the North Pole alone.

"At the other extreme, there are those who believe that rock 'n' roll was created by black people, then seized and commercialized by whites. This is merely a lesson from a revised edition of that same history book...

"Rock 'n' roll was not created solely by blacks or by whites; and it certainly did not come into being all of a sudden. It evolved slowly, wrought by blacks and whites, some of them old and some of them young, in the South and in the West, in the North and in the East."

The following chapters more than aptly illustrate his thesis through profiles of the mighty likes Wanda Jackson ("Laced by Satan, Unlaced by the Lord"), Screamin' Jay Hawkins ("Horror and the Foot-Shaped Ashtray"), Louis Jordan ("Hep and the Art of Alto-Sax Repair"), the Clovers ("Absalom, Absalom! Doo-Wah, Doo-Wah!"), The Treniers ("Their God Wore Shades") as well as "What That Was: A Chronology of the Coming of Rock 'n' Roll."

As indicated by the aforementioned chapter titles, Tosches is a guy who knows who to convey some deep truths in the elegant brevity of the profound jest, of which the book abounds. A photo of The Midnighters (of "Work With Me, Annie" and "Annie Had A Baby" notoriety) leering with a near-frightening intensity is captioned "Five gynecologists awaiting a girl named Annie." Amen to that.

The revised edition of 1991 also features an especially brilliant preface. "...here we are in the 1990s, whatever the fuck they are, and this rock 'n' roll culture shit is still with us. Take a good look at the bald spot on Paul Shaffer's head. That's what rock 'n' roll is today; a fucking bar-mitzvah band led by some asshole baldy. (Look under Dion's hat, you'll find something almost as bad: religion.) It's Muzak on the elevator to middle age...Is there any difference between Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the U.S.A." and Chrysler's "The Pride Is Back/Born in America" advertising campaign? Is that what rock 'n' roll in its death has become. a fucking car commercial? Can anything used to sell beer be alive?"

If someone has given fuller expression to the disgust of what passes for modern rock 'n' roll, I'd certainly like to be pointed in that direction. Also, if anyone has or comes across a copy of Tosches' "Tush" (which I understand is an analysis of the American male obsession with asses) which they're willing to sell or swap, please get in touch.

Rockville, CT - 1987

Mary something or other was the old lady who lived next door to us when I was a kid. She had a mean little dog who tormented my early childhood, a bizarre war damaged brother named Rusty who lived with her and a teenage grandson named Troy who came over twice a month to mow her lawn.

Troy's Millions of Dead Cops t-shirt was so unbelievably foreign to me that I am not even sure I can say that I was shocked by it. The fact that he could ollie as high as I stood made me fell that there must be something to the music that he listened to (the equation good skater = good musical tastes still made sense back in that pre skate thug era.)

So when Troy lent me "My War" and I played it on my walkman, I was ready to be blown away. Totally confused is more truthfully the response I had. I can't say my life changed then (give me another paragraph), but I did go out not long afterward and buy Combat Rock. A step back you might say but give me a break...I was twelve.

Manchester, Ct 1988

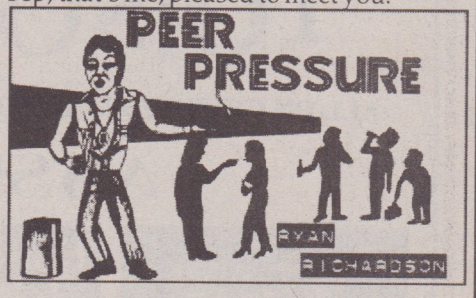
I turned red. My barely pubescent mind shocked by the Big Black "Songs About Fucking" poster they had displayed on the wall. Call me naive, but I thought I could go to jail just for seeing that poster. That wasn't all Record Breaker had to offer though. It was the only place around where you could get Minor Threat tapes and a thick black and white magazine all the way from California called ...

I read that thing cover to cover every fucking month. All the ads, all the letters, all the reviews, everything. It was very much the only guide to the world outside our little shit town, and I ate it up.

San Francisco, Ca 1998

Since I've been here at Maximum I've been thinking about what punks given me. My politics, my friends, my chance to see the possibility of life outside of my suburban home town is directly the result of Troy, Record Breaker and MRR.

Now, when you see my name in the zine you can say "oh yeah that's that kid from Connecticut who was attacked by his neighbors dog and bought Clash records." Yep, that's me, pleased to meet you.



Out of the grand tradition of punk & wrestling crossover records, we find the most relevant and unwittingly political punk record of 1998 was a 7in. released in 1979 on Break'er records. Hailing from Minnesota, the TURNBUCKLES "Super Destroyer Mark II" extolled the virtues of a wrestling foe of the current governor of Minnesota. Despite Super Destroyer's claims, Jesse "The Mind" Ventura wound up on top of the dog pile. I give you some gold-medal winning political punk rock wrestling lyrics...

"Man, oh man, I'm feeling all right
Super Destroyer is having a fight
All Star Wrestling
Why, That's for me!
Super Destroyer is on TV.
"He's got brute strength

And all the moves.
He's number one
Go spread the news!
"Tell Jesse The Body
And all the rest
He's the greatest
He's the best!
"Super Destroyer Mark II
Stand back and watch what he can do
Super Destroyer Mark II
Some people applaud and some will boo
Super Destroyer Mark II
There's no one left when he gets through"
"He can cripple the Crippler
And crush the Crusher
His arm bar twist is like no other
He can put the Mad Dog on a leash
and Big Bad Bob between the sheets"
"An elbow smash and a quick throat chop
Can polish off the cream of the crop
There ain't no one he can't whip
With a short arm scissor [?]
And a flying front kick."
"Super Destroyer Mark II
Stand back and watch what he can do
Super Destroyer Mark II
Some people applaud and some will boo
Super Destroyer Mark II
There's no one left when he gets through"
"Don't forget Lord Alfred Hayes
He's the one who call the plays
He's royalty from Windham Mere [?]
We're sure glad to have him here"
"You can't bound him up in shackles
Handcuffs, chains, and manacles
He's not a common criminal
He's the one who's in control of
Super Destroyer Mark II"

Due to some distribution change-up, our columns are now due on the 10th. I'm pressed to have something to write about. Reflecting this, I give you off the top of my head from personal experience and in no particular order: TOP 50 REASONS WHY AUSTRALIA IS PROBABLY BETTER THAN THE COUNTRY YOU CURRENTLY LIVE IN.

1. AC/DC
2. Chosen Few
3. Fun Things
4. Leftovers
5. Victims
6. Psycho Surgeons
7. Saints
8. Young Identities
9. Thought Criminals
10. Suicide Squad
11. Rocks
12. Rose Tattoo
13. Great Barrier Reef
14. Beaches at Byron Bay
15. Wallabies
16. Six Foot Tall Red Kangaroos
17. Convict heritage
18. Gator-taming guys from the Northern Territories
19. The Big Banana
20. The Aquarius Petting Zoo
21. Au Go Go Records
22. Tim Hemensley
23. Brunswick Street in Melbourne
24. Veggie Laksa in Sydney
25. Three beer drunk
26. Kleptomania and its owner Steve, master of the air guitar
27. Old Gael (Jail) in Melbourne - creepy!!!!
28. Ned Kelly
29. Picador Four-Jim-Thompson-novels-in-one-volume
30. That daydream I had about smashing a busker with a digereedoo (sp?)
31. Melbourne Unlimited Public Transportation pass
32. Onyas
33. Not eating pancakes and not breaking the toilet at Henry Weld's parents' house
34. The incredible fruit-eating Yugoslavians of Perth
35. Bon Scott's grave
36. Yogi's Psychic Foot Readings in Perth
37. Spiral Objective record store and nature ranch in Adelaide
38. Bonafide psycho Youth Hostel managers in Adelaide
39. Adelaide - sister city to Austin, Texas!!!!
40. Good onya
41. G'day
42. Mate
43. Man eating sharks
44. Men who kill man eating sharks
45. Wire fences that keep man eating sharks away from beaches
46. Ten of the world's most venomous snakes
47. Invalid Stout
48. Razar
49. Kill City bookstore
50. Last but certainly not least, Cal and Jane's home cookin'!

Every now and again, I'll hear someone talking about how great it would be if there was an *Operation Ivy* reunion tour. In the same vein, every now and again, I'll hear someone talking about some new attraction at Disneyland. Both are equally relevant to a world where people have detached themselves from reality; both are indicative of a world view which sees history in terms of thrills over culture, a rear view mirror approach to reality so fundamental to consumerist society, an anti-tribal ethos brought to us directly from the land of the lost, capitalist America.

Amusement park rides are fun, there's no doubt about it. As for me, I like the carnival ones the best. I've heard that you have more of a chance of dying on a carny ride than being hit by lightning. From my experience this seems quite probable. I've seen my share of such rides being operated by nonchalant drunks who seem to care little for safety regulations, pushing the machines they work with to the limit while playing loud rock and roll music. For me, this has always been part of the adventure, part of the thrill, the questions arising as to whether the ride I'm on is supposed to actually feel like it's going to fall apart at any moment. Is that bolt supposed to be loose like that? Is this guy with the homemade white supremacist tattoos and three front teeth missing qualified to be pulling a lever on a mechanism that could potentially kill large numbers of people? Is that kid next to me crying because they are frightened, or have they been physically injured?

When I used to take a ride on one of these contraptions, I often engaged in something I had done since first riding on swings as a child: role-playing. I thought of myself as a pilot, flying a fighter plane, seeking out enemies for elimination. In my early days, I envisioned myself piloting a US F-14, but as I learned to hate my country, my vision changed to one of flying a Soviet MIG, or a German Focke-Wolf 190 in the Second World War, strafing columns of GI Joes. Sooner or later, however, the ride ended and I had to divorce myself from fantasy, returning to the real world, or so I thought.

What we call the "real world" barely exists any more. Life has become the amusement park ride, an endless parade of role-playing games, of swing sets, teeter totters, and mechanical monsters that scoot us from one fantasy to another. All the while, we gleefully watch as the operators pull levers and push buttons, their faces twisting maniacally as they bark out the same questions: "You kids want to go faster? You want to go faster?" The response seems to always be the same, enthusiastic cries of "yes, yes, yes, make us go quicker, we want to have fun!" The speed increases and so do the inevitable consequences: kids wander to garbage cans to vomit out their guts, regurgitated cotton candy and sweet caramels filling waiting receptacles; the rides malfunction, scattering human bodies throughout the amusement park.

As the causalities mount, the dispossessed, the wounded, the dying, the dead appearing as human speed bumps throughout the park, many of us have decided that we have had enough "fun." We want to leave the park, but it isn't that easy. We are fenced in. We are trapped. We peer from the confinement of our amusement park to see the true reality: the amusement park is built on a graveyard, built on the bones of the cultures it has exterminated.

The amusement park is an instrument of anti-human genocide; it drinks the blood of tribal people and then offers their corpses to its children, the children of capitalism, to play with. Unbeknownst to most of these offspring, capitalism wants to eat us too. When we figure out this fact, many of us decide that we don't really care for our parent too much. We try to create a

better world; a world of pain, yes this is true, but a world of our own, a world of flesh and blood, a world of tribal realism as opposed to the world of the amusement park and its surrealistic violence. Unfortunately, we have underestimated the desires of our parent to never let us escape, to smother us in its artificial realm of misanthropic joy. Over and over, when we try to create our own reality, our own culture, our own tribe, we watch in horror as the amusement park pounces on it, plunging fangs deep into flesh, extracting every ounce of available color, creating yet another doppleganger for mass consumption, another role playing game. Such is the case for what has happened to the punk scene.

Almost from the beginning, punk was a consumer product. This fact is fairly obvious. Some wannabe rock stars orchestrated a fashion movement appropriate for the time period it came from. While they did so, others strove to create an actual community around this movement. Through the 1980's this is how punk went from being purely a musical expression to being a "scene." Unfortunately, we failed to understand the significance of what we were creating. We chose to see ourselves as an eclectic collection of individuals rather than recognize our collective power. We became a scene of self centered libertarians, more American than a Hostess Twinkie. Every time we sneered at red, white and blue mythology, we failed to realize how much a part of this myth we had become.

One of our first failures was to use music in the manner we chose to. Although music as an oral form can certainly be an effective tool towards collective expression, our usage of it never realized this aim. We based far too much emphasis on the stage as an expression of "me" instead of an expression of "we." Our scene parodied mainstream music by creating our own versions of *Bruce Springsteen*, *Prince*, and *Michael Jackson*. Inevitably, the same sociological patterns that cursed mainstream society, hindered us as well. This scene became a hierarchy, however one might like to argue differently. The stage became the pinnacle to stand on, to rise above the audience, to set oneself apart from the tribe.

Those of us who were not in bands could either try to create one, which meant money, or we could choose to see ourselves as relatively unimportant. This is why slam dancing evolved into a might makes right expression, a pit full of competing sperm all trying to be the winner. It's natural for those who see themselves as powerless to resort to violence for self actualization. Compare the stage to audience relationship prevalent in the scene with the same sort of relationship in mainstream society. Prison, like the "pit," is designed for those who can only assert their dominance through physical force, while politics, like the stage, is created as a competitive game for privileged elites.

Fugazi tried to deal with this division between band and audience in a variety of manners. They engaged in verbal discussions with the crowd, only played "all ages" shows, and limited the cost of admission to a low price. Although it's questionable as to how many people got the point, *Fugazi* can at least be credited with trying to help the audience recognize that it is not simply a player in the process but the process itself. Other bands have tried to encourage this fact in a variety of manners, but for the most part the relationship between those on stage and those on the floor has remained one of fucker and fuckee, not a mutual embrace, not an act of love making.

The most mutual form of music is the idea of the chorus, or any expression where all the assembled people sing or work together instrumentally. This never happened in the punk scene because of the individualist nature of its members, the desire for self worth through crowd recognition, and the adversity towards the principals of collective thinking. We made fun of uniforms, not recognizing that uniform expression is a natural part of the human construct, individualism is not. Individualism is the heart's blood of capitalism, the fear of the collective, the whole. So averse to becoming a "cult," we instead became an oxymoron, a pseudo tribe of confused people, united by a variety of rock and roll music, fashion and little more. Without becoming an actual tribe, we could only watch and wait for life's painful lessons to come and roll over us.

The first of such lessons that I had the misfortune of witnessing concerned the way the scene dealt with the nazi skinhead threat. For as much as I opposed them, the nazi skins had one trait which I came to respect: a common vision, a purpose, a meaning. They were united, a big club wielding itself against its adversaries. The result? Predictably, the individuals lost. Time and again I had to watch crowds of literally hundreds being pushed around by a few people who had learned the value of tribalizing themselves.

Instead of defending the "rights" of these nazis to come to our shows, people should have recognized the threat for what it was, a hostile tribe was attacking the scene. We should have dealt with this threat through collective effort, through collective spirit, through collective war.

When I use the word war in this context, I do not wish to be misunderstood as simply advocating physical combat. I am not. There are many ways to fight a war, to mobilize, communicate, and conduct strategy. The civil rights movement was a war, the fight to end vivisection is a war. Any attempt to change the world around us requires a war mentality, not a half baked every person for themselves free for all. Unfortunately, this scene didn't learn its lesson from the nazi skinhead menace. It needed to prove to itself the failings of individualism one more time; it had to open its doors to mainstream capitalism.

In the past five years, I've had to watch this scene be transformed from a potential community into simply another amusement park ride. This happened due to the processing and packaging of our scene's music. Bands like Greenday were wrapped up and presented as punk to the masses, inspiring various music industry journalists to cry out, "Punk's alive once more." Punk finally achieved recognition through MTV videos and phony hair. Punk was not a culture; it was a band. In terms of an audience, we were all a bunch of vague empty faces. Did we or the work we put into the scene matter at all?

Sitting Bull was one individual member of a greater network. To separate him and place him on a pedestal as has often been done is an element commonly found in a capitalist society. It's the same impulse that turned Martin Luther King into the civil rights movement, Adolf Hitler into Nazi Germany, and Saddam Hussein into Iraq. Recognize a pattern? We have been conditioned to look towards individuals as either scapegoats or godheads for entire groups of people. This helps us fail to see human faces when an entire nation is virtually bombed off the map, and it also helps us forget the crowd power that is fundamental to changing our world, to influencing reality. The amusement park is all we know, we gobble down identities for fun; we watch others exist for us. We pray for the day that Operation Ivy will tour, so we can have a taste of a time period that we will never experience again.

The same retro approach to reality can be found in what has happened with swing music in the last few years. What began as a mere get together of people who enjoyed a certain musical form has evolved into yet another ride in the great fantasy land that reality has become, a scene from a Hollywood take on a bygone era, where all the cars have shiny new paint jobs and Lindy Hoppers dance as human advertisements for the GAP. On this ride, forget what you know about the zoot suit riots, about how US service men paraded through Los Angeles in World War 2, beating up Chicano swing dancers. Just strap yourself in and let reality be carried away by the sweet music that the ride operator is trying to sell you.

Unfortunately for those who thought they could make a quick buck on retro-swing, the music seems to be not quite as loud as was expected, the ride not quite as entertaining. People are losing interest, and for good reason. Retro-swing lost its soul the moment corporate America touched it.

The older people who had originally gravitated towards the genre, who were having fun in their exclusive club of role-playing and fetishism are moving on now. Who can blame them? Any person who is even remotely connected to history can only take so much of watching modern television consumers try to ape the past.

Without its vital core, retro-swing can only turn inside out, transforming itself into a hybrid of amplified music and glittery "pop-swing," a collection of white bread performances, entirely detached from any historical context, a showy 1990's version of the film Xanadu.

Even in this guise, nobody seems to really want it. This has probably more to do with the fashion industry than anything else. Although department stores have been quick to capitalize on its image, the fact remains that clothing manufacturers see no profit in swing. It would be far too costly and difficult for them to try to replicate the fashion to fit the music. Anyway, why would they bother when huge blocks of the population are willing to buy low quality clothing because some sports icon endorses it?

Unlike the swing sub-culture, the punk scene has been very beneficial to the fashion industry. Afterall, punk, like rap and "alternative," provides a uniform which is cheap and easy to replicate in third world sweat shops. However, fashion is not the only thing we have given the world of capitalism. We have given them fake mohawks to wear and a story to misinterpret. In return, capitalism has been kind enough to fill our ranks with people who have no identity, as well as individual parasites who dream of robbing us of anything we still retain.

Still, however, if the scene only consisted of these two types of people we would have collapsed a long time ago. We too would have lost our core. For one reason or another, we have always managed to retain a tribal grain in our construction, a flicker of hope here and there that we could become something more than simply a fashion show, more than simply a platform for rock stars to jerk their egos from. We still have such a potential, but first must come the recognition that what we once were is no more.

The scene no longer possesses the rebellious factor that it once did. Body piercings are now common place on republicans and corporate CEOs. If we want to evolve into anything meaningful, evolve beyond a fun ride in the amusement park, then we must become rebellious again. This doesn't mean resorting to shock value expressions either. That form of protest went out with Ronald Reagan and the 1980's. Everything that is morally shocking has already been sold via products such as Marilyn Manson. Instead, what we must do is to become the threat by example that we always had the potential to be: we must become an actual tribe, we must re-tribalize ourselves. We must abandon the stagnant symbolism and take back what we gave away: our sense of belonging. But how do we do this?

Next Time: Structural Idealism

I can be reached at PO Box 4842 Santa Rosa, CA. 95402-4842, or E-Mail me at BriZero 13 @ Aol. Com.

SCREAMS FROM THE GUTTER

Rob Coons

Fucking hell! I think the column gods have descended down onto me, and are trying to wreck my life. First I spaced out and put my wrong PO Box two columns ago. And now, I logged onto my e-mail only to find that my entire account had mysteriously vanished. So not only did I loose my personal e-mails, but I also lost some very important business e-mails. I guess that is what you get for having a free E-mail account. So if you sent me an E-mail in the last 2 months or so, please try sending them again so I can respond. I hope to get a new E-mail account soon, so that this hopefully will never happen again. Thanks.

Now on to more exciting news. I took a spur of the moment trip a couple of days ago. A friend and me decided to drive down to the Los Angeles area to see a show, which is about a 6-7 hour drive from my house. The line-up was NEUROSIS, GRIMPLE, GEHENNA, and ENEWETAK. We got to the club about ten minutes before the show started. ENEWETAK took the stage to a surprisingly small crowd, and proceeded to throw down a ripping set that could not be matched the rest of the night. They are not a very exciting band to watch, but their music fucking crushed. The next band GEHENNA was interesting to watch. It was interesting to watch the singer encourage the crowd to come up front and sing along. While one of the guitar players kept spitting on and kicking the same people who were trying to sing along. There just seems to be a slight conflict in the band message. It was also funny to hear the kids in the crowd talk about their singer (Mike Cheese) before GEHENNA'S set, and wondering out loud if it was true that he was going to beat up the crowd. It is amazing how a band reputation precedes them. But I guess with all of the rumors floating around in the last couple of years, that it is to be expected.

The next band that played was the "new" GRIMPLE. Now I have seen GRIMPLE both in past and present forms, and though I was never really a big fan I would have to say that their current form blows the big one. They are now going for more of that heavier "East Bay" style similar to somebody like EL DOPA. But their music just doesn't make the cut. It makes me sad to watch the hordes of young kids, jitter with excitement at finally getting to see one of their favorites from days long gone only to be shocked by a band that sounds nothing like they once did. Granted, they throw in a couple of oldies to in an attempt to satisfy the kids, but that really doesn't hold up. It just seems like if they had changed their name from the start of this reformation, that they would have been a lot fairer to themselves and their fan base. But with the name GRIMPLE they are guaranteed a draw to their shows, and sales of records and t-shirts, so on a financial basis alone can blame them for keeping the name. Unfortunately that answer doesn't satisfy me, and in the end only increases my curiosity to what is behind it all.

NEUROSIS ended the evening, and well...they were NEUROSIS. What else can you really say about them? You either like them, or you don't. What was really sad about their set was watching the two hippies in the back of the crowd do their Deadhead style dancing to the music. I was actually surprised that some crazed mohican didn't take them out with a few quick circle pit elbows. I guess the kids nowadays are getting soft. Anyway, immediately after the show we jumped back in my car with smiles on our faces and drove back home to the Bay Area.

ASBESTOS DEATH – "Dejection" – Here you go. One of those highly sought after records, legitimately repressed for your listening pleasure. As everyone who has a heartbeat already knows this is slow grindcore. And that this band went on to form SLEEP. What is really interesting about listening to this record is how far this type of music has evolved. Take the current bone snapping steamroller sounds of bands like GRIEF and EYEHATEGOD, and this doesn't quite measure up. Nonetheless, this captures the time period well, and is worth your hard-earned pennies. (Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

BURNING WITCH – "Towers" LP – Speaking of slow doom filled grindcore, this really takes the cake this month. BURNING WITCH come from the ashes of the THORR'S HAMMER. The vocals on this are completely eerie and wicked. They have a very witch-like quality to them. (Hence the name?) What is interesting is that all of these songs are on the BURNING WITCH full length that came out a while back. So I am not sure why this 12EP is came out. Anyway, this is a beast so check it out. (Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

BURN IT DOWN – "Eat Sleep Mate Defend" CD - A few months ago I reviewed this bands debut CD. It blew me away, and this one does pretty much the same thing. In real simple terms this is coarse punishing hardcore. The music is generally slow, but the hectic drumming keeps things interesting. As I mentioned in the last review the lyrics have some heavy religious tones to them, but they are too vague and personal to really critique. The only bad part of this release is that out of the seven songs on this three of them were already released on their debut. Albeit they were rerecorded, but they seem to be getting a lot of mileage

out of just a few songs. (Escape Artist Records, PO Box 363, West Chester, PA 19381-0363)

CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION – "Dethrone Or Devour" EP /// CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION/FATE OF ICARUS split EP - Don't you love it when you have never even heard of a band, then suddenly they have like an EP, a full length, and a couple of splits out. How does this happen? I guess I can't really complain, when it comes from bands like CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION. This is some massively heavy metalcore, for all you kids who have a hankering for some headbanging. As a matter of fact I have found that my hair grows much faster when I listen to these records. FATE OF ICARUS comes from pretty much the same mold, but they have some serious black metal overtones in their music. I like it, and so should you. (The C.I.C EP is available at: King Of The Monsters, 8341 East San Salvador, Scottsdale, AZ 85258) (The split EP is available at: Willowtip, 103 David Drive, Butler, PA)

ENEWETAK – "Onward To Valhalla" CD – Fuck this is good. I have always liked them, but this fucking thing flew off the Richter scale. This is super heavy metal-fueled hardcore that glides between blast beats and dense flesh pealing slow parts. The music coupled with vocals that sound like the singer scrubs his throat with a wire brush will warm you up nicely on these long winter nights. And look for the hidden live track at the end of the CD. Have I ever-mentioned how lame hidden tracks are on CD's? What is the point, because technically they are not hidden, you just have to look at the timer to know that something else is at the end of the CD. (Crawlspace, PO Box 5283, Buena Park, CA 90622)

HELLCHILD/KILARA – split CD /// HELLCHILD/BONGZILLA – split CD – Well, well, well, it finally looks like Japan's HELLCHILD are finally getting the recognition that they deserve here in the States. They have a slow punishing style that mixes thick and abrasive metal riffs, with death metal style vocals that are as tough as nails. The vocals are layered on top of each of each other in the mix, making them even more destructive. Oh yeah, and look for a full-length domestic full-length release for HELLCHILD at the beginning of next year. I have heard it, and it kills! As far as KILARA, they remind me of KARP, but not as good. And for BONGZILLA, they are slow and monotonous, and I really have never been a fan, though this particular song is not really that bad. But do yourself a favor and check out HELLCHILD, you won't be disappointed. (The HC/KILARA split is available at: Rhetoric Records, PO Box 82, Madison, WI 53701) (The HC/BONGZILLA split is available at: HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2, Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

MORSER/THE SWARM – split EP – Simply put, this is music that will make you shit a brick. MORSER from Germany is the musical equivalent to standing inside one of those imploding buildings you see on TV. The band is made up of members of some of Germany's top hardcore bands of the 90's, and they will knock your nuts off. THE SWARM from Canada is no MORSER, but they can hold their own ground. My only complaint about the whole record is that THE SWARM used a sample from the "Taxi Driver". I swear if another punk band uses a sample from that movie, they should be banished from the scene forever. You know what, I didn't even describe the music in this review. But I really don't have to, because this is a sure thing if there ever was one. (Spiritfall Records, 215 Hancock Avenue, Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

V/A – "H8000 Hardcore" LP – Ok. I don't think you had enough metal with your Wheaties this morning. This is a 15-band European straightedge compilation that highlights the H-8000 scene over there. For those of you who don't know the H-8000 is a name that encompasses a brotherhood of many hardcore bands and kids in the Belgium area. There are a number of bands you might already be familiar with. You will find CONGRESS, LIAR, SEKTOR, BLINDFOLD, DEFORMITY, SPINELESS, and many others. Almost all of the songs rip it up except for three songs that are weak and whiney emo shit, and really don't have any place on this record. Some of the songs are previously released, but there are some exclusive tracks on this. So X-up and prepare for battle. (Sobermind Records, PO Box 206, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM)

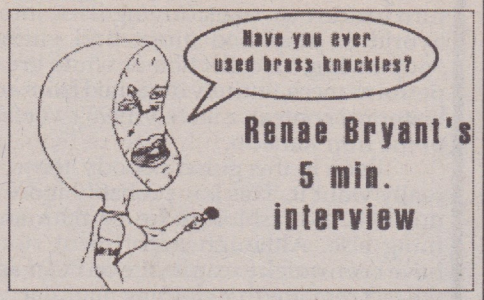
Endnotes:

1) You can send me stuff to my personal address, which is PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712. Or you can e-mail your hate letters to xgoatcorex@hotmail.com. (The crappiest E-mail company on the face of the planet)

2) I have a friend doing a one page fanzine called "Mosh Of Ass", and all it is about are reviews of demos. So if you have a thrash, grind, hardcore, or metal demo of your band send it to me and I will forward it to him. He will send you a copy of the zine with your review once it is completed.

3) OK here is the deal. In my last couple of columns I have been ending them with a lyrical quote from an old punk or hardcore song. So I am going to start a contest. The first person to write or E-mail me the name of the band and the song that the following quote is from will get a prize. What is the prize you ask? Don't worry about it; just answer the question fucker. Oh yeah, and I will list the winner in the next column. So here we go. Here is a hint. They were on the MRR compilation "Welcome To 1984".

4) Wasting Cops Will Be The Hero's Golden Rule...



So I missed last month's issue for my column and I always feel like I owe an excuse, not like the world's not full enough of them. Seventeen graduate division units, working full time, starting a new version of All or Nothing, and working a sixth day at the dungeon finally got to me. I used to sweat taking one class a quarter, now I realize I was a wuss and now I really have something to whine about. Not to mention, I have no social life except for the band. Thank the good of the universe for bringing me this project to keep my sanity. So, enough blagh-blaghing. I meant to interview my friend Sarha, a male lawyer who is having a sex change in the next few months, but time will not permit that to take place this month. So, for the first time in the 5 min. history I have interviewed the same person twice. I have to admit if she gets into something else that is fascinating I'll interview her again. I was at the dungeon chatting with Morgan, the ex-porn star I interviewed a couple of months ago, when she began telling me about her new part time job in the cybersex arena. Well, I thought if I wanted to know more about this, you all must want to know about it. In the great fashion of my sex/fetish-obsessed column, here is my interview with Morgan, the new cybersex queen.

MRR: How did you go from doing SM/BD videos and being a dominatrix to doing cybersex?

Morgan: One of the girls that worked at the dungeon told me about it. She said she was pleased working for the company and wanted to show them my picture. They immediately called me. I was interested solely on what she had said.

MRR: How does the cybersex work?

Morgan: The person will log on and choose from one of three categories: 1) girls home alone, 2) guys home alone, and 3) couples home alone. Then once that decision is made the person will then look though photos, "thumb nail photos." The person will then decide who they want to see. Then they may chat with me for a minute in a private chat room to see if we click for their purpose. If they want a private show they pay per minute, approximately $2 a minute. During this time they will tell me what to do.

MRR: What are the normal requests?

Morgan: They fairly vanilla/straight: take off clothes, play with yourself, use the dildo, use the bigger dildo (I have the John Holmes

dildo and many of them want to see that put to use, it's as big as my forearm.) occasionally there will be a foot fetish or someone that wants to look at my asshole. A few times there have been submissive men wanting to be dominated over the computer. The only slightly bizarre request I received was from someone in the chat room who wanted me to stick my high heel up my ass. I told him he could kiss it instead. Then he logged off.

MRR: What is the extent of what you will do?

Morgan: I will do anything I will do in my normal sex life. I just do not allow piss, shit or blood.

MRR: Have you ever considered doing the couple thing?

Morgan: Yes.

MRR: Under what circumstances.

Morgan: One of the guys that is friends with the owner of the company is a Playgirl model who says he wants to fuck me online. He looks really good and I would consider it.

MRR: Would he wear a condom?

Morgan: Yes.

MRR: When the couples are logged onto, does the subscriber tell them what to do?

Morgan: Yes, they'll say, "have her suck your dick, now bend her over and eat her pussy, okay now fuck her from behind, etc."

MRR: How much do you get paid?

Morgan: $100 a night, on a slow night, a five to six hour shift.

MRR: Does it get old?

Morgan: Yes. I've lost my sense of exhibitionism. Since I have no other sex life right now [she's recently separated from her husband], I look forward to using the vibrator. I used to not understand the big deal about the vibrator. I didn't like them. Just recently I discovered my G-spot and "Oh My!"

MRR: Do you ever worry about someone recognizing you and approaching you.

Morgan: No, when your in the public eye you take that risk. Anyway, at my wedding SWANK took pictures of my husband going down on me at the reception 20 minutes after we got married and published them. If I didn't worry about that....

At this point a client walked in who needed a good beating so we concluded our interview. If you are interested in checking out the cybersex cite it is www.iFriends.com.

When my column was attacked recently it caused me to examine the space I take up in what I consider to be the most important magazines in music. I asked myself, "Renae, why do you interview so many people that have something to do with sex?" I also wondered why I didn't make better use of the column politically. So, I've decided in the next months to challenge myself to vary my interviews. I just find sex to be such an under-dialogued subject in our society. I wish that when I was a teen there would have been more punks discussing sexuality, not just having sex. Anyway, speaking of sex I gave the wrong address for the fetish film I'm in by Justice Howard. It's called "Hellcats in High Heels" not Slut in High Heels (some would say what's the difference). The address is PO Box 3896 Hollywood, CA 90078, the price is $24.95. I've been so busy with school that I have slightly ignored my fanzine, label and website. Anyone who gives a shit, I humbly ask for your forgiveness. The end of December and all of January find me off track from teaching. So that will be my time to catch up on life. In music news I received a kick-ass tape from The Curse from Portland-PO Box 1113 Portland OR 97207. Erin, in this band is also a DJ who could use your cool music that you could spare. Bimbo Toolshed finally sent their new disk to me, it kicks ass. The new live Lunachicks CD is ruling my world too. I'll be up at the maximum in January trying to put some of the first issues on CD ROM, wish me luck. Anyone wanting to reach me can do so at: PO Box 251 Norco, CA 91760-0251 or webmistress@www.ontherag.net.

NASHVILLE PUSSY was a cool band. I'm sure a lot of PC types disliked the women in the band for flaunting their sexy asses, but fact is, they are women and they fucking ROCKED! That, to me, is enough to make them cool, even if they blatantly use their tits to sell records. In case you're wondering why I'm writing about them in the past tense, it's because they signed to Mercury Records, and in our little punk rock world, that means they might as well not exist anymore.

I was excited a coupla summers ago to put on a show for the PLEASURE FUCKERS from Spain — and the support band, NASHVILLE PUSSY, who no one had ever heard of at the time, sounded cool too. The show turned out great, everyone was blown away, and the band members were swell people. They started ordering stickers from Sticker Guy, and became regular customers. Ruyter would always call me up from somewhere on the road and place their orders. I'm always happy to be working with bands I like, and it was always cool to hear from them, so I was psyched.

When I heard they had signed to the major label Mercury Records, something that's all too common in the punk scene today, I wasn't really surprised. Just disappointed, because I figured they wouldn't be calling me back for any more stickers, and even if they did, we wouldn't be able to make them. We make stickers for independent bands only — that's the way we've always worked. We've turned down a few major label acts over the years, and some of our indie customers have gone on to majors, but most know that once they leave the independent scene, they're going to be stuck with some other, higher-priced sticker maker, and don't even bother to call for a reorder.

About a month ago, NP's 'merch guy' surprised me by calling to order more stickers. Nice guy, but he just didn't understand when I hesitantly explained our policy and that we wouldn't print the stickers. After we hung up, I felt like shit. Then NP's 'booking agent' called me to try to figure out this "moral problem" I was having. This guy's a peach — he made me feel even worse about the whole thing. Basically, he's one of those older ex-punkers who think it's childish to give a fuck about anything — because he gave a fuck when he was young — until he had some cash waved in his face.

At this point, I was wondering why I felt so shitty about the whole thing. Usually, I proudly and defiantly explain that our cheap prices are for indie bands only. But not this time — because I didn't WANT to stop making NP stickers. I like the band, and having met them, I felt at least a small connection to them. Besides, what good did it do me, or the punk scene, to refuse NP's order? It only seems to hurt me, because I lost a repeat customer, and one I was proud to have.

The point of this column isn't to brag about how I turned down NASHVILLE PUSSY, but to point out the biggest reason I felt shitty about the whole situation: the punk scene is seeming pretty fucking weak to me right now. It seems like every time I involve myself with any kind of activism, I'm surrounded by hippies, ravers, and a few "hardcore kids." No disrespect to any of these people of course, but where are you, punks?!? Are you too fucking narrow-minded to be seen talking to a hippie, even if they are fighting for a cause that you support? Or are you too fucking busy polishing your leapord-print creepers? Do you even HAVE any causes?!?

Part of what attracted me to the punk scene was the idea that with "do it yourself," I could make a difference. But it seems like most punks these days could care fucking less about anything besides punk rock. I went to my first SF Critical Mass a couple years ago, and out of the 3,000 cyclists filling the streets, very few seemed to have anything to do with punk rock. Isn't taking to the streets on bikes en masse, defying the police, and generally fucking shit up attractive to punk rockers?

It used to be a statement just to BE a punk rocker. But nowadays, punk rock is socially acceptable! Skinheads won't beat you up at shows, and cops, having seen mohawks on MTV, are less likely to harass you. Today, punk rock is EASY. The fight

has been fought, we're free to play our music and look as stupid as we want to. Your band can play a show at the big rock club. It can be featured in the alternative Weekly newspaper. They'll even sell your CD at the local chainstore now! Yay!

What I'm saying is that punk rock has lost a lot of it's meaning for me. And I don't think I'm alone. Don't get me wrong, there are still a lot of great punk bands out there who are committed to DIY, but they seem more and more rare to come by. I'd really like to hear from anyone out there who is catching my drift. Meanwhile, we'll still be refusing corporate sticker orders. But at this point, it has little to do with the punk scene, but more with my own anti-corporate ideals. pete@stickerguy.com / Po Box 204 / Reno NV 89504 USA

• There's a video everyone should see, it's called RECLAIM THE STREETS. It's about a worldwide anti-capitalist movement that started in the UK. This is the fucking revolution! They're throwing parties in the middle of major intersections and all the cops can do is stand by and watch. I'll be distributing it, so contact me for a copy, or go to <www.gn.apc.org/rts>.

• The photos from the Ryland Street Basement should be up on my website now, at <www.stickerguy.com>.

APOLOGY.

If any of you bother to read my endnotes on a regular basis, you've noticed me talking a lot of shit about my zine. I've been mentioning it every column for something like the last 7 months! However, you may have also noticed the fact that said zine is perpetually "almost done." That has now changed. I am now (officially) DONE with my zine! By that, I don't mean that it's all finished and ready to be mailed to the masses (yeah right!) or any thing like that. No, I mean the exact opposite. I'm done with it (read: I'm not doing it anymore). Last week, during a bout with extreme stress, I ditched the whole idea. Here's why...

This past year, my life has taken some bizarre turns, nearly all of which have been very positive. You will learn the specifics later but, suffice to say, I have become an extremely busy boy. These 'specifics' that I speak of were the whole concept behind my zine. What I was hoping to do was relate stories and thoughts about all of these interesting (if not crazy) things that I was doing. After typing up a bunch of articles and stories, I began to get a bit overexcited about the whole project and started telling everyone that it was "almost done." However, I started becoming more and more engulfed in all of these "other things" and could never find the time to get the rest of the zine finished. I would type a few paragraphs here and do some layout work there, but I could never find the time to get any serious work done on it. I slowly began to realize that I was doing so much that most of it was starting to get done half-assed (sometimes even quarter-assed). I had so many different things that I wanted to put my time and energy into that they each began to get a very tiny percentage of it. Something had to go and the zine was that something.

So, I need to apologize first, to all of the people who sent me a buck and/or letter expressing interest. I'm sorry for wasting your dollars, stamps, and time, and I hope everyone got their stuff back (except for the time) ok. I also have to apologize to all the people who read my column. I know it's sorta lame when people push products in their columns, but it's really lame to hawk something that doesn't ever even come into existence. So, I'm truly sorry.

Thankfully, however, there is an upside to all of this. In an attempt to get out all of the thoughts and opinions that I hoped to express in my zine, I'll be dedicating much of my column to it in the near future. That's right, a new direction (and probably even a new header). This, of course, means that I won't be writing specifically about corporations anymore (although I've got a couple left in me before I make the switch). As important (and maybe interesting) of a subject as it is, you have to admit that it's getting a bit old. If you haven't caught on by now that all multi-nationals are driven by greed (and little else), then you've really missed the boat. Naturally, I won't entirely lose sight of the corporate world, it's just that I'm not going to be focusing on it nearly as much. I have other subjects that I feel an urgent need to discuss and discredit. Worry not, my writing will still stay the same (really terrible) and while it may have a slightly more personal touch, the political aspect will still remain (more than you could ever guess).

For me, shaking this column up a bit will solve three problems (and create one). First of all, like I said before, it will (hopefully) make my monthly soapbox rant a little less stale. Secondly, it will allow me to discuss a lot of the things that I wanted to have in my non-existent zine. And lastly, I don't have to spend four days every month (!) in the library (in addition to the amount I'm already required to spend there) doing research. However, this causes the problem I was speaking of. A lot of people write to tell me that they use a lot of information from my column to write their own articles for papers at school or to give speeches or whatever. Obviously, I still feel it's imperative for us little people to keep stickin' it to the corporate bastards that make our lives miserable, which brings me to the rest of this column. It's a small (thank god) summary of the best research outlets I've found that you can use to dig up dirt on whatever company it is that you want to dig it up on. I hope y'all can put it to good use.

RESOURCES.

Let me start by saying that doing research on a multinational corporation is not difficult in the slightest. Usually, the hardest part of writing my column has always been deciding which company I want to write about. The rest comes easy. Sure it can be time consuming, but its rarely challenging. So, remember this: if you know who it is that you're going to do research on, the hard part is already done.

After you've picked "a victim" (as if that's not the biggest twist on words ever), it's time to go to the library (a university library, if at all possible). The first place I always look is Hoover's Handbooks. Hoover's is a business press that publishes simple guides to corporations. They have overviews, histories, stock performances, annual reports, product listings, and upper-tier payroll information on virtually any company you can think of. They're divided into separate volumes for world business, American business (which, I note, is bigger than the world edition), and private companies. This is the best place to go when looking for a simple overview of a company, which is why I always look there first.

The next thing you should do is look for magazine articles. The easiest way to do this is to scan the computer indexes. You simply have to type in the name of the company and hundreds of articles (usually including a few from major newspapers) will be listed. Then all you have to do is scan the articles and decide which ones you feel will be useful. One would logically think that you would find the best articles on corporate abuse in leftist magazines (like The Progressive, Z Magazine, FAIR, Mother Jones, The Nation, etc.), and sometimes you do find some great ones. However, I've always had the most luck with business mags (Fortune, Forbes, Money Inc., Business Week, The Economist, Advertising Age, etc.) (I also have to mention Brandweek here. If you honestly don't believe that modern corporate America will come to be known as the decaying factor of our civilization, read one issue of Brandweek and see if that doesn't change your mind.). I can't stress how much assistance they've given me when doing corporate research. Apparently, they assume (probably with a good deal of accuracy) that everyone who reads their drivel is a hard-line money-grubber. Therefore, when companies get busted for their crimes, financial magazines follow the story closer than anyone because, if the public becomes outraged enough, their readers might begin to lose money (oh god, the horror!!). Most newspapers are useless, as we all know

how watered down their stories (or lack thereof) can be, but you can find some relevant articles in The New York Times and Wall Street Journal (and a financial weekly called Barron's). Most libraries carry all of the above titles, but it's a good idea to check first so you don't write down a ton of titles for no reason.

Normally, I'm finished doing research by this point. While the above steps don't seem very complicating, they usually take a few days worth of digging (if you're in a remotely functional library, that is). If you still need access to more dirt, try the Internet (yeah, I know). First of all, Hoover's (the business-overview publisher I spoke of before) has a site [www.hoovers.com] that serves the same purpose as their books. There's also two really good watchdog sites that allow you to do corporate research in their domain (ha!). Corporate Watch [www.corpwatch.org/] and Multinational Monitor [www.essential.org/monitor/monitor.html] (brought to you by the folks who put out the awesome magazine of the same name) have proven to be pretty useful, even though I've only looked up a few companies on their sites. I'm sure there are plenty of others, but you'll have to dig for them because I can't stand sitting in front of a computer screen any longer than I have to.

Other than that, all you have to do is breathe. Dominance by corporate thugs in our society is so prevalent that its all you can do to keep their names and logos out of your face (with TV/radio ads, billboards, T-shirts, and all), much less worry about if you can find enough information on them. The spotlight is always on them. The key is focusing that spotlight on the tricks they're pulling behind our backs, instead of the masked face they have it on now.

Write me at P.O. Box 504, Chippewa Falls, WI, 54729. (Don't send a dollar.)

"You are so sweet," Jade says to me at The Limelight, as she first gently strokes my cheek, then kisses it.

I blush as I look toward my lawyer pal, Andy, who has been helping me fight the Curious George people, then Jade's two friends, Stacey and Maureen. Or Mo, for short.

Stacey smiles. As does Maureen. They are both very beautiful women. As is Jade.

"As your lawyer," says Andy, "it is my duty to inform you that she likes you."

I look at Andy with his Dewars-On-The-Rocks in his hand. He's "Broadway Danny Rose" incarnate. Except he gets laid a hell of a lot more.

"She's very nice," I whisper to Andy, "As are Stacey and Maureen. In fact, I think Stacey is real hot. She was great when I saw her as 'Dory' in that play 'Grandma Sylvia's Funeral', and she looks better out of costume."

"But George," continues Andy, "Jade. What about Jade?"

"She's hot too," I explain.

"Yeah," he says, "But her last name is Barrymore. She's Drew's mom".

My heart stops.

Firestarter's Mom.

Poison Ivy's Mom.

E.T.'s little friend's Mom.

It had been one of those days that just didn't end, and now, at 12:30 a.m., it seemed like it might just go on a lot longer. I really felt like, well, I could be a real motherfucker.***

It all began that day with Andy's phone call too early in the morning.

"George, babe, ya there?" screams my lawyer into my answering machine. I never pick up the phone until I know who it is.

"I'm here," I said, as I cut his loud voice off the speaker phone, and, thus, unscaring P.J., my Yorkie, who went and hid under the table upon hearing my lawyer's voice.

"So, we are doing the CMJ thing today, right?" he asks.

The CMJ thing. College Music Journal. Fuck. I had forgotten about that. I had a nice day planned around alternating between my PlayStation and Nintendo64. It was gonna be Crash Bandicoot 3: Warped, and Turok: Dinosaur Hunter.

"Yeah," I reply, "We'll do the "See-I'm-Gay" thing."

"See I'm Gay?" he asks.

"Yes you are," I reply.

I rub the sleep out of my eyes, put P.J. in his harness, and rush across the street to the deli to get some coffee. The Korean woman sees me and my dog coming and before I can say anything, starts to prepare the coffee. Large. Black. Three Equals. Then she makes Wendy's. Small. Milk and sugar.

"One large coffee, black, three equals," I say, anyway, because maybe she'll get the order wrong, although, she never has, and because I have OCD, "and one small coffee, with cream and sugar."

"Milk and sugar," says the woman, "she likes milk."

"Yeah, whatever," I say, annoyed.

"Your dog is so cuuuuute," she says, as she hands me my coffees, and pets P.J.'s head.

I know what's next.

"These dogs are better than people. Smarter. My dog died. A Yorkshire Terrier just like yours. It broke my heart."

I nod my head with empathy, and make my way out of the place before she can depress me even more. Every morning, upon seeing P.J., she tells the same story.

Back at my apartment, I frantically search for the paperwork CMJ had sent me a few weeks earlier. They had asked me to host a panel at some hotel about something, and I had agreed. When I asked them what the panel was about, they told me it involved people disgruntled with rock. With the music industry. I told them that was me. They said they knew that, and that was the reason for their call. They then told me that my job, on the panel, would be "moderator". Whatever that was. I told them it would be no problem, and to send me information on where I should be, when, and I'd see them there. Right before I hung up the phone, they told me that part of my job was to break-up fights, if any occurred. I told them that, if anything, I'd start them, not break them up. "Okay George," they told me. I swear I could hear their smirk.

Eventually I found the paperwork with all the instructions and times. The CMJ Music Marathon panel I was "moderating" was at The Millennium Hotel in midtown New York. Cool, I thought, a hotel named after my favorite television show. Maybe I'd even see Lance Hendrickson there.

The panel was to start at 4:30, and I was to be there no later than 3:45. It was called "Have You Lost Your Passion? Disenchantment Within The Industry", and was to be held in the "Metropolis" room. I wondered if Fritz Lang would be there. Then I remembered he's probably dead.

Also on panel with me was to be Howie Abrams from Zomba, whatever that is, Ben Carr from The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Greg Corrao from CMJ, Darcy Mayers from Rykodisc, and Shelby Meade from Nasty Little Man, whatever that was. It sounded stupid, and I wondered why I agreed to do it in the first place. I hate CMJ. College Music Jerkoffs.

Well, not the magazine. Just the stupid festival. All these students from every buttfuck college flood Manhattan to see the years lamest bands. And every year it's the same. Indie-rock. And those who worship at it's alter. Bands with guys and girls who can't sing, don't know how to tune their guitars, and record on what sounds like their grandparent's first tape recorder. I hate it. But what I hate more is that these bands think they'll have any chance in hell of being "discovered". That someone "important" might see them. They drive here from places like Texas and Montana, and even fly here from Finland. And what happens? They play some shithole like The Knitting Factory to a bunch of asswipes who stand around watching them with their arms crossed. The people who attend CMJ are not here to see bands. They are here to be seen. And promote their own crap. Or use up their school's expense account. The whole thing is totally lame. That's why I don't give a flying fuck if I ever play CMJ again. Although, the magazine

rocks. They give Furious George good plugs.

Anyway, I look over the paperwork, see that I should write a bunch of questions to ask the panel, and then decide fuck it. I'll wing it. If all else fails, I'll call everyone a "pussy". It'll be like one of the many Furious George shows.

And as it turns out, it was.***

I arrive at The Millennium Hotel around three. The coffee had begun to kick in and I was just waking up. I made my way past zillions of happy little students, to the third floor, where I was to pick up my "pass". That stupid card you wear around your neck that lets you into shows and stuff. It says your name, and company, or band.

I give the cute little girl behind the table my picture I.D., and the first thing she says is, "Man, you're old".

"Whatever," I tell her, "Can I please have my 'See-I'm-Gay' badge?"

"Let me check your name in the system," she says, as she types my name into a computer, and all this shit about me shows up on her screen.

"Okay Mr. Tabb," she says, "will it say 'Furious George' or 'New York Press' under your name?" New York Press is the cool newspaper I write for in New York.

"Pussy," I tell her.

"Excuse me?" she says, shocked.

"Pussy, I want it to say Pussy," I explain to her.

"Why?" she asks.

"Just because," I tell her. I don't feel like explaining the whole pussy thing to her.

"As a feminist, I take offense to you wanting to use that term," she tells me, as her tight t-shirt hugs her young, firm breasts.

"Just put it on the fucking card, huh?" I say, cranky and disenchanted. They had picked the right guy for the panel.

"Tell my why you want an anti-woman statement on your badge."

"Look," I say, "I want Pussy on there because I like pussy. And because I am a Pussy. Pussy is a good thing. I love Pussy. I pray for Pussy. Hell, I'm The High Priest Of Pussy."

Then, looking at me like I'm totally nuts, and could take out a large knife and cut off her head at any second, the young coed types the word "Pussy" into her computer, and out comes my badge. Just the way I wanted it.

Next, I find the elevator and make my way to the Eighth Floor. Where all the free stuff is. As I ride up the damn thing, stopping on every floor, I watch students get on, with their badges that say what radio station they "volunteer" for.

"Dude," says one snow-boarding geek to another, "last night's 'Suicidal' show was rad."

"They played the CMJ?" asks the other guy, complete with fluorescent jacket and lift-ticket still on his zipper.

"No, dude," he explains, "I saw them in L.A. I just hopped a plane here this morning. Gotta catch The Donnas tonight."

"Dude," I say to them both, "this is New York. Cut the fucking pussy Californian accents and act like men, okay?"

I hear snickers from others in the elevator.

"Dude," says the guy with the lift-ticket, "what's your beef? We're all here to have fun, right? Mellow out."

"Fuck you, hippie," I say to the guy as we hit the eighth floor, and all exit the elevator.

As I walk away from dumb and dumber, I hear, "Dude, people in New York can be so uptight."

Pussies.***

About forty-five minutes later, after collecting tons of free useless CD's, then throwing them into garbage cans, I find myself in a conference room with a stack of magazines that looked pretty good, as well as my lawyer, Andy, and the rest of the panel. There is a table with free coffee and muffins for us. How nice. I feel like I'm at a Microsoft convention. I wonder where Bill Gates is? Then I remember, he's being sued.

"Andy," I say to my pal, "check out this issue of Pop-Smear, it's got a real hermaphrodite in it. With graphic pictures and everything."

Andy takes the magazine from me and flips through it. His eyes almost bulge out of his head.

"I know that chick," I tell him, "she's a friend of mine".

"George," he says, "As your lawyer, I advise you to not go around telling people that."

Just then one of the girls on the panel interrupts us, "Let me see that," she says.

I tell her that the pictures are VERY graphic, and that I don't want to be held liable for sexual harassment by handing her the magazine.

She tells me not to worry about it.

I give her the Pop-Smear. She flips through it, tries to act unimpressed, and hands it back to me.

"So?" I ask her.

"Well, we don't have that kind of thing in Salem," she explains. She's Darcy. Or Shelby. One of the two women on the panel. They both look the same. Blonde hair. Big boobs. Nice bodies. They look like they just graduated from Cheerleading School.

"In Salem," says Andy, "they'd burn you at the stake if you had a groin that looked like hers!"

Darcy, or Shelby, fuck, the cheerleader, doesn't laugh.

But the other guys on the panel do. Well, except for the guy from The Mighty Mighty Bosstones. He's kind of in a bad mood.

"What do you do in The Bosstones," I ask him, trying to get him in on the conversation.

"He's the dancing guy," says Cheerleader Number Two. Shelby, or Darcy.

"That," he says, "and I'm also the road manager. Since I don't have to play an instrument, I have an extra job!"

We talk a bit about The Bosstones, and the guy seems distant. But clean. Real clean. His hair is combed perfectly, his skin is ultra smooth, and he smells nice. I wonder if the rest of his band is as clean, and how come Evan and Michael from Furious George can't be more like this guy.

As we sit around the conference room table, we discuss our views on the music industry, and how ska sucks, kind of blowing our wads before the panel starts. Everyone seems pretty disenchanted. Everyone except Muffy and Buffy. Darcy and Shelby. Cheerleader One and Two. The one from Salem tells us that she loves her job, loves getting up in the morning, and loves the whole industry, and the whole world. I wonder if maybe I should up my Prozac to her level.***

After a brief introduction, we six panelists find ourselves staring at a huge room full of people. Standing room only.

In front of me is my name, "George Tabb", on a plaque. I replace that with "College Pussies", scribbled with a marker on notebook paper.

Greg, the CMJ guy, seated directly to my left, replaces his name with his name. Spelled right. Everyone else leaves their name plates alone.

"I'm George, the um, well, whatever," I tell the crowd. I notice my friend from the Un-Dead and Misfits, Bobby Steele, seated up front. I also see some of the cool guys from Radical Records in the crowd, as well as my friend Lisa.

"What George is trying to say is that he's the moderator," says Greg, seated next to me. Thank God for him.

"Yeah," I say, "The moderator. And we are gonna talk about why we are, um," I stop, read the title of the panel, then repeat it, "why we have lost our passion. Disenchantment Within The Industry."

"Disenchanted," says one of the cheerleaders. The audience laughs.

"Anyway," I continue, ignoring Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, "the question I wish to ask the audience first is, why in fuck are any of you here? Show-World is only a few blocks away, and all you little pussies are here, listening to us? Why? When you could be seeing naked women?"

The boos and cat calls start. At last I begin to feel comfortable.

"Listen you little fucks," I say, "Your Mommies and Daddies can afford to send you to college, and you want to waste their money working in the music industry?"

A hear a couple of "fuck you's" before one of the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, cuts me off.

"We are all not so PUNK ROCK on this panel," she says, "some of us like the

music industry!"

The audience applauds wildly.

"Wait a second," I say, "The title of the panel refers to our state of un-satisfaction with the industry. This isn't fucking Richard Simmons or Oprah or Riki Lake, get a clue."

Of course I'm booed. What else could they do. They were here on their parents money, hoping one day to join the ranks of "free-thinkers" at some multi-national music corporation.

The panel then discusses some stupid topics that are listed on a sheet of paper I have. I'm too lazy to write my own questions, so I ask everyone idiotic questions like, "Are you happy with the industry, and why?" Or, "Why not?" Or, even better, "How could you make it better?"

Everyone answers seriously except me and the guy from CMJ. He's as bitter as me. I like him. Then, one of the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, tells us she lives in Salem, and that she is "so happy" to be working in music, that she wakes up everyday with a smile on her face. Or something like that.

"Of course you do," I tell her, "you live in a place that just got electricity recently, you should be happy for anything."

I'm booed, of course.

"You are so mean," whines the cheerleader, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is.

I tell her I'm not, and explain, patiently, that, although I hate the industry, I love what I'm doing, and wouldn't quit for anything. I tell her, the rest of the panel, and the audience of mostly morons, that it's not about making money, it's about having fun. And that's why I do it. And that's why anybody should do it.

Of course, this is not a valid answer. No. Not at CMJ. These people have "careers" in mind. Happiness doesn't factor in. Money does. As one audience member points out to me, "this is an industry, a series of corporations, and it's financially driven".

I can't argue with him. He's right. So I tell him so. But I again explain that if you are doing it for fun, at least you'll get something out of it, even if you don't make money, you'll have a good time. And isn't that what life's about?

A resounding "No" is their answer. Little twerps. Heart attacks at 40. All of them.

We then go on to discuss how a band can get signed. Most of the panel says there are too many bands out there, and that there should be less. Also, that most bands suck, and those who suck, shouldn't be putting out records. The crowd mostly agrees. I get real pissed off.

"Who are you morons to say who sucks?" I ask them. "It's all art, and matters of opinion. One man's suck, is another's fuck," I say.

Booes and catcalls.

"I don't get it," I say, throwing my hands up in the air, "any band that wants to put out a record should. It's their art. Who are you fuckheads to tell them what's good and what isn't?"

"We are the music industry," says Howie, the guy seated directly to my right. He looks just like the lead singer of Smash Mouth. And that's exactly what'd I like to do to him. Smash his big, fucking mouth.

Howie then goes on to explain that if a band is good, they'll get a record deal because they'll have a large following, and labels will kiss their ass. And that's what it's all about. Having your ass kissed. Having power.

"Fuck You," I say to him.

"Come on George," he baits me, "You know you love the power when you see the audience at your shows singing along to all your words. You feel that power. You want it. You need it."

I explain that I like the kids, and am happy they are having fun, but it's got nothing to do with power. It all has to do with fun.

He tells me I'm full of shit.

Whatever.

The panel drones on, and finally we go into a question and answer period. I put my brain in neutral, and just say "fuck you" and "pussy" to everyone. These jerks aren't worth my time.

After it's all over, the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever their names are, tell me it was nice being on a panel with me. I guess, if they're anything, they're polite. That's nice. I say good-bye to my new friend, Greg, and even to the clean guy from The Bosstones. Then I make my way out of the room full of the walking dead, to find my lawyer, Andy.

I find him near the pay phones, telling someone, "Yeah babe, okay babe, whatever babe."

Finally he hangs up, and we discuss our plans for that evening. We decide we'll meet at The Limelight around nine, for The Max's Kansas City book party thing. He tells me it should be quite a fun night. I tell him, that after today, it better be.***

I arrive at The Slimelight at around ten. I'm late. I had taken a nap after P.J. prodded me into doing so. He just kept whining, and looking at the bedroom. So I couldn't say no.

After giving my name at the door, I make my way into the familiar church. It looks just like it always did, and brings back many memories of blow-jobs on staircases, and finger-fucking on the balcony. Too bad it wasn't me.

After being pushed around in a large crowd for about ten minutes, I finally spot Andy. He's just beyond two of the bleached blonde Vodka girls. Girls, who, I guess, are paid to look like Pamela Anderson Lee, or Anderson, or whatever her name is these days. They walk around giving out free vodka, sporting the name of the booze on their shirts. Funny thing is, I can't remember the name of it. Only their tits. And fine tits, they were.

"How ya doing babe?" asks Andy as I walk up to him in his tweed sports jacket.

"You look great," I say to him, as I stand there in my leather jacket with the U.S. pins, ladies stretch jeans, Furious George t-shirt, and new sneakers that look like robot shoes I got in North Carolina for under thirty bucks.

"Ya like the jacket? he asks.

I nod.

"Ya know, I haven't worn this thing in a while. When I put it on tonight, I found a yarmihca in the pocket."

I tell him that often happens to me. Which is true. Lots of weddings and funerals, lately.

"What are you drinking?" he asks me.

I tell him I don't know.

He gets me a Dewars On The Rocks. He gets one for himself, too.

As I drink the shit, I feel like I should have a cigar in my mouth. It would impress all the hot babes in the club. Of which, there were many. In fact, Andy and I were stunned at the amount of beautiful women roaming around.

Eventually we walk around the place, saying hello to people we know, and then Andy reintroduces me to one of his girlfriends, known affectionately as "The Australian". A cute blonde woman who looks like a cross between Sharon Stone and Rachel Ward. She's with some other guy from her law firm, and Andy is a bit pissy about it.

"I can't believe she's hanging out with that fucking guy," he tells me, as he sips his booze.

I tell him not to worry about it, that they work together, so there's nothing there, and, besides, he's probably gay. It makes Andy feel better.

We talk to "The Australian" for awhile, and eventually, she tells us she has to leave. With the guy. Andy gets slightly bummed, but I assure him nothing will happen. Also, I know Andy gets enough that he shouldn't be worried, anyway.

We make the rounds saying hello to many of punk's walking-dead, and finally find ourselves back in the room where we first met. It's emptied out a bit, and we look for a comfortable place to sit. Just then Andy recognizes someone, and drags me over to say hello.

"George," he says, introducing me to a stunning brunette who looks awfully familiar, "this is Stacey. I believe you met her as 'Dory' in 'Grandma Sylvia's Funeral'.

I tell her it's great to see her again, and it is. When I saw her in that play, she took a Furious George button from me, and put it on her leather corset, and during the entire act, flirted with me. I knew it was all part of the show, but I wanted to believe she liked me, anyway.

"I can't believe I'm meeting you," I tell her, as I begin to blush. She is so adorable I almost melt.

She tells me she still has the button, and it is great to see me again. I ask her if she remembers me and she tells me, "of course". I almost die right there.

After some REAL flirting, Stacey introduces me to her friend, Maureen, a real looker as well, who is a film director, producer, or something. We hit it off nicely, too.

As I am talking to both women, I see Andy with a woman who's not "The Australian". Finally Andy drags her over and introduces her.

"George," he says, "This is The Dominican. Ivette."

I look at her. She is as beautiful as "The Australian", only more so. She has deep, dark eyes, and brown hair that flows from her head in wonderful waves of ebony. She's hotter than Selma Hyack.

"Hi," I say to her. I'd heard lots about her from Andy. With him, it's always "The Australian" this, or "The Dominican" that.

"Hi," she says back, smiling. For the second time that night, I feel like melting.

"Um," I stammer, where are you from?"

"Well," she says, "I'm Dominican, so where do you think?"

I'm not stupid. "The Australian" is from Australia, so I know the answer.

"Dominica," I tell her.

She laughs, and tells me she from The Dominican Republic.

"Where's that?" I ask, in all seriousness.

"138th and Broadway," quips Andy.

As the night continues, I drink more and more Dewars-On-The-Rocks. Finally, I'm totally shit-faced, and through Andy, Maureen, and Stacey, I meet Drew Barrymore's mom, Jade. She looked familiar as well. Turns out I also saw her in "Grandma Sylvia's Funeral".

Jade and I begin to talk, and she tells me I'm very cute and that she was punk rock before anyone else was. She says she wore leather jackets, studs, and all that shit, way back, before it was in fashion. She then tells me she was glam before that happened too.

As we speak, all I can think of is I'm here with this beautiful woman, who is also Drew Barrymore's mom. And she's hot. And she seems to like me. And, geezus, out of her vagina came Drew. Her pussy is, well, sacred. I begin to wonder if I was even worthy of speaking to her, never mind whatever else I had on my mind.

The drinking continued, as did the polite hugs, and groping. Eventually, Maureen announced that she had to get some sleep, and Stacey and Jade decided to leave with her.

As Andy and I wished them all a safe trip home, I got to hug all three of them once more. It was then Jade gave me a very, very nice kiss. On the cheek, of course.

And then they were gone.

And then, we were as well.

And laying in bed, later that night, I thought about the entire day. How the CMJ people who were here for the music marathon, were, for the most part, dopes. And how hot Stacey, Maureen, and "The Dominican" were.

And then I thought about Jade Barrymore. But quickly pushed it right out of my mind. I may be disenchanted with the music industry, a pussy who wears women's pants, and a punk rock loud mouth. But, I'm no motherfucker.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.furious-george.com

Yeah, so anyway if ya didn't know Epitaph was bought by Interscope Records for about 26 Million dollars take a couple of RANCID CD's or so. Now we can all be happy because all those piece of shit bands that signed up saying "Oh, but its not a major label and we have so much control over our blah blah blah" can stick it up their heiney holes. What I did hear is that Fat Mike ran up to the office the next day with a truckload of cash (almost a million bucks) and bought all the NOFX releases on Epitaph so they can be released on Fat in the future. Also RANCID will be doing a double CD of Irish ballads, we'll I think SKREWDRIVER did and they tend to switch back and forth between them and wanting to be THE CLASH.

More in the labels bailing out department. Victory Records is getting out of the hardcore business. Cut Rate shorthaired metal bands just don't stay for the long haul and fans are dwindling to all time lows. They even changed their logo and colored in the Bulldog to make it look more like the swing bands that they're going to start putting out starting this year. Most of the swing bands used to be hardcore bands, but that's another story. I just don't understand why no one tells Tony Victory that cuffing your jeans up to your knees is just plain weird.

Corey from NASHVILLE PUSSY was backstage at a show in LA talking to Gene Simmons of KISS. Gene took no notice of the elders with her and asked the common question, "So, we gonna fuck after the show?" Corey then introduced Gene to her parents, who had come to the show with her and Gene shook hands and asked "So, are we still gonna fuck after the show?"

You remember the UNSEEN, right? The punk band from Boston who wouldn't play the WARP tour? Well, one of the singers, MARK UNSEEN, was spotted recently at 6am waiting on a HUGE line for ëNSYNC tickets! He was with his girlfriend (you know the story) and they were trying to blend in wearing ripped HANSON t-shirts and big pants. I wonder...being that every kid in Boston emulates the UNSEEN, will crappy teenage heartthrob all-boy fake R n' B bands be the next big thing for the kids? ëNSYNC may sign to Victory by the way.

Harley from the CRO-MAGS headbutted someone in SF and got chased by a gang with baseball bats. This comes from a very unreliable source and the fact that Harley is 4footsomething leads me to not believe he could head-butt anyone.

THE CASUALTIES were playing a packed show in a squat in Italy, when the bass player, John got really really pissed and tossed his bass into the sea of writhing Italian punk rockers. When Jorge went up to ask him what the hell the problem was, John punched Jorge right in the face and exited the stage before a full-scale war broke out. I guess John found out that Jorge fucked his girlfriend in that alley that smells like piss on 6th street.

More on the Alternative Tentacles/Mordam/Decay Records legal battle. Mordam switched to AT's side, probably because of the AK Press Scandal. No, it's got nothing to do with the size of Ramsey's Johnson. AK Press signed a contract with AT to handle all of AT's "relevant product" to the book trade. That included all of Jello Biafra's spoken word crap, plus all the joint CD's to be published by AK and AT together (Chomsky, Zinn, etc.). Well, Ruth at Mordam saw this as symbolically pickpocketing Mordam's corduroys and demanded that AT cancel the deal with AK. AK showed all receipts to Mordam proving that they only sold goods to the book trade which Mordam never does, and the deal was much the same as the Licensing deals Mordam Labels make with overseas distributors, but AT listened to Mordam's command and canceled the contract. AK is losing thousands of dollars because of it but refuse to sue because they are anarchists.

Ok, enough business, more sex.

Todd from Flipside had to go to the doctor to have an uncomfortable piece of metal removed from the mostuncomfortableplacetohaveapieceofmetal. Yeah, he's one of those lucky few who put a bobby pin in his peepeehole and lost it. I'm not sure what excuse he used but it was probably something like "I was trying to get the soap out"

Steve from the DEVIL DOGS has a foot fetish. Actually I think it's a foot-binding fetish.

THE SUSPECTS broke up because the drummer's wife beat him up.

Sara from THE SPIDERCUNTS date raped Nick Fitt. She was already in trouble for statutorily raping some kid from Long

Island, NY. Sorry, I can't help making fun of Nick every month since he applied for the job of running MRR. He still thinks he has a chance too. Hey Nick, I'd get that SCREECHING WEASEL tattoo removed before your next interview.

Over n out. Anne. Annerkey @msn.com

Teenage Suicide

WITH NICK FITT

No catchy headline this time, kids. No bullshit in this column. Its go time.

Boy does it suck to feel for other people. Boy does it suck to love other people. No sugar coating. Love is shit. Here is how it goes kids- you will love, you will lose and you will hurt. Stand in front of a brick wall and pound your head against it until you understand that.

My friend Dave likes to say "tough times don't last, tough people do." Sure, it sounds like a bunch of tough ass bullshit the first time you read it, but once you really understand, it makes total sense. I think he got it off of a bumper sticker or something. I like it. And now you are all looking at these pages thinking I've been phenomenally hurt. Nothing could be further from the case. I feel strong as an ox, emotionally. I grabbed life by the lips and yanked as hard as I could. And I told her, for possibly the first time in my life that I wasn't going to take any shit. Usually you get at least a first name here at Teenage Suicide. No such luck here. I will not fuel the wretch's ego by telling the world who she is. She owns no trophies. She can lay no claim to any titles. I won the title bout in round three. Knockout punch delivered after the New Bomb Turks / Hellacopters / Quadrajets / some shitty Kyuss wanna-be band show at Coney Island High, December 4, 1998.

I won. I won. I dance on your fucking grave.

Now, while the first part of this column may be harsh, I think its important for everyone to realize that I am not lashing out against love, making attachments or anything else of that nature. But what I'm saying is that Dave Grenier is wrong and so is the Irish proverb he likes to quote- for God's sake don't ever "dance as if no one is watching and love like its not going to hurt." That's just fucking foolish. Be realistic. If, when you dance, you look like your lame-ass white old uncle at a wedding after he's had a couple of cocktails, then either learn to dance or sit your ass down.

And its going to hurt. Recognize. It may not be the end that hurts, but its going to hurt. Love has its ups and downs, which are much sharper than anything else you will ever experience. Love will reach in your head, pull out your brains and eat them. The more prepared you are, the better you recover. All I am saying is be cautious. If s/he is a fucking emotional locust jumping from person to person, taking what they can and leaving, then kick them to the fucking curb and don't look back. They are not good enough for you. Don't be so fucking blinded that you walk right into pain, fool.

"Nick... you know she says the same exact stuff to my brother."

"What stuff?"

"That she loves him and misses him and wants to be with him."

"I am such a moron."

"Why?"

"Because I see a big blinking neon sign that says danger and I walk right in, and I'm going to get hurt."

You know that you always see the warning signs. You see them coming a mile away. So fucking do something about it and don't think that s/he's the one, or "it'll be different this time." Motherfuck all that shit twice with a God damn chain saw! It won't be. Its never different. The vile excuse for a person that ripped out your heart and stomped on it is going to do it again. Don't give them another chance, and if you meet someone who reminds you of them, then run as far away as possible.

"What's the deal, Nick?"

"What do you mean?"

"Who are you going home with- me or her?"

"I'm going home with her."

"WHAT?! WHY?!"

"Because you're not going to do to me what you did to Ericka's brother."

"What did I do to her brother?"

"You know what you did to him."

I walk away. <uppercut>

"You are such an asshole!"

I don't look back. <left hook, she hits the canvas>

I win.

I walk away from Coney Island High with two friends and a thirty-three year old blonde in tow and get my shit out of Mike "The Fractures Are Coming Any Day Now" Rogers' newly keyed car (hey Ben- I know what you did to Mike's car last summer too). There is no looking back. She makes several attempts to contact me, to talk to me, to just get an explanation. I tell her to, in so many words, fuck off and leave me alone. Then I send her proclamations of love to her boyfriend who threatens me. Ignore me at your fucking peril, asshole.

You can beat it. You can beat the pain. Ever get a scab? There are those that sit there and play with the fucking thing and drag it out and pull and go "ow" and leave it alone for a couple of weeks and then pull a little more and go "ow" and repeat that shit forever so that the process of getting rid of this festering piece of shit takes forever. I like to take the thing and rip it off all at once. Its done with and the pain is a good kind of pain. It says "I'm alive!" Its one of the little ways that I extend my middle finger to all the shit that life throws at me and say, "fuck off."

Its also a bit comforting to know that you have the upper hand. Anyone who uses sex, sexuality or appearance as a weapon is about to get cornholed by time. Those pretty looks aren't going to last much longer and then where the fuck will they be? The tits fall down, jimmy won't stand up anymore and you just don't have the same flair. Have a nice life, motherfucker.

So the next time someone who claims to be understanding but does little shit to hurt you fucks with you- fuck with them. Fuck back. See how they like the taste of shit in their mouth.

EPILOGUE: I owe her eight dollars. Let's calculate what I actually owe her. My deficit- $8.00 Her Bill-Wasted Time- $4.75/hr (Mass. minimum wage during the year of 1995 in which we met) times 50 (estimated number of hours I spent in her presence or on the phone with her or talking about her) = $237.50

Wasted Cigarettes That Quenched Her Fix- $.10 (estimated cost of a cigarette before all the fucking health nazis jacked the price up) times 2 (number of cigarettes I remember giving her) = $.20 Wasted Spit I Left There Upon Her Lips- $1.19/pint (cost of a pint of Poland Springs bottled water- hey, my spit is just as good as their water) times 2 (estimated pints of spit I swapped with her) = $2.38 Total = $240.08 Who owes who?

ENDNOTES: 1. Songs dedicated to the offending party- tracks 1, 3 and 12 off of "Anthem for a New Tomorrowî" track 4 off of "Dragsploitation... Now!", but most of all track 3 off of "Raw Power" Have a nice day, motherfucker. 2. As always, I can be reached at 404A South Main Street, Attleboro, MA 02703 or xnickfittx@aol.com 3. Anyone who wants to see rare grind, powerviolence or sludge stuff should email my favorite record collector dork at HelnatOin@aol.com 4. Its spelled wrong. Its not "hellnation", its "hellnatoin". Get it right, punk. 5. Ericka, Dave and Megan rock. Thanks for being in my corner.

Take it to Your State

Womyn's reproductive freedom is a heated topic and continues to be a growing concern. Roe vs. Wade is twenty-five years old, and for the first time since that turning

point both House and Congress are majority anti-choice. Womyn's reproductive freedom continues to be threatened and the statistics are startling. Only 131 of the 435 House members support a womyn's right to choose. And only 33 of 100 Senators are completely pro-choice (www.naral.org/federal/congov.html).

The issue is even more complex for womyn that live in the poverty class. Federal Medicaid does not cover abortion costs; so many pro-choice activists have taken it to the state level and are achieving victories. In New Mexico last month, it was the 16th state to pay for medically necessary abortions using state Medicaid money (Sarasota Herald, 12.6.98). The New Mexico Supreme Court ruled unanimously that the Human Services Department had discriminated against womyn by opposing money for abortions to poor women while paying for any medically necessary procedure for poor men (Sarasota Herald, 12.6.98).

Twelve other states are now paying for abortions for poor womyn under the state Medicaid program and four are doing it voluntarily: New York, Hawaii, Maryland, and Washington. Although Pro-choice activists have challenged North Carolina and Pennsylvania, they still won't pay for a poor womyn who chooses to have an abortion.

In 1976 Congress passed the Hyde Amendment, that stopped federal Medicaid money from supporting a womyn's right to choose unless the womyn's life was at risk or the womyn had been raped (including incest). Then in 1980, the Supreme Court, in Harris vs. McRae upheld the constitutionality of the Hyde Amendment. This caused Pro-choice activists to file a series of lawsuits in state courts in order to prompt the states to use their own money to help poor womyn. They won six victories. Since 1992 in Planned Parenthood vs. Casey, abortion rights activists have won six more lawsuits regarding state Medicaid although that ruling gave more rights to each state in restricting abortion.

It is inspiring to see people working within the spirit of grass roots action. What I mean is, people taking action from inside the state and succeeding in spite of the conservative congress. This is a powerful message to womyn everywhere. That we can have victories within our communities, cities, states that set a president saying we won't go back, and we will stick together. While the state strategy seems to be working, it is important to remember that we need to take action at the federal level as well. With that partners, take action where ever you need to. With the political climate in D.C. on such shaky ground there is no telling what this Congress will do.

*rhinestone t

All other info taken from an article in the Sarasota Herald-Tribune, Sunday, Dec. 6, 1998, the article was written by Steven A. Holmes through the NY Times News Service and the internet.

Garage and Surf in a punk mag?

From the early 80's till the end of the 80's M.R.R. was a rad punk mag.In 87 it started to get a little poppy,than alternative. By 93 it was a mess.Then Tim Yo (RIP my friend) said good bye alternative music,see you pop punk,so long emo. Cause of that, new mags were started for those types of music.(Punk Planet, HeartattaCk, 10 Things Jesus Wants You To Know, just to name a few.) Then garage and surf were beginning to get coverage in M.R.R. In the past garage and surf were hardly in M.R.R. Than in the 90's out went all the other forms previously entered above and in came garage and surf. Soon many issues contained garage and those bands were more emphasized than punk bands. Now things have changed staff wise,but the garage still is here: not as prominent as it was ,but to much for me.I say its time for garage to be taken out of M.R.R. just like pop punk was. Flipside covers tons of Rock N Roll and garage. I think that's the place garage belongs. M.R.R.is a punk mag. There are so many rock and garage mags out there, but few punk ones. Practically all these bands get coverage in M.R.R.,but practically no punk bands get coverage in garage or rock mags. What about lot of the garage bands that get on punk shows? Funny thing I notice is the favor hardly ever is returned.What about other things. Take distribution for example. Record distribution that is. Mordam Records is a huge record distributor. It started out to help punk labels that needed good distribution. As the years went by it got more on the garage, surf and alternative side of things. In the past few years they even added a ska label. Now besides one or two labels Mordam distributes practically no punk records! Pretty messed up since punk got them going and there are now many rad punk labels that could use some good distribution. Their records would do rad with a place like Mordam selling them, but no. Mordam isnt in to punk anymore. Or if they are their actions are not showing it. They seemed to have turned their backs on what got them going in the first place. In fact M.R.R. is distributed by Mordam, but I have a feeling that if M.R.R. were to approach Mordam about distribution today M.R.R. would get voted down by Mordam. However the newest garage,surf or alternative label would be welcomed with open arms. The messed up thing about Mordam is the owner, as well as lots of the staff used to be way into punk. If they still supported it they would take care of all these punk labels that need good distribution as well as the garage, surf and alternative labels. Now the people who work at Mordam are nice. I'm even friends with two of them. However Mordam has (maybe without realizing it) turned their back on punk. At a time when they are needed the most by punk labels! Why should punk labels be shoved aside for these other forms of music that can get distribution from tons of other large distributors. However punk labels can't cause...well cause they are punk and not excepted by the masses. Garage, surf and rock are. Just because some garage is underground should not mean it gets into M.R.R..There are lots of underground metal bands too, but we don't see them in M.R.R.Why? Cause M.R.R. is not an underground metal zine or a plain underground zine. It's an underground punk zine. Not an underground garage or surf music zine either. So why should garage or surf bands get different treatment than pop, metal, emo, swing or alternative underground bands. I don't think it should. Yes there are some very nice and cool talented people in bands like mentioned above,but M.R.R. is a punk mag and that's what I think should be in M.R.R..I've had so many punks lately tell me that they don't read M.R.R. hardly at all anymore cause of all the garage coverage. These were once people that wouldn't miss a issue of M.R.R.! Like I said before there isnt enough punk mags as it is. Why should M.R.R. let garage in its pages when there are so many over looked punk bands out there! Hell, I started Beer City, because I thought lots of punk bands were getting the shaft by pop punk and alternative bands. Now punk bands are getting the shaft in M.R.R. cause of garage bands! NO,NO,NO. It must stop! There is nothing wrong with garage or surf music (or any kind of music for that matter),but M.R.R. was started for punk. Not garage and surf! That's a fact. To end this I will put it in simple terms. You wouldn't send a country music record to a metal mag and expect it to get reviewed. Get what I'm saying?Thanks for your time everyone. SK8 TOUGH F.S.U. Mike Beer City

Some Pointed Questions for Sam Donaldson

Ed Asner got it exactly right: "I just know that the trial stunk." That is the heart of the issue, and the one issue that Sam

Donaldson and ABC's 20/20 broadcast on Mumia Abu-Jamal avoided like the plague in their December 9 broadcast. Jamal was framed up in the royal tradition of the Philadelphia police and prosecutors. Witnesses were coerced to change their testimony, evidence was withheld from the defense, and police officers lied under oath. The result is that a talented journalist and critic of the Philadelphia police has sat on death row for 17 years, falsely accused of murder.

This is a case where the judge has sentenced more people to death than any other sitting judge in the United States. The jury was enpanelled only after eleven qualified African-Americans were removed by peremptory challenges from the prosecution. The defense attorney testified that he didn't interview a single witness in preparation for the 1982 trial. And the Fraternal Order of Police (FOP) has orchestrated a national campaign calling for Jamal's execution.

The story of Mumia Abu-Jamal is case study in prosecutorial and police misconduct. Yet the purpose of the 20/20 program was to portray Mumia's dedicated defense team as duplicitous, to paint his increasingly prominent supporters as dupes, and to signal that anyone who dares to speak out against the ever expanding use of the death penalty is going to come under heavy attack.

I accuse Sam Donaldson of championing the police campaign for Jamal's execution, and I put these questions to him to answer if he can:

1. Do you think that critics of the government should be sentenced to death on the grounds of their political beliefs?

I ask this question because the prosecution used quotes from Jamal from a decade earlier, when he was a member of the Black Panther Party, as an argument to the jury for sentencing him to death. This type of argumentation was later outlawed by the U.S. Supreme Court. Then in response to his publishing a very political book in 1995, Jamal was thrown into punitive confinement and cut off from the world. If a similar political dissident had been punished for writing a book from prison in certain other countries, Madeleine Albright would have denounced this on the floor of the United Nations as a human rights violation. When it happens at home there is stunning silence. Yet many people are mindful of what has happened to other political dissidents in this country ranging from the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. to the 27-year false imprisonment of former Black Panther leader Geronimo ji jaga (Pratt), and do not want to see that tradition continued.

2. Do you think that accused people are entitled to a legal defense?

I ask this question because your attitude toward Jamal's defense attorney was totally adversarial. You did not invite him to present his side of the story. Instead, you challenged his statements and used only selective snippets out of a two-hour interview with him. This was in marked contrast to your chummy visits to the scene of the shooting with prosecutors and police. Thanks to the work of Leonard Weinglass and the rest of the defense team, we now know why the key witnesses Veronica Jones, Cynthia White, and Robert Chobert testified as they did in 1982. Jones, who now testifies in support of Jamal, was threatened with the loss of her children if she did not support the police story. Both Chobert and White received very special treatment, including exemptions from criminal prosecutions. By contrast, when Veronica Jones testified in Jamal's support in 1996, she was arrested in the courtroom when she stepped off the witness stand.

The 1982 jury never heard the testimony of William Singletary at all. Singletary is the only witness besides Cythia White (who has been "disappeared") who actually saw the shooting, and he says Jamal didn't do it. Singletary testified in 1995 how police in 1982 would not release him until he signed a statement that they had dictated. Prosecutors also withheld the fact that defense witness Dessie Hightower had been given a lie detector test. And it was not until 1995 that the defense learned that the deceased officer had on his person the driver's license application of a third man, showing that another person was involved in the incident. Nor did the 1982 jury know that the written coroner's report stated that Faulkner was shot with a .44 cal weapon. Isn't it the responsibility of defense attorneys to bring this sort of information to light?

3. Do you really find it credible that a group of trained police officers would hear a public confession of guilt for the slaying of a fellow officer, and none of them would report it to anyone for two months?

I raise this question because none of the police officers who subsequently came forward to swear Jamal had confessed told this to anyone prior to a strategy meeting with the District Attorney two months after the incident, and after Jamal had filed police brutality charges. One would think that such a dramatic confession before so many witnesses would have been front page news the next morning. Also, you state that the hospital guard Priscilla Durham reported the confession to her supervisor the next day. How do you know that? Ms. Durham did not make this claim until two months after the incident, and there is no documentary evidence of this. And if her claim is true, why didn't the supervisor make it public or report it to police at the time? The fact remains that the only contemporaneous record is the report by Officer Wakshul who wrote that Jamal made no statement, and this was confirmed by medical personnel in the emergency room.

4. Are you comfortable with the fact that prosecutors used peremptory challenges to knock almost all the African-Americans off Jamal's jury, a practice that was later declared unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court?

I raise this question because this procedure has been so entrenched in Philadelphia that the District Attorney's office even produced a training video for new assistant DA's on how to do this after the Supreme Court decision mentioned. Today there are 222 people on Pennsylvania's death row, the fourth largest death row in the nation. Of these, 62% are African-Americans in a state that is only 10% Black. The city of Philadelphia alone has more people on death row than 26 states, of whom 83% are Black. The systematic exclusion of Blacks from juries in Philadelphia prohibits those who bear the brunt of police and prosecutorial misconduct in Philadelphia from participating in the process that has condemned so many to death.

5. Do you think that the Pennsylvania Supreme Court that has denied Mumia's appeal is capable of ruling fairly on this case?

I ask this question because you have raised the issue of bias on the part of Jamal's supporters, but not on the part of his judges and accusers. Yet the Pennsylvania Supreme Court is a cop court. Five of the seven justices of the court were endorsed for election by the Fraternal Order of Police, the group that has orchestrated the campaign for Jamal's execution. Further, we know that Chief Justice John P. Flaherty received the Justice Award, presented by the Sheriff's Association of Pennsylvania; Justice Ralph J. Cappy (who wrote the decision in Jamal's case) was selected as Man of the Year by Pennsylvania State Police and Man of the Year by Pennsylvania Fraternal Order of Police; Justice Ronald D. Castille (a former Philadelphia District Attorney) received the Distinguished Public Service Award from the Pennsylvania County and State Detectives Association, the Layman Award of the Pennsylvania Chiefs of Police Association, Man of the Year from Fraternal Order of Police Lodge No. 5 (in Philadelphia), and the Profiles in Courage Award from the Marine Corps Law Enforcement Foundation; and Justice Sandra Schultz Newman was honored by Police Chiefs Association of Southeastern Pennsylvania "For dedicated leadership and outstanding contributions to the community and law enforcement."

6. What do you think is the proper deterrent to prosecutorial misconduct, if not a new trial or out right dismissal of the charges?

As you may know, in the last twenty years, over 70 death row inmates nationally have been released because they have been proven innocent after having been sentenced to death for crimes they did not commit. A majority of these miscarriages of justice resulted from prosecutorial misconduct. And I am sure you are aware of the current scandals in Philadelphia where dozens of people have been exonerated

after being convicted on false testimony and evidence planted by the police. Take the case of your friend, prosecutor McGill. He masterminded the murder conviction of a man named Matthew Connors, claiming that Connors did it with his shotgun, which McGill waived about the courtroom. Connors was released after 12 years in prison when the coroner's report came to light, establishing that the victim had been stabbed, not shot.

7. Why did you not interview the Fraternal Order of Police directly?

In its national campaign to thwart Jamal's appeal for justice, the Fraternal Order of Police has used everything from major newspaper ads to airplanes towing banners. They have set up "Justice for P/O Daniel Falkner, Inc." and maintain a large web site. They have tried to censor Jamal at every turn, preventing his voice from being heard on NPR and attempting to ban his books. Yet the image they hide behind is that of Officer Faulkner's widow, working alone at her home computer against the powerful forces of Hollywood. Nothing could be further from the truth. The campaign to "fry 'em first, ask questions later" comes from the highest offices in the land. The "Effective Death Penalty Act of 1996" which guts the right of habeas corpus was the pet project of President Clinton, and Maureen Faulkner has been seated on stage in Washington with President Clinton and Attorney General Janet Reno. At the same time, Jamal has been locked in a solitary cell for 22 hours a day for 17 years for a crime he has always denied committing and as the result of incredibly biased judicial proceedings. He has been denied any physical contact with his family and loved ones. He has grandchildren that he has never been allowed to touch. I am not sure why you feel that Ms. Faulkner should be "emotionally privileged" in this discussion, as though no one else has suffered unjustly.

8. Will 20/20 make available the transcripts of its interviews in order that we can judge the fairness and accuracy of the editing?

I raise this question because a great deal of editorial discretion goes into the preparation of any television production. Hours of interviews must be boiled down into but a few moments on camera, and the editing process is guided by a story line in this case, one of seeking to vindicate the prosecution. Seeking permission to interview Jamal on camera, your coworker Phuong Nguyen wrote to the head of the Pennsylvania Prisons saying that most of the material available to the public was biased in favor of Jamal, and that "We are currently working in conjunction with Maureen Faulkner and the Philadelphia Fraternal Order of the Police." As expected, that interview request was denied. But then when Jamal's civil suit to force the prison to grant the interview received a favorable reception in Federal District Court on December 7, ABC rushed to air the material it had on December 9, ensuring that Jamal would not be interviewed as part of the program. Instead you substituted old video of Jamal, some of which was used by ABC even though permission to do so was expressly denied because Mumia did not want to undercut the workers locked out at ABC. * * * * *

All of the issues raised in the 20/20 program about witnesses, ballistics, and the "confession," were dealt with earlier this year in a detailed response to ABC's San Francisco affiliate KGOTV, that did a pilot for the 20/20 segment (see "The KGOTV Report: A Case Study in Irresponsible Journalism," by C. Clark Kissinger and Leonard Weinglass, which contains exact references to trial testimony).

Sam Donaldson has now assured us that his report was based on four months of investigation. Thus it should not be difficult for him to respond to these questions, some of which can be answered in a single sentence.

People wishing to read Mr. Donaldson's response should contact him in care of 20/20, 147 Columbus Avenue, New York, NY 10023. Phone 2124562020, Fax 2124566533, email 2020@abcnews.com.

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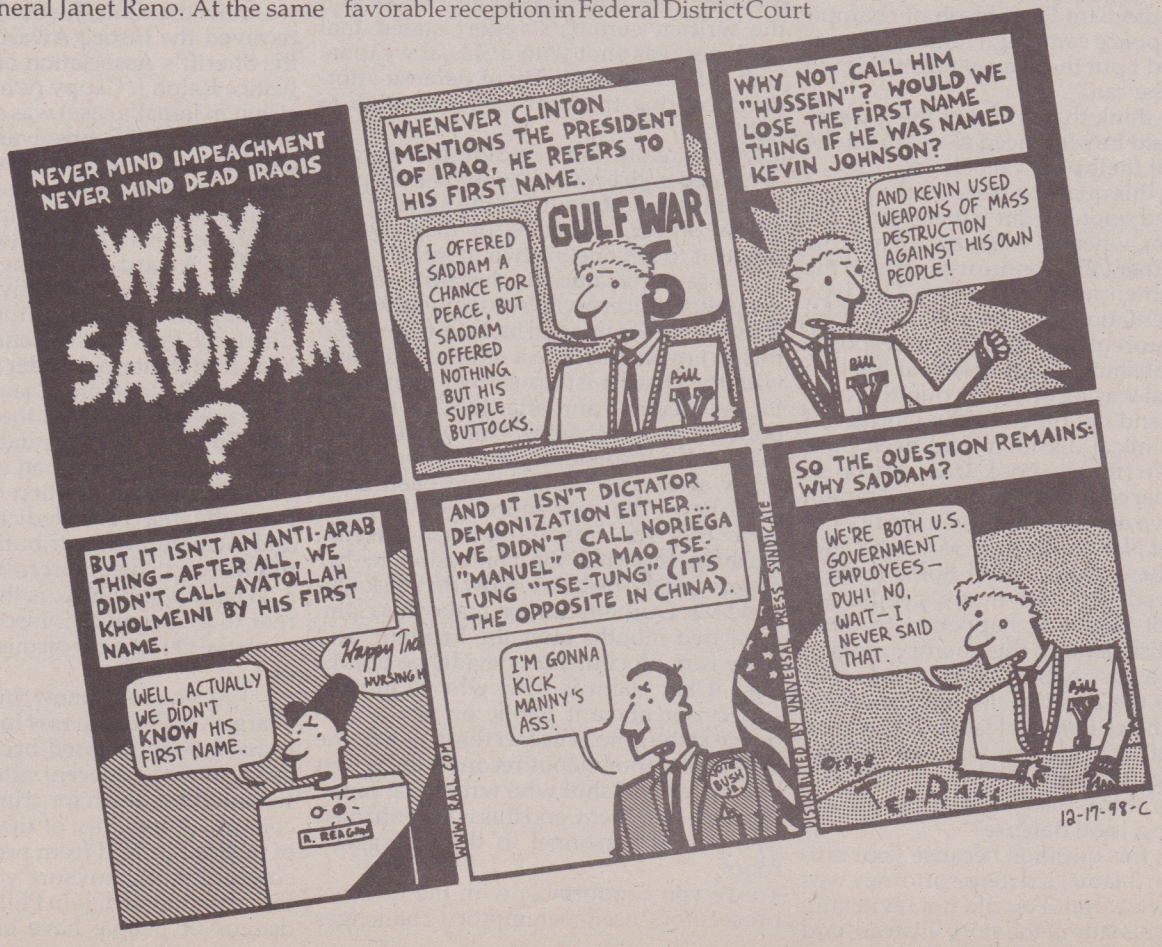

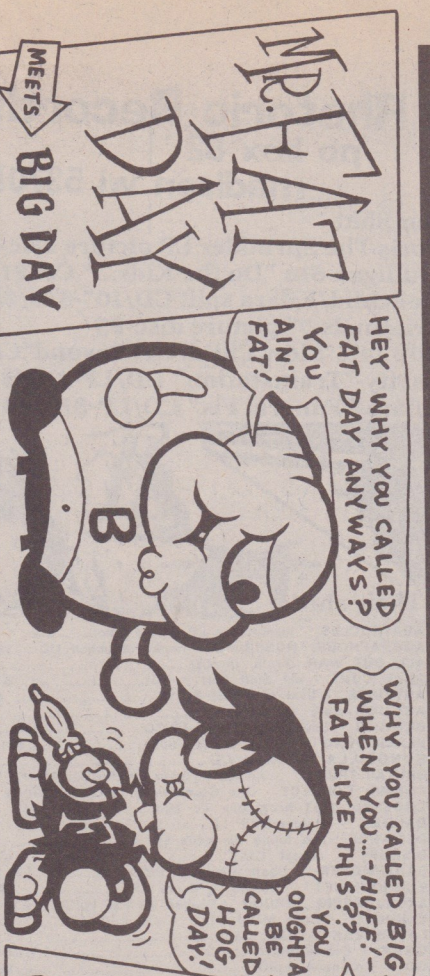

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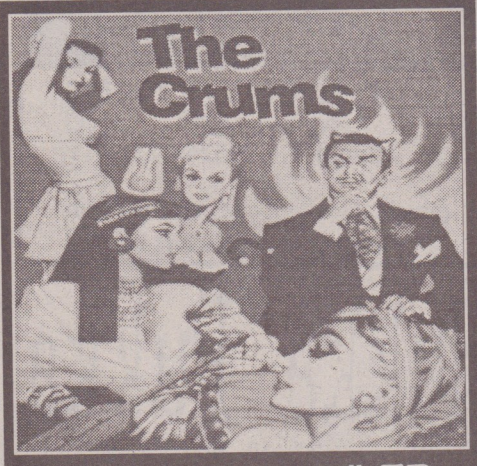

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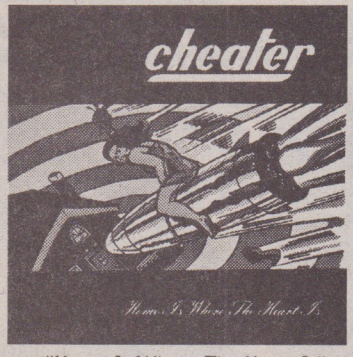

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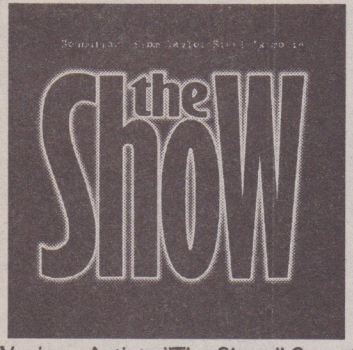

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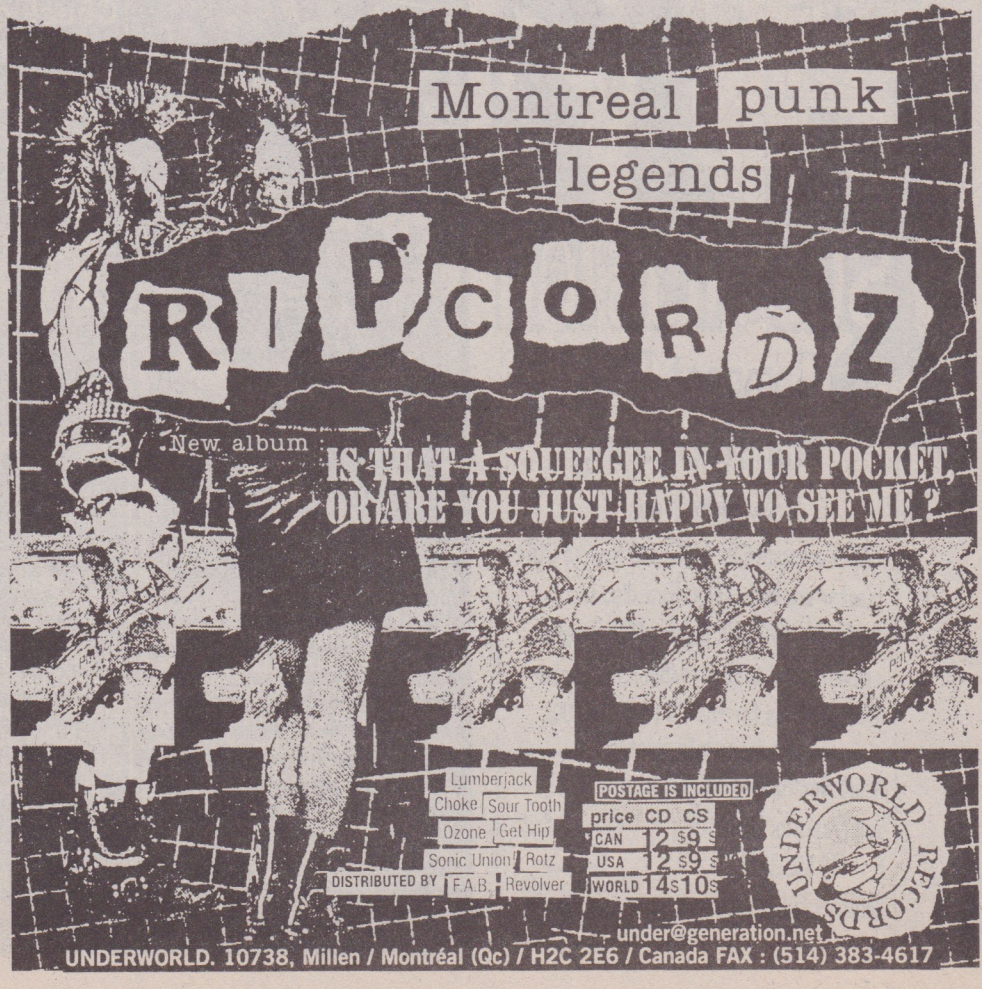


RUSSIA

I never heard any Russian punk music or even anything about it at all before I went to Russia. I had heard some bands from Finland and other Eastern European countries, but that was it. When I arrived in Russia I did not know how to go about meeting people so I went to the first punk show that I saw listed in the English free press there, The Saint Petersburg Times. The club turned out to be the size of a big warehouse and was called **the Polygon**. The band turned out to be a very pop punk band named **KAROL ET SHYT** (King and the Jester). When I wandered out of the club, a kid walked up to me and asked me to give him some of my beer. We started to talk and he quickly (through my attempted Russian) learned that I was definitely not Russian. He told me that the band I had just seen "wasn't punk rock"- kids here look at KAROL ET SHYT the way that a lot of people view GREEN DAY in the U.S.- and that I should hang out with him and he would take me to a real show. I do not know if I agree that the show wasn't punk music (but anyway I had fun) but I took him up on this offer and through him met some amazing people and heard some amazing bands.

Clubs in Saint Petersburg open and close every few weeks. When I got there in late August **the Gora** was the main punk club that everyone hung out at and played in. The Gora closed a few months later. Now the only clubs that will infrequently host punk bands and punk fests are **the Wild Side**, **Highway** (temporarily closed) and the **Polygon**. However as of now the Polygon has stated that it will no longer host punkfest because it scares away the regular crowd (who comes there to hear the usual "alternative" lineup) and therefore causes them to lose money.

So I lived in Russia almost an entire year and I went to shows a lot there and towards the end of that year I realized that there were actually only five or six bands that I went to go see, no matter who was headlining. These bands were **THE MARAUDERS**, **CHERTOVY KYKLI** (Devil Dolls), **PAYKI** (Spiders), **AY, THE STRAWBERRY JAM**, **TRYDNO**, **BRIGADNY PODRYAD** and the rare times that they came to visit, **PURGEN** from Moscow. But honestly there really aren't that many punk bands there at all.

CHERTOVY KYKLI, vaguely interpreted as the Devil Dolls, is the only hardcore girl punk group in Petersburg, and most likely in Moscow as well. They are the only girls that hung out with the kids I knew and they always held their own. Quote from Ala "It took them (the kids we hang out with) a year to figure out that we were not going to go out with them, and that we are just their friends, but now they get it." They sing songs like "It's not 'women's business'" (Sorry I translated that title really badly). Some of the words are "Look at me/Is it that strange?/ No I have nothing to give you/ Know this boy, girls like me / you don't ask out to the movies/ .....Jeans in shreds/ Boots in mud/ and starting to feel drunk/ I don't care/ I buy some port wine/ and meet yet another dawn with the cops/ Know this boy, it s not 'women's business'/ Tomorrow, a show....I start all over again/ I don't need anyone else/ Know this boy, It's not 'women's business'". There are a lot of good songs. Unfortunately some are really hard for me to translate. Here is another easy one called "Bastard." "I gathered up my clothes and got out of there/ I'm not going to ruin myself over it/ Fuck around with whoever you want /(chorus) You bastard, you left me for that bitch/ Fuck it, I won't die from that Bitch/ She is never difficult/ It is easier with her/ Peaceful you can live like everyone else/ because for her you are the authority/ You don't need the best/ but that which is easy..." This all sort of rhymes and goes together in Russian by the way. Understand that this is in Russia, and opinions like this and Riot Girl culture are basically nonexistent. Girls have a definite role in that society that differs from these girls' opinions. These ideas are very rare here. All of this and this idea are completely new, even completely new to the local punk scene. The group, headed by Masha (20) on bass and vocals and Ala (18) on guitar and vocals, Aylin on vocals too and varying drummers (right now Stassik), is a mix of X-RAY SPEX, THE EXPLOITED, VICE SQUAD, some BIKINI KILL like screams as well as something I find completely original. They rock so hard. They hold their own and play definitely traditional or hardcore punk rather than pop punk.

THE MARAUDERS is fronted by Ilya and it is for the most part his band. The drummer from another Petersburg band, MONSTER JOE, plays with him, as well as Yurik on bass. They play tight, fast music that is obviously MINOR THREAT influenced. This type of tight hardcore punk is rare in Saint Petersburg; they are obviously "musicians". THE MARAUDERS play out rarely but have released an album yearly for the past three years. Their latest album is in English and Russian. They are one of the closest things to punk with a social message that I have heard in Russia. Their new album, called "Propeller" has this one incredible song called "My God". The song starts with the words "In a big room/ build a church/ in a sunny corner/ set up an icon/ holy wine-television screen/ from morning to night/... by his laws/ television my God/ hallelujah!" This is my translation of the words. THE MARAUDERS right now write their songs in Russian

but are planning to put out a record in English. Another of my favorite songs is "Surrogate". "Surrogate: your music MTV, your delicacy hot dogs/ you relax your soul at McDonalds/ surrogate/ your coffee, instant/your religion, dying eggs/ your freedom is an iron-on A/ ....your love is porn/ never saying no your life-a sitcom/ processed passion, -canned laughter." There are so many amazing songs on the entire album. Of course the fact that the songs are sung in Russian makes the words unavailable to a lot of people, but the music itself is enough.

CHIMERA is a group that no longer plays. The music is haunting in the style of JOY DIVISION but without the electronics. The singer, also in the tradition of Ian Curtis, hung himself about a year and a half ago. The lyrics are not always understandable to even Russians, so that should not be a huge problem for anyone. The music sounds jumbled and indistinguishable as well. I hear that they were best live. Their tapes are very available in Petersburg..

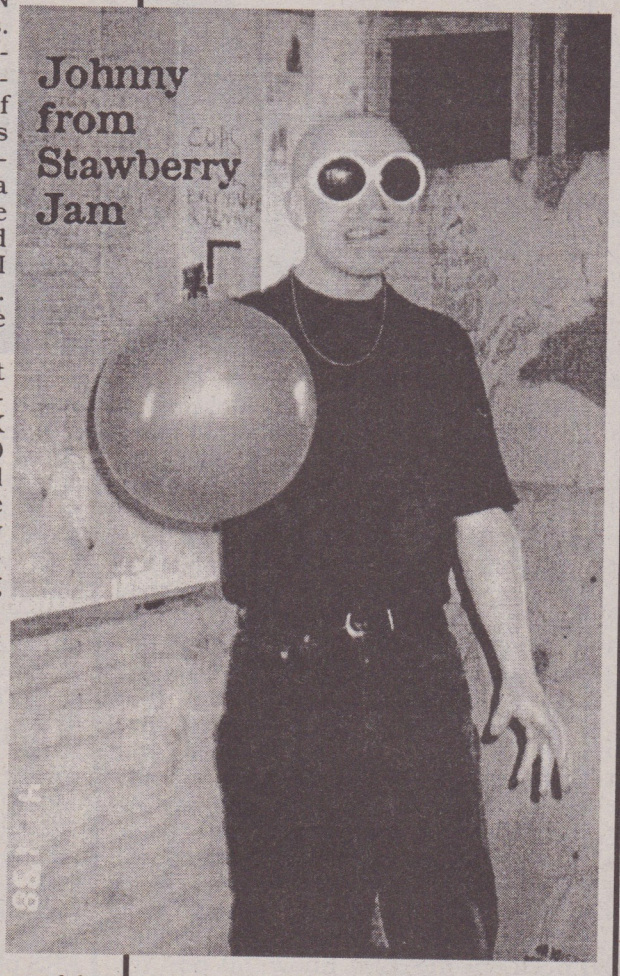
AY is, according to most Russians, the Russian "version or answer to the SEX PISTOLS." Formed over 10 years ago, this group played when Russia was still the Soviet Union. That is, they played at a time when someone could go to jail for having their hair a bit too long. Therefore punks were even more fucked with and had to deal with greater consequences. They get a lot of respect for surviving that period, and still play a lot. They are formally ORCHESTRA AY, sometimes including trombone and keyboards in their sets. Legends.

BRIGADNY PODRYAD is another older Russian group that still plays. I really like their music and a few of their songs are regularly covered by the younger bands. They are more poppy and happy than AY. However, they too have serious messages that they choose to convey in a less serious or intense manner.

The **PAYKI** is a group that should get credit for the fact that their songs are all pirate related. Catchy pop punk. The end.

PURGEN is the Moscow band that I have heard and actually really liked. His music would probably be classified by Americans as politico hardcore punk, but a little more traditional sounding. The singer, Purgen, is the most famous or "successful" of all the groups mentioned. He has played in Germany and always helps out other groups that are struggling. His tapes are probably easier to find. I think that Maximum Rock and Roll interviewed him.

THE STRAWBERRY JAM is a group that I cannot define. But it is not only me, I swear. They are all excellent musicians. Excellent. They play hardcore funk? Here is a hint, their favorite bands are the DEAD KENNEDYS, RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, THE EXPLOITED and some death rock groups. Their lyrics are in English sung with a strong



American (Chicagoan) accent. They live in Petersburg right now but are actually from Magadan (a former Stalinist work camp close to Alaska). They take part in what is the closest that I have seen to squatting in Russia. They also refuse to register with the city that they live in (registration is required). They don't dress like punks but their lifestyles are very political. No anarchy tattoos. Hey, guess what, they are also older than all of these bands. THE STRAWBERRY JAM is one of the bands that has actually played outside of the country. The band is made up of four boys from Magadan who moved to Saint Petersburg (as a band) two years ago. Their music is sung in English, though not always understandable. As musicians they rock, playing power thrash funk punk .

TRYDNO sings songs about beer and stuff. They are catchy. I like them a lot, sometimes. TRYDNO is a band made up of kids younger than THE STRAWBERRY JAM and MARAUDERS, and it is evident in their manner of playing and type of sound. They have an almost Lookout record type sound and are all good musicians. They have lyrics such as Viva la Piva (long live beer)- a love song to beer.

Other Stuff: Being in Russia right now sometimes I feel that I have gone through a time warp (in their fashions and way of life). The music is still relatively underground and there is a community here rather than just bands. Clubs close down and reopen all of the time, and groups play knowing that they might not have a place to play for a month at a time. They very much want to be heard but not for the rock-starness that we know in the U.S. but because they are continuously being bombarded with things Western, especially American. There needs to be an exchange established. Some Russian bands are trying to sing in English so that they can better be understood in the English speaking monopoly of today. This sucks too though because they are being even more Anglicized. But it is better than nothing. My friend who is in a band there said that labels are scared to deal with Russia because who knows what will happen with the government. I think that there are a lot of reasons.

In Russia right now kids as well as all people get regularly beaten up by police. That is not to say that this does not happen in our country but the extremity of it and the inability to try and fight back through laws is unprecedented in my experience. But other than that it is the same here. Kids drink beer, go to each other's shows, hang out etc. Although they still get stared at a lot more than in the U.S. for looking "different."

There is very little animal rights activism here. In the winter 99 percent of the people here wear fur coats and I have not met any punk vegetarians or any vegetarians in general. People find it very odd that I don't eat meat. I got made fun of and called Greenpeace girl by my friends but people seriously feel that meat is necessary because of the cold as well. I have not figured out how I feel about this situation in Rus-

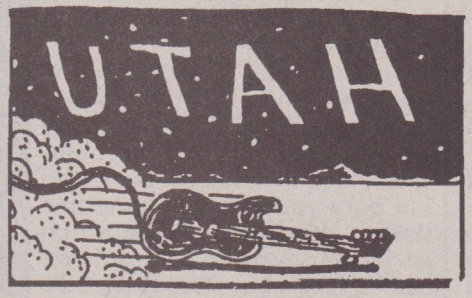
sia. I have a problem preaching to people who 5 years ago had to wait in 5 hour lines for a pound of sausage for the month. I have trouble telling people who earn very little right now that they should go to the supermarket and spend half a month's earnings buying vegetables, which are not always even available, especially in winter. Saint Petersburg is the eighth most expensive city in the world and Moscow the fourth. However, people are much much poorer in Petersburg so there is a huge imbalance between earnings and costs of food. Historically meat, potatoes and cabbage are Russian's main foods and even right now I see little else (other than ice cream) for a reasonable price. I have never had to be hungry and I can afford a warm non fur coat (fur coats are cheap here) so I feel like I am not in a position to preach. I know that in Finland (which has a similar climate and is close to Russia) has animal rights activism and therefore it is possible here. However, all that I just told you is just what I have observed.

Moscow groups tend to be different than Petersburg groups. Petersburg groups tend to be more hardcore punk and less melodic and poppy. When the KYKLI played in Moscow people freaked out and thought that they were super hardcore crazy and all. They are more used to groups like the FOUR COCKROACHES who are rock starry and not at all hardcore.

There are lots of clubs in Moscow, they are more expensive but kids have a lot more money there. There is one underground-type club simply called **Punk Club.** A lot of people want to go to Moscow right now because there are actually places to play and of course, some money to earn. Like the U.S, people help each other out here, letting traveling bands stay with them. Most people think that American bands must earn enough money to live from playing shows alone.

What else...Everyone shops at second hand stores, KYKLI even has a song about it, even though it is not as cheap as I expected it to be. My friends were shocked that I was American. They kept fucking with me asking me where my baseball hat was.

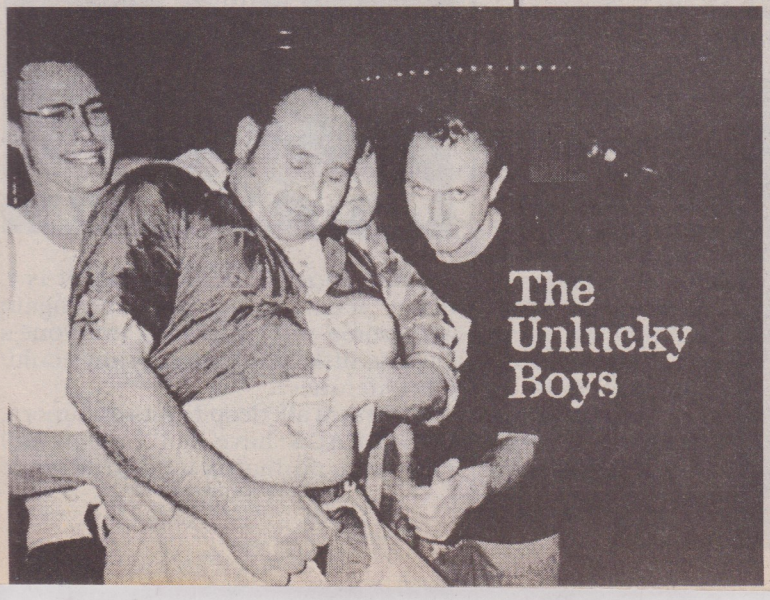
I can get tapes of THE MARAUDERS, THE STRAWBERRY JAM, CHIMERA, PAYKI, PURGEN, TRYDNO- all of the bands actually except CHERTOVY KYKLI because they haven't recorded yet.
THE MARAUDERS have a P.O. box and tapes would be $4.00 plus a $1 shipping and handling. Write to: Ilya "Maraders"/
Russia (Rossiya)/ Cankt Peterbyrg 192289/ P.O. Box 356. Purgen has a fax and telephone connection- (095)1518110 (telephone), (095)1543354 (fax). CHIMERA has e-mail: gakkel@tamtam.spb.ru but email internationally is sometimes odd. They have a fax number- 812 232 2558. You can write to me at either: Veronica_77@hotmail.com, aylin@ap.net
or abeyce @reed.edu.



I'm pretty sure it's been a while since anyone's heard word from here, so I'll try to touch some of the bases. Things are still sort of sectioned off into groups; straight edge, emo, etc., but the punks (gutter, drunk, PC) are known to hang together. Although it's not so easy to get them all excited about going out to a show..

I'll guess now I'll try to name some of the more productive bands, tell a little bit about what is going on in general and then name some venues.

THE UNLUCKY BOYS hail from Provo and are a country punk



comedy act with very funny lyrics mostly about growing up in Mormon oppressed Provo, Utah. Provo is the home of BYU and ABG's, a cool venue for alt. bands. They have self released a tape this year that I haven't been able to hear yet.

THE TEEN TRAGEDIES and **FISTFULL** are both fronted by strong women vocalists and totally worth checking out! TEEN TRAGEDIES do the pop punk thing with style and a bit more speed than is usual in the genre while FISTFULL are a little harder to classify, doing a little more "alternative" sound.

ENDLESS STRUGGLE hold up the leather, bristles, studs, and acne dept. and have recently flirted with signing with Taang. Luckily for them it didn't work out.. I've dealt with Curtis indirectly when I was in **POISON IDEA**. The band signed certain releases to Taang, and while we were in Boston, playing The Rat in 1990, he showed me around town. Any way, ENDLESS STRUGGLE's earlier stuff sounds like G.B.H., CHAOS UK, and DISCHARGE all of which still hold a place in my heart. Their newest stuff has taken a more Oi/streetpunk feel to it. Considering that they are the only people doing this in town, it's been good to have them represent Salt Lake. They did a West coast tour earlier this summer and again in early fall. Right now they are the band releasing the most material, having a track on the recent 12" comp that Jake from CASUALTIES put out on his own label Charged Records. They also should have a track the Salt Lake vs Seattle comp 7' which is being released by Nils from POXY up in Seattle.

MAGSTATIC is Terrance D.H.'s new band. His lineage in Salt Lake City goes way back to a band called THE STENCH, who were very popular during the mid to late 80's. The new band has a single out on Sub Pop, which I heard he's not so happy about the sound quality of. Power pop ala MOTLEY CRUE?, with Terrance's distinctive vocals

I myself have gotten off my ass

and made some things happen lately. First of all my new band **YER HIGHNESS** put out a 10 song CD in early 98 and followed it up with a tour of the Northwest.

WE ALL FALL DOWN has members of a lot of past projects (NSC, HATE X 9, POLLSTAR, and BLANKSHOT). Some of these people are very motivated, working on Food Not Bombs, Leonard Peltier, freeing political prisoners. These people are truly activists, supporting many causes. WE ALL FALL DOWN does the 80's punk/hardcore thing with a definite European flair. They are planning on releasing a split 7" with a band from Mexico City called HOG and by the time you read this will have gotten back from a small northwest tour.

Another band that is rather hard to describe is **THE RED BENNIES**. Their guitarist describes them as loud screamy, awkward, and pretty. I figured it was better than I could do myself. We have been waiting for a official release by them for a good while. Maybe soon...

I've used my many years in the SLC music scenes, above and underground both, to secure the best music venue in town. **The Zephyr Club** is letting me promote 1 sometimes 2 shows a month. The locals have coined the name Aldine's Punk Rock Review. I have three bands a night and give away 400-500 free tickets for every show. We are getting 200 people out on Monday nights and with 3 different crowds people are subtly interacting. And our scene may again be becoming a bit more close knit. People come up to me at these shows and are saying, "I've seen more old friends here tonight than I have in a long time!" It's very cool but I also don't want to jinx it. I've successfully pulled off 6 of these shows and have recorded everyone. I hope to be able to put out a "live and the Zeph comp tape" finances pending!

All age places to play here seem to be **The Moroccan** a small place with sort of a hush hush approach to shows, they don't want to many people I think, cause it's too small. I saw Scot Generic there, it was pretty cool. There are some smaller shows going on at the University of Utah. I think they call it the **Cork Room**. You can contact Travis from WE ALL FALL DOWN for information on shows there.

On the bar side of things is **Spanky's** where Dave boasts that he'll book just about anybody and they will tell you horror stories about it. The P.A. is ok and I'm sure you can get some free drafts. Anything pretty much goes from punk to swing there. Not bad for a bar. **The Holy Cow** where they have disco every weekend with BOOTY QUAKE from CA but they do have some great shows. I saw the DAMNED, RUN DMC, and we played with FU MANCHU there. Also about 30 miles north of Salt lake in Ogden is **The O' Town Tavern** where a couple of older punks are running the bar. If you are headed up to Idaho it's a good watering hole.

There are a lot of bands around here who deserve recognition. I'll try to mention different ones each time, certain people are getting the job done and credit will be given as credit is due. This is Aldine Strychnine signing off. Getting high and Getting by Behind the Zion Curtain.

Bands contact info:
UNLUCKY BOYS - Scott 801-491-0574. TEEN TRAGEDIES - Kelly 801-556-2355. ENDLESS STRUGGLE - 120 Yale Ave., SLC, UT, 84111 801-531-1657, jdgerm@rocketmail.com. MAGSTATIC - Terrance 801-466-6743. WE ALL FALL DOWN - Travis 801-484-7127 Travest@aol.com. YER HIGHNESS - Aldine PO Box 520431, SLC, UT 84105.

Clubs info:
Moroccan 801-297-2125. Corkroom - contact Travis from WE ALL FALL DOWN. Spanky's - Dave 801-281-0838, Club 801-453-1200. Holy Cow - 801-531-8259. O' Town Tavern - Mike or Brendon 801-392-0246.

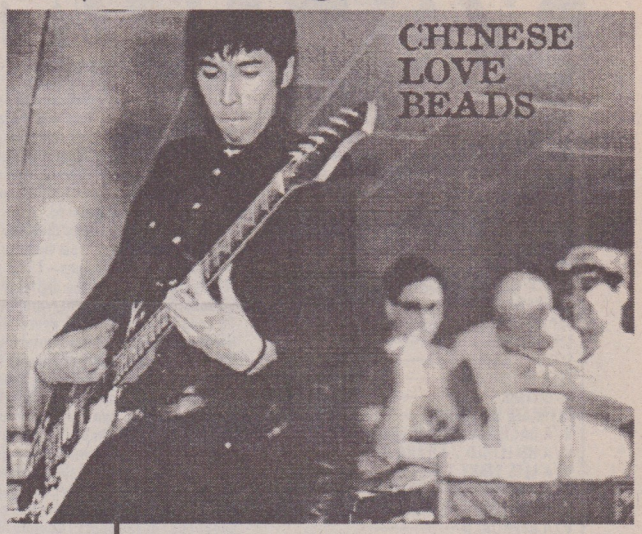
NEW MEXICO

Greetings True Believers! It is I, Brian "Action" Angel, back once again with some nifty news on everyone's favorite little punk scene that could: Albuquerque!

First of all, despite lots of rumors, **THE DRAGS** have not broken up! They were on hiatus for a little while

but now have a new drummer named Splat (no shit!) and he can pound! New singles are coming soon. Write 'em at 2300-B Central SE #198 Albuquerque, NM 87106. **SCARED OF CHAKA** have taken on Europe and Japan once again! What's up with that?! I interviewed them in MRR #176. They have a new 10" out. . . if you haven't heard them by now, something's wrong. Write 'em at 2118 Central SE #28 Albuquerque, NM 87106. Then there's Sympathy for The Record Industry's sweethearts: **THE EYELINERS.** Three gals playing RAMONES-style garage punk . . . and damn good too. They have a new album coming soon. Write 'em at PO Box 81922 Albuquerque, NM 87198. **FLAKE MUSIC** finally have a full-length out! If you're a fan of emo-pop, you'll love 'em. Write 'em at 2300 Central SE Suite B #107 Albuquerque, NM 87106.

Local Veterans, **ELEPHANT** also have a full-length out on the great local Science Project label. They play some awesome power-pop with female vocals. Write 'em at 428 Aliso NE Albuquerque, NM 87108. Now on Prank! Records, hardcore guys **WORD SALAD** are touring a lot. **SMUG** are gaining a lot of support locally. Their fast, tight style is why. Science Project put out a full-length by them too. They're at 544 Goliad Ct. NW Albuquerque, NM 87107. Geek rockers **LUXO CHAMP** still kick out the moog flavored pop punk. They have a couple of new things out. Write 'em c/o Wavy Brain 3108 Central Ave. SE Albuquerque, NM 87106.



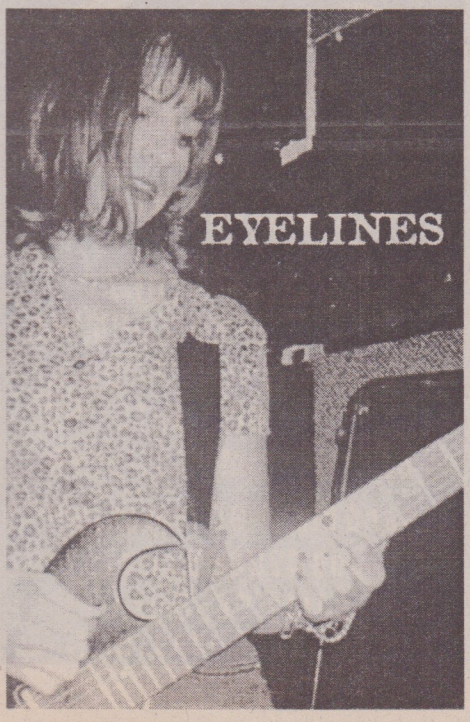
The mods dig **UV TRANSMISSION.** These guys have the style and the fashion sense! Get their 7" at 721 Arizona SE Albuquerque, NM 87108. **THE CHINESE LOVE BEADS'** style of garage mayhem makes them one of my personal favorites! They have a few 7's so write 'em at PO Box 40716 Albuquerque, NM 87196. The fun garage pop of the **RONDELLES** has lots of people crazy for them. The new 7" is on TeenBeat. They're at 1115 San Rafael NE Albuquerque, NM 87122. Other bands include: noise boys **ANCHORMAN** and **JAL LURE,** rock n' roll vets **THE HELLCATS,** the mean sounds of the crazed **BEEFCAKE IN CHAINS,** the snotty sounding **TROMA KIDS,** street punks **FTB,** the speedy poppy **BETTER OFF DEAD, ROLLOVER 45,** and **3 DEGREES.** Then there's **THE YOUNG ADULTS, ALARM CLOCKS,** and **LITTLE BLUE SCHOONER** for your pop fix and **THE STOPGAP MEASURE, THE PONIES,** and **PAVO** who are kinda new. I play in my own band of punk rock 'n' roll madness **THE PET PEEVES.** We have a 7" on the way so write us at 6516 Astair Ave. NW Albuquerque, NM 87120. I might be able to help with a show if you need it.

But shows in Albuquerque keep getting harder and harder to get. Most bands from this town are more popular everywhere else. However, the **Launchpad** is cool. The number is (505) 764-8887. Other bars include: **Sprocket's** (505) 232-9700 and **The Zone** (505) 343-7933. The famous Fred's Bread and Bagel are doing all-ages shows now (505) 266-7323! So is **Nob Hill Books & Music:** (505) 260-0792. If you're passing through, you might want to pick up a **Weekly Alibi** (free local newspaper) to see what's going on.

Some cool punk record stores are **Relapse** at 110 Yale SE (505) 266-6688, **Bow Wow Records** at 3103 Central NE (505) 256 0928, **Natural Sound** at 3500 Central SE (505) 255-8295, and **Nob Hill Books & Music** at 111 Tulane SE (505) 260-0792. The coolest B-movie video store in the world is **Wavy Brain** at 3108 Central SE (505) 256 3686.

The zine scene isn't what it used to be. I still want to get a new issue of ***Kablooey!*** out and I have old issues for a buck. I'm at 6516 Astair Ave. NW Albuquerque, NM 87120. ***The Vegetable Inside Us All*** is a great zine by my friend, Anne that comes out way more frequently. Order it for a buck: 436 1/2 Carlisle NE Albuquerque, NM 87106. ***Captn' Nola*** by Jacqui is a good punk read too. The address is P.O. Box 11212, Albuquerque, NM 87192.

That's it for now! We need more touring bands in Albuquerque, so I hope some of you can use this. Until next time: Make Mine Maximum!



VACUUM

january

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ANTIDOTE----------Thou shall not..	Classic NYHC hardcore reissued.	I dunno	EP	3.50
CHANGE----------Issue 11	With Simpsons CD/great read of course	Weight=14oz	Pr/CD	4.00
DETENTION ----------EP	Classic stuff - 'Dead Rock and Rollers!'	dunno	EP	3.25
DJ Q-BERT ----------Wave Twisters	The first full length - self released + hard to get	Galactic	2xLP/CD	20./16.50
ENEWETAK----------Onwards	Furious new release - huge production	Crawlspace	CD	9.00
GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS	New Tony Erba/Wedge band - furious	River on Fire	EP	3.00
HIS HERO IS GONE----------Fool's Gold	Newest recording, older tracks - great	GASR	EP	3.25
IRE----------I Discern	Slow, plodding and tortured.	Mountain	LP	6.00
MAN IS THE BASTARD ----------DIYCD	53 track collection - more than you need	Slap A Ham	CD	12.00
PAINDRIVER----------This Has to...	Finally - A Full length from these maniacs	Takeover	LP	7.75
PHOBIA ----------Return to...	Awesome older recordings - 1993 - great	Relapse	CD	8.00
PISSED HAPPY CHILDREN ------Pissed Plygrd	Finally making it onto the digital format	Crowd Control	CD	10.00
PROPAGANDHI----------Quality is...	CD collection - out of print/rare/hard to find	G-7 Comm.	CD	10.50
SEPTIC DEATH ----------Crossed Out Tw	40 song CD - ltd release - everything you need	Bac Sour	CD	9.00
SHIKABANE----------S/T	Great Japanese Hardcore - total blast	M.C.R.	LP	12.00
SOILENT GREEN ----------Sewn Mouth	New full length - Louisana swamp hardcore	H Head/Relapse	LP/CD	10.50/11
TALK IS POISON----------Right to Die	Amazing single - turning many heads.	Prank	EP/CD	3./6.00
TOTALITAR ----------Klass Inte Ras	New single from ancient Swedish HC band	Prank	EP	3.00
ULTIMATE WARRIORS ----------Nazo Wrestle	Crazy packaging, and a crazier record - frantic	D. Decker	EP	3.25
V/A BACTERIA SOUR II - Second Edition	New tracks - DOF/In My Eyes/OAC etc etc	Bacteria Sour	EP	3.25
V/A HELLCHILD / KILARA -----	Japanese blurrcore meets VA stoned weirdness	Rhetoric	CD	10.50
V/A LETS START A RIOT -------Volume 2	Sweden 1982-1985 all the big names	Riot	2xEP	8.00
V/A MORSER / THE SWARM--	Enormous recordings from both - Germ/Canada	Spiritfall	EP	3.00
V/A PALATKA / ASSHOLE PARADE	Florida Hardcore returns - back in print!	Jason	LP	6.00
V/A REPROACH----------	DropDead/MITB/Spazz/Rupture/Uranus+more	Ugly Pop	EP	3.25
V/A SEEIN' RED / MK ULTRA -	Long awaited split LP – Dutch & US	Coalition	LP	6.50
V/A SPAZZ / OPSTAND -------	West Bay Coalition meet French Political Noise!	Coalition	EP	3.50
V/A SPAZZ / SLOBBER --------	Somewhat limited release - you know the drill!	Sacapuntas	EP	3.00
V/A TAE KWON DO----------	Boot CD - Drop Dead/Ripcord/Toxic Noise etc	CDR	CD	8.00
V/A TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE	No Box - C Bronson/Spazz/Fuck on the etc	S. Pollution	4xEP	11.00

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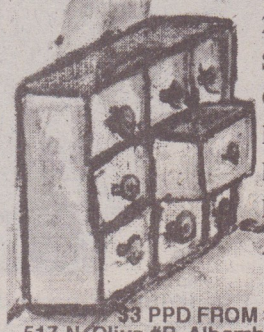

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Readymade "the block alone" 7"More shoegazey urban pop melodrama for rainy days and subway rides from readymade. Also featuring an expansive interpretation of the **Bark Pychosis** song *"All different things."* **Destroyer 7"** Magnificently addictive eclectic pop songs..."the kind of songs that play over in your head long after you've turned off the turn table"—EXCLAIM **Bumping up and down comp 7"** b'ehl, kittycraft, bunnygrunt, naysay and tummybug (featuring missy kulik) from **lil' red wagon recordings** $5cnd/4us/5usos **From Bubblegum to Sky 7"** Solo goodies from Mario of Ciao Bella

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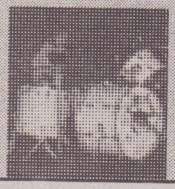

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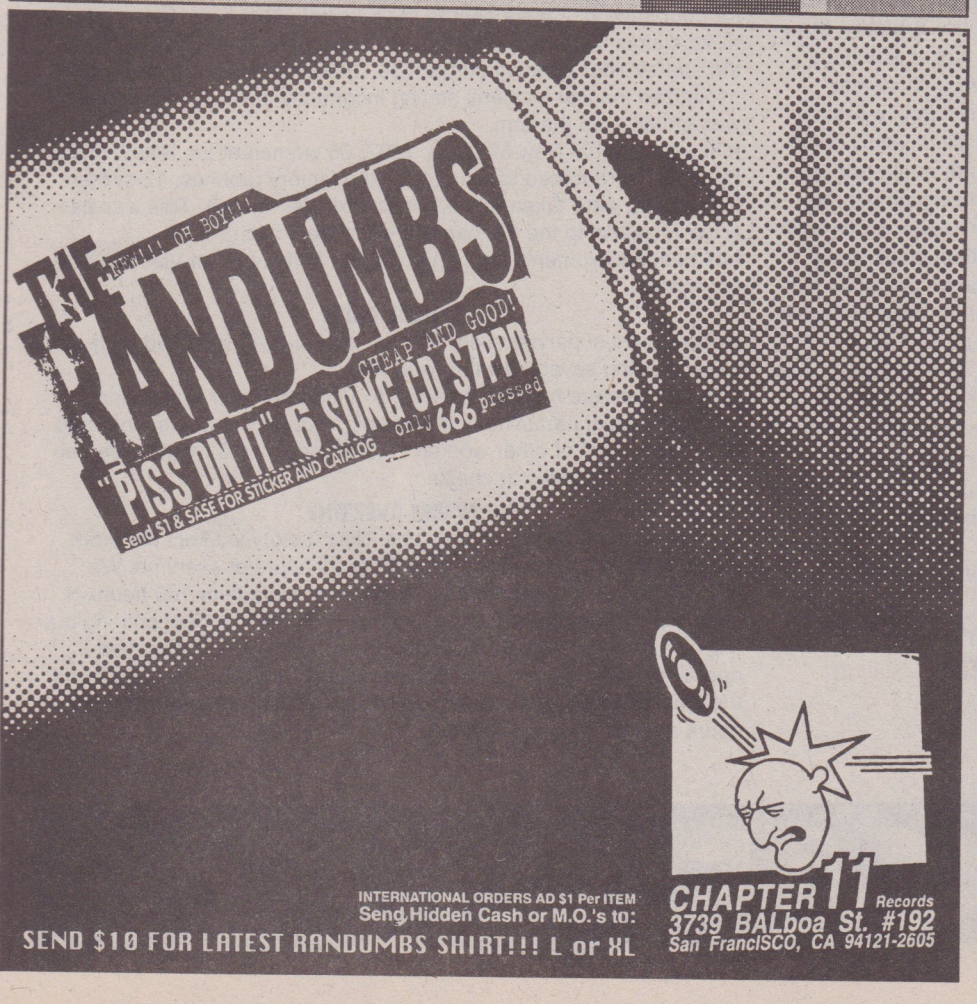

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NEWSNEWSNEWS

HANDS OFF ASSATA!

Assata Shakur, a leader of the Black liberation movement in the sixties and the seventies, escaped from a maximum security New Jersey prison in 1979 and was granted political asylum in Cuba where she is now living. Recently the US Congress passed a resolution calling for her to be extradited back to the United States. People around the country who want to see her remain free have begun a Hands Off Assata campaign.

For more information about this campaign write: **The Jericho Movement, PO BOX 3585, Oakland CA 94609. Assata also sent a letter to the Critical Resistance Conference. For a copy of her comments, please write to us.**

INTERNATIONAL DAY AGAINST POLICE BRUTALITY - MARCH 15

This day of protest first began in 1997, at the initiative of the Black Flag collective in Switzerland. Citizens Against Police Brutality, from Montreal, Canada helped launch this international day of action. In 1997, over 50 groups from 14 countries participated in this event.

For the last two years, the International Day Against Police Brutality (IDAPB) has been a success. The groups that have participated in this event are critical of more than just police brutality: they also criticize white supremacy, genocide, patriarchy, hetrosexism, capitalism, the state, etc. Most participating groups have been anti-authoritarian and/or anarchist orientation. However this doesn't mean that participating groups must be of that nature, only that political parties and other governmental bodies that would use this day of protest for their own opportunistic ends, would be doing a disservice to the public. This day of protest should remain as decentralized as possible, so that groups, coalitions, and people at large can decide upon what they wish to do.

The date for IDAPB, March 15, was chosen by the Black Flag collective in Switzerland. They chose this date because on this day, two youths, aged 11 and 12, were beaten by Swiss police. Some groups may be unable to organise for this exact date. If the date is changed, it's a good idea to keep it close to the original date.

We welcome your questions and comments - Mailing address:

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BOYCOTT NIKE! SOME FACTS - EDITED FOR SPACE

MINIMUM WAGE

•Workers at Vietnam Nike shoe manufacturing plants make 20 cents an hour or $1.60 per day. The workers told Vietnam Labor Watch that the cost of three meals per day in Cu Chi is about $2. Many of them skipped meals or receive extra financial assistance from their families. During the first three months of employment, all workers received $37 per month which is below the minimum wage of $45 per month in Vietnam.

•Nike also claims that the workers are paid a lower wage because Vietnamese law allows for a training wage less than the minimum wage. Vietnam's legal code, however, specifies that the training wage can be paid only for a "trial-period" of 6 days, (under Article 32 of the Labor Code of June 23 1994 and Article 5 (2) of Decree 198-CP of Dec 31, 1994)

•So Nike is in Triple violation of Vietnam Law, violating the provisions regarding minimum wage, Article 3 of Decree 197-CP of December 31, 1994, Section II. (1.) of Circular 11/LDTBXH-TT of May 03 1996, as well as provisions regarding labor contracts, Article 28 of the Labor Code and Article 5 (4.) of Decree 198-CP in addition to the above-cited provisions relating to the "trial period"

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

•15 Vietnamese women were hit over the head by their supervisor for poor sewing. 2 were sent to the hospital afterward.

•Nike claims that it disciplined these supervisors immediately. But at the shareholder meeting on Sept 16, 1996, Nike CEO Phil Knight minimized the first incident, stating incorrectly that only one worker was struck -- on the arm

•On International Day, March 8, 1997, 56 women at the Nike factory, Pouchen were forced to run around the factory grounds. 12 of them fainted and were taken to the hospital by their friends. This was particularly painful to the Vietnamese because it occurred on International Women's Day, an important holiday when Vietnam honors women.

SEXUAL ABUSE

•A Nike plant supervisor fled Vietnam after he was accused of sexually molesting several women workers.

•Women workers have complained to Vietnam Labor Watch about frequent sexual harassment from foreign supervisors. Even in broad daylight, in front of other workers, these supervisors try to touch, rub or grab their buttocks or chests.

FORCED OVERTIME

•Based on our analysis of paystubs, Nike factory workers are working 26 to 27 days per month plus 40 to 65 hours of overtime. We found months when workers were forced to work over 100 hours of overtime per month. We recognize that Vietnam is a poor country but there must be a level of corporate decency for a US corporation operating in Vietnam. Labor Law stipulates that "The labor user and the laborer may agree to work overtime, but not for more than four hours a day, 200 hours a year".

BEYOND AND BACK WITH THE MAXIMUMROCKNROLL NEWS

STATEMENT FROM POSITIVE FORCE ORGANIZERS OF "STOP BRUTALITY" CONCERT ON OCTOBER 22, 1998 AT CLUB SODA

October 22nd 1998 was the third national day of protest against police brutality. This day was called by the October 22nd Coalition, a national group based in New York who does community outreach in areas particularly affected by police brutality and publishes the Stolen Lives Project, which publicizes information about victims of police brutality. Members of Positive Force DC decided to have a benefit show to coincide with the national day of protest and to raise money and awareness for the cause. Our event was to be held at Club Soda on Connecticut Avenue NW, which we rented for the evening, and to feature punk-bands and speakers on issues pertaining to police brutality.

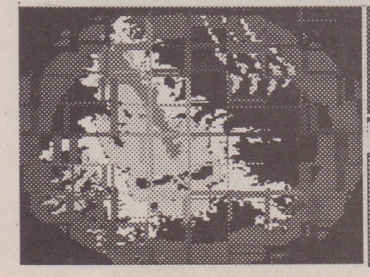
Over 200 people, predominantly youths, attended the event. At around 9:15 the show appeared to be running smoothly, when police entered the club. Within minutes, approximately 30 officers were in the club, including plainclothes police and FBI agents. They claimed to be investigating a liquor license violation; however, numerous eye witnesses have confirmed that no alcohol was being served. After inspecting the club, police along with the owner of the club began speaking on stage. They told the audience to exit the club, without explaining why they were being made to leave or what was going to happen. When the crowd demanded answers, the police responded with violence.

People who exited the club were met with a large police force outside, some of whom used billy clubs to attack the crowd, seeming to target women and smaller, younger concert goers. In the club, police were swinging batons with so little control that they were actually witnessed hitting each other. People not moving quickly enough towards the exit were pushed, thrown, beaten and dragged on the stairs. The force used by police was so excessive that one teenage girl was actually knocked unconscious.

In response to this outrage, roughly 100 of the concertgoers sat down on the service road in front of the Connecticut avenue evtrance of the club, and took part in a sit-in protest for the next 90 minutes.

The police force, initially consisting of numerous squad cars and fire engines, began dispersing shortly after attention was drawn to the situation. As bystanders and the media started arriving, the officers involved in the attack disappeared from the scene. After making arrangements to plan a followup, the protesters disbanded.

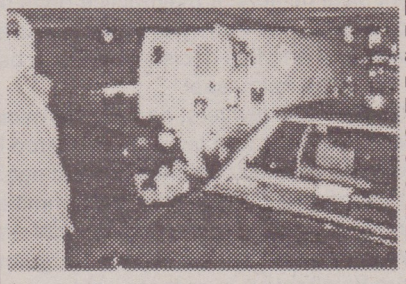
POSITIVE FORCE - (703)276-9768



STATEMENT OF BREEZE LUETKE-STAHLMAN THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1998

On October 22nd, 1998, I was scheduled to drop off some literature at Club Soda, here in Washington, DC regarding United States Political Prisoner Leonard Peltier. When I arrived individuals were being thrown from the club, among others, my colleague Sabrina Green.

Immediately I found myself simutaneously warding off police and attempting to figure out what was going on. It was not until much later in the evening that I even knew of the activities that occured, prior to my arrival, with individuals inside the club. Approximately 15 minutes after outside activities began, an encounter occured where I was dismayed to see military tactics at work: women were being targeted. After one particularly aggresive policeman violently shoved a 15 year - old female, I pointed out to the other officers to get him out of there, or they were going to regret his actions. He immediately turned toward me and behaved in the exact same manner - violently shoving me to the ground with his nightstick. We two women weren't the only ones attacked. The confrontation ended as media vans pulled up and with a blink of an eye, all of the officers involved in the initial conflict had vanished, however a disporportionate number remained. This brutality was apparent throughout the crowd, mainly affecting women, who had been struck and violently grabbed, displaying deep bruises within ten minutes. The exact reasons as to why the police were there in those numbers, is yet to be addressed. Why a fire truck was ready to "hose the crowd" and why FBI agents were present are also still unanswered concerns. **Breeze Luetke Stahlman Leonard Peltier Defense Committe**



EL HERMANO GRANDE

European law enforcement agencies have been hatching plans to set up an international network of 'Instant Access Centres' throughout Europe, enabling them to tap every type of communications system, includingmobile phones, the internet, fax machines, pagers and interactive cable television services.

The plan, called ENFOPOL '98, requires European telecommunications companies to be complicit by building tapping connections into their systems, allowing EU member states' law enforcement agencies free reign to tap communications throughout the nations involved. It is thought the US, Canada and Australia are likely to join the network also. ENFOPOL '98 is one of a number of plans being discussed by EU members under the new European Convention on Mutual Legal Assistance, the final details of which are likely to be agreed by the EU Justice and Home Affairs Council early next year, with member states' parliaments ratifying the Convention by the year 2000.

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ATTENTION JAY UNITOS

BEYOND AND BACK

LEONARD PELTIER NEEDS A LAWYER TO TAKE CASE!

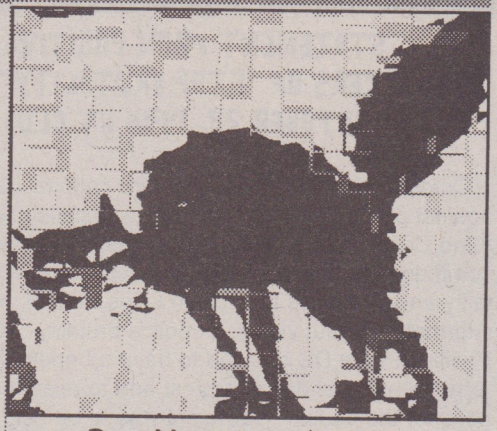
Leonard Peltier needs a lawyer to take a medical malpractice law-suit against the Federal Bureau of Prisons. In 1996 he was transferred to Springfield Medical Facility for a maxilla-facial surgery on his jaw. Dr. Collins, a contracted prison doctor had recommended that he be treated at the Mayo Clinic because, according to him, Springfield did not have the facilities to perform the operation. The prison ignored this advice. During the surgery Leonard almost died from blood loss. He went into a coma for fourteen hours. After the surgery, while he was still weak, he was put in the "hole" which was infested with cockroaches and ants. He was forced to stay in the 5x7 cell for 23 hours a day and was not given adequate writing materials or use of a telephone. During this time doctors convinced him that he needed radiation treatment on his jaw or he would die. He was not diagnosed with cancer. He was given radiation treatment for five days straight, making his condition even weaker. The operation was largely unsuccessful as his jaw is now in worse condition than it ever was before. For obvious reasons Leonard refuses any further "treatment" from Springfield.

Leonard cannot completely open or close his mouth. He cannot bite or chew his food and the prison will not blend it for him. He must mash his food with his tongue to eat. The condition of his jaw causes him to be in excruciating pain daily and he suffers from extreme headaches. The prison refuses to send him to the Mayo Clinic and will allow him to receive medical attention from Springfield only. The Mayo Clinic is contracted with the federal prison system and prisoners are routinely sent there for treatment. Dr. Keller from the Mayo Clinic has agreed to perform Leonard's surgery. Leonard had to file a law suit because the statute of limitations by which to file was nearly up. He sighted cruel and unusual punishment as a means for relief. The prison quickly dismissed it on the grounds that medical neglect or malpractice does not constitute cruel and unusual punishment (October 14th). Obviously the prison was and is deliberately indifferent to Leonard's medical needs and this decision needs to be appealed before the statute of limitations is up. We need help asap!

Jim Leonard, one of Leonard's part-time lawyers, has a lot of necessary research prepared for the case and is willing to meet with lawyers interested in taking the case. He cannot take it himself because he normally defends doctors against medical malpractice suits. Please contact the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee for more information. We can email, fax, or mail you copies of the original brief and the dismissal. Leonard's condition could prove to be fatal if an infection in his gums or teeth should occur. Currently legal actions are being taken in order to get Leonard the care that he needs. Meanwhile we must write letters to our state representatives, the Bureau of Prisons, and to the warden at Leavenworth requesting that Leonard see Dr. Keller from the Mayo Clinic. Make it clear that a transfer to Springfield Medical Facility would be totally out of the question. Mention Leonard's health whenever writing government officials. Needless to say Leonard's suffering is a form of cruel and unusual punishment for a crime which he did not commit.

LEONARD PELTIER DEFENSE COMMITTEE
PO box 583 Lawrence, KS 66044
785-842-5774 lpdc@idir.net

NONVIOLENT CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE AND PROTESTS
ON FEB. 6TH, 1999
SATURDAY, JUNE 26TH, 1999
(HOPEFULLY A PELTIER WELCOME HOME EVENT)



Dr. Mutula Shakur

Dr. Mutulu Shakur, a lifelong activist in the New Afrikan (Black) Independence Movement and a Doctor of Acupuncture, cofounder of the Republic of New Afrika (1968); the Black Acupuncture Advisory Association of America, and one of the pioneers in using acupuncture in the treatment of substance abuse; the Islamic Young Men's Movement, a youth prisoner organization; and was a key organizer in the historic gang truce between the Bloods and the Crips at Lompoc Penitentiary. Shakur was sentenced to 60 years imprisonment for an alleged conspiracy by the Black Liberation Army/New Afrikan Freedom Fighters against the U.S. government.

WRITE TO:
DR. MUTULU SHAKUR
83205-012
BOX PMB/D-UNIT 105
ATLANTA, GA 30315

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

PRIMATE FREEDOM TOUR: THE ARGUMENT

In the late 1950's researchers came back from a tour in the Soviet Union. While there, they visited the Soviet's primate research facility. These scientists became alarmed that the Soviet Union was ahead of us in the biomedical race. Their trip seems have led to James Watt, director of the National Institutes of Health, testifing before Congress about the need for a similar program in the United States if we were not to be left behind.

At that time, nearly 45 years ago, our understanding of primates was very limited and naive. Philosophers and ethicists of the time believed that the gulf between humans and other animals was wide and clearly defined: Only he made, modified, and used tools. Only humans possessed language. Only humans possessed culture. Only humans participated in systematic warfare. Only humans could exhibit altruistic behavior. Only humans pondered death and participated in religious ritual. Monkeys and apes, while they might be something like us in appearance and biology were nothing like us inside, in heart and mind.

Today we know that those philosophers and ethicists were completely wrong. Tool use in primates was first discovered in 1960 by Jane Goodall. Since that time we have learned that chimpanzees use an assortment of tools. Examples of meta-tool use, using a tool to modify or improve another tool, have been documented. Capuchins, a new world species of monkey, are known tools users as well; and macaques, an old world group, readily learn to operate computer joysticks in laboratories.

Almost 30 years ago people began to search for ways to communicate with apes and monkeys. They wondered whether real language use was even possible for non-humans. Today, many chimpanzees have been taught American Sign Language and have been engaging in dialog with humans. From these conversations it is now clear that their perceptions of the world are nearly identical to ours. They combine words to coin new expressions for novel situations and objects which we fully understand. An example of this is a chimpanzee signing, fruit drink when inventing a name for Kool Aid. Chimpanzees, bonobos, orangutans, and gorillas have all been found to be adept at learning human language. To date, few humans have come close to learning a non-human primate language. Noam Chompsky once criticized the research in sign language saying that if chimpanzees were capable of a gestural language they would be using one in the wild. He believed that this put the matter to rest, but since then we have learned that chimpanzees do use such a language in the wild.

The discovery that chimpanzees use a gestural language in the wild has contributed to the understanding that culture is passed from generation to generation. Language and tool use are both used in unique ways between different chimpanzee groups. The knowledge of how to use a specific tool and specific gestures is learned and transmitted between generations. Rhesus macaques use at least 18 different words or phrases (calls) in the wild, but when raised in captivity, a culturally deprived setting, they learn only five or six.

It has been known for eons that animals will sometimes fight with each other, but systematic warfare was considered a uniquely human trait. It is now known that chimpanzees sometimes engage in long term aggression with neighboring groups and will systematically murder each member of the "enemy" group. This is accomplished through a band of mostly males silently searching for isolated members of the rival community and killing them. Such campaigns can last months on end with frequently repeated excursions into the rivals' territory.

Altruism has long been a bastion of human uniqueness, but the frequency of adoption of orphaned babies in chimpanzee society is high. Chimpanzees are well known for their willingness to put themselves at risk to aid a friend. Gorillas will defend their group members to the death. People observing chimpanzees in the wild have been given food by them. And who did not read of the child saved at the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago by Binti Jua , the captive lowland gorilla? During a particularly violent lightning storm, Jane Goodall observed a group of chimpanzees repeatedly run down a hill one at a time

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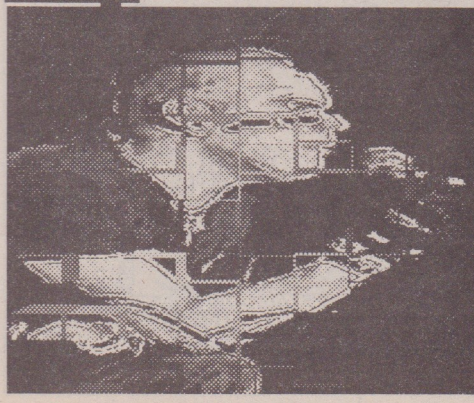

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THE ARGUMENT, CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR

brandishing a branch. After running down the hill screaming and waving the branch each chimpanzee would climb back up to repeat the performance. The group continued this ritual until the electrical storm had passed. Had an anthropologist observed the same phenomena while studying a tribe of humans she would have likely believed it to be a religious rite.

When asked what happens to you when you die, a gorilla answered in sign, "Dark. Ground."

Today, in biomedical laboratories around the world, monkeys and apes are treated as if the past years of study mean nothing. The ethical and moral implications of what we now know about the similarities between human and non-human primates are ignored and suppressed by the National Institutes of Health and the primate labs themselves.

Gamal M. Ghoniem is implanting vascular cuffs around the neck of the bladder of rhesus macaques. A lead to this cuff runs out of the monkeys' bodies and allows him to squeeze off the neck of the bladder while the monkeys attempt to urinate. He has found that monkeys whose bladder necks are most tightly closed take longer to pee than those with less obstruction. (PN # 5 P51 RR00164 -36).

Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center: Leonard L. Howell has learned that monkeys trained to drink caffeine will self-administer lower doses than monkeys trained to receive intravenous injections. (PN # 5 P 51 RR00165 -37).

Opendra Narayan has successfully developed a cross between SIV and HIV-1. He reports that this new virus he has created is, "highly pathogenic in pigtailed macaques." He does not mention whether it would be harmful to humans. (PN # 5 P51 RR00165 -37).

Margarete Tigges is sewing the eyelids shut on newborn infants. (PN # 5 P51 RR00165 -37).

California Regional Primate Research Center: David G. Amaral is using chemical means to permanently disconnect the amygdalas from the rest of the brain in male monkeys. He wants to know whether they will still be able to communicate with facial expression. He says this will help us understand criminality and psychopathic behavior in humans. (PN # 5 P51 RR00169 -36).

What these examples teach is that the federally funded primate research centers around the United States have little regard for or understanding of the animals they experiment on. Any abuse is allowed in the name of Science. Studies routinely repeat experiments that have been done on humans. Monkeys are disposed of as if they are broken equipment.

Every center has received warnings about the condition of the animals' housing. Every center keeps monkeys in isolation. Every center receives over 10 million dollars a year. Expansion is underway around the country. Every law to protect and enhance the life of these animals has been heavily lobbied against by the biomedical community.

The researchers say this work is important because we learn about humans since monkeys and apes are so like us, but at the same time they say we should not be concerned over the torment these animals suffer because they are so unlike us.

Biomedical researchers have made the same arguments and done similar things to minorities throughout history. The research taking place at the NIH Regional Primate Research Centers is just more of the same. Its root cause is the bigotry that is always associated with unbridled hubris. Only when people speak out will it end.

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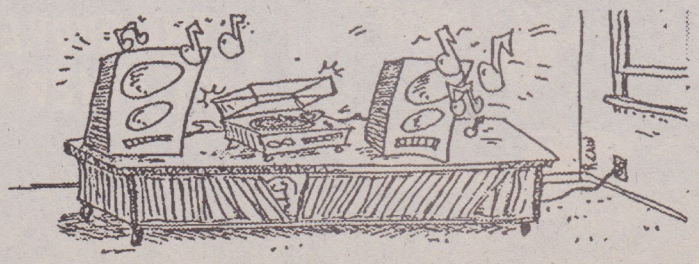
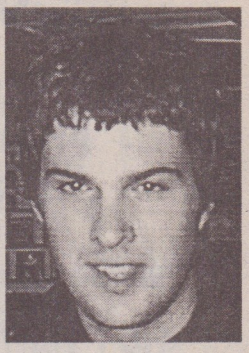


WHATS THE SCOOP ?

by Neale

What is the craziest thing that you've seen at a punk rock show?

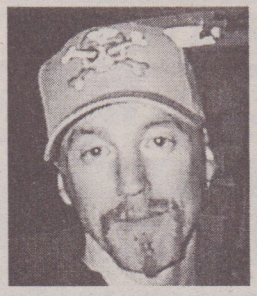
Sean Capone, 28, Chicago, IL
Definately the craziest, punkest thing that I've ever seen was like in '90 or '91, uh Dallas, Texas. Fugazi was playing this wherehouse space. The fire marshall came and kicked everybody out of the space, but completely undaunted, Fugazi played the set at the far end of the club with like 100 or so dedicated fans slamming outside. They had locked the door so everybody was clinging to this big, wire metal door and Fugazi cranked their amps and just went off. It was the best show that I've ever seen.



Derek, 23, Seattle, WA
The fist fucking incident, Insaints show at Gilman about four years ago. That's it.

Will Skittles, 14, San Francisco, CA
Um, it was at a Swingin' Utters show. There was this guy in a wheel chair, and he went into the pit and got his head cracked open, passed out, and then he went back into the pit.

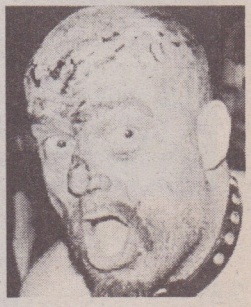
Eirik Ott, 31, Chico, CA
The weirdest thing that I've ever seen at a punk rock show was my grandma, who's almost 70, at a No Use For A Name show in Chico, CA attempting a stage dive. It was the most beautiful, ugly, wonderful, terror field moment of my entire life. And she did great!



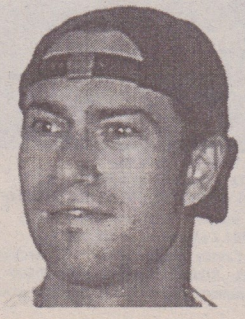
Darryl, 34, San Francisco, CA
It was Matt from Fuckface with a drumstick up his ass. The second was Candysnatchers at the Killowatt, their drummer lit his drum set on fire, which was pretty rockin.

Liz Tenenbaum, 22, Brooklyn, NY
At the Descendents show last fall in Syracuse, NY, I saw a five year old stage dive into a crowd. Everyone was really into it, it was really funny. This kid just jumped, I mean you know, he was five so he was pretty small, and they were bringing him around, and it was somebody's son. I don't remember who's kid it was, but it was pretty funny.

Leecha Brown, 20, Eureka, CA
The craziest thing that I've seen at a punk rock show was a guy beat up a cop. Then there was a big riot, and it got in the newspaper, and people protested at the courthouse.



Kevin Allin, 40, Cayucos, CA
Oh man, this one time, I shit on stage, and this scumfuck stole my shit before I could eat it. I think someone left their manners at the door.



Navin R. Johnson, 24, Pelookaville
Well, that would be the time I saw G.G. fuck a dead cat.

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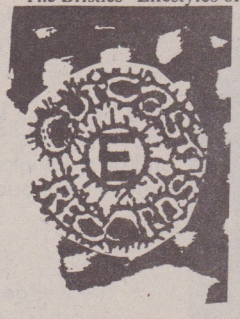

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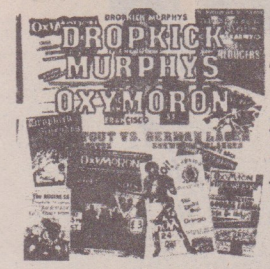

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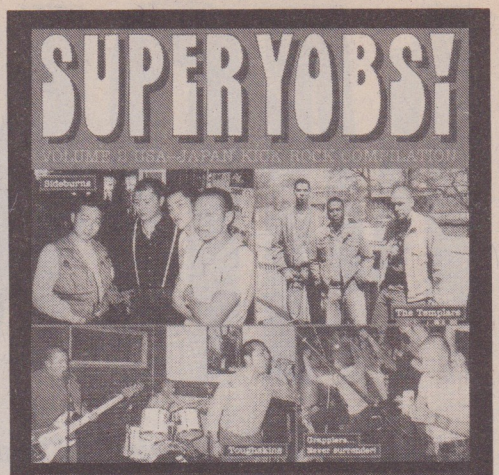

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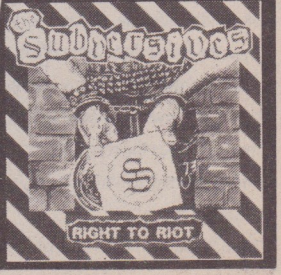


MONSTER X

Monster X played their first show in an attic on December 19, 1991, and played their final show in a basement on June 24, 1998. Nate Wilson and John Moran answered questions. Interview by Matt Average.

MRR: Let's start with the burning question, why did Monster X come to an end?

John: That's kind of a tough question. I think mostly it was because our drummer, well, he was away at college for a longer period of time, when we expected him to come back. It really didn't work out that way, and he decided to move to Colorado.

Nate: He's like one of those environmental agricultural freaks. (laughter) Not that there's anything wrong with them. But that's definitely it though. It had to do with the fact that he had led us along for a long period of time, that we were going to be able to do all this shit, and then it really didn't happen. He'd talk like he was really into the band and stuff, and then he'd leave and go back up to school, which was only two hours away. He just wouldn't come down to practice and stuff. We could have gotten a lot done. And a lot of it has to do with the fact that Devon went out on tour with Drop Dead.

John: That was a big part of it too.

MRR: So why not get a new drummer?

Nate: He was our third drummer. We were around for six years, hopefully we did our part. It was six years, and it was six years of happiness, so at least let it end when we were happy.

MRR: What about getting revenge on Drop Dead for taking Devon?

Nate: They'll be getting theirs. (laughter) Their van will be breaking down all over the country. We sabotaged that mother fucker! (laughter) Nah, that's okay. They can have him.

John: He'll be back.

Nate: You saw him play! (laughter)

MRR: What did the band mean to you?

Nate: It was an important part of my life. It was like a relationship with a woman. It was a hard thing to let go. Like I said, it was a relationship, with three other people that kind of all melded into one. It was a very important part of my life. It was something that I let tearfully fade away. (laughter) It was really a large impact on my life, and one of the most wonderful things that ever happened to me. It wasn't even the band as much as it was the reaction from people that took us seriously, and supported us through six years. That's basically what it meant to me.

John: When Monster X started, it started out with another guy singing, he ended up quitting. I didn't know Devon or Nate all to well when I first started. I was a little weirder six years ago than I am...well, I'm still strange today, but I was a lot different. I think Monster X helped me a lot. I grew a lot with the band as the years went on and stuff. It sounds kind of cheesy, but it's true.

Nate: He was way introverted, and now he's able to be more extroverted and talk to people. When we first met him... John couldn't talk (laughter). We were so scared with what could happen live, because we couldn't even to talk to him. The guy was a freak (laughter).

John: If someone had said to me when I was in high school, "Someday you're going to be in a band, and you're going to be up in front of a hundred people." That was like my nightmare in high school. It totally changed my life in a totally positive way.

MRR: Being such an introvert, what made you want to be in a band in the first place?

John: I wanted to do it. I thought it would be a good time. I was totally scared when I first did it, for sure. It was something I wanted to try. I figured I'd at least give it a shot, and if it didn't work out it didn't work out.

Nate: It almost didn't work out a few times! (laughter)

John: The beginning was rough.

Nate: John used to sing.

John: Yeah, I used to sing instead of scream.

MRR: Like what kind of singing? Not 'clear' singing or anything like that?

Nate: Dan O'Mahony all the way! (laughter)

MRR: Really?!?

Nate: It was terrible though. (laughter)

John: My idol was Dan O'Mahony.

MRR: You're serious right?

John: Oh yeah. I used to sing No For An Answer songs in the shower. It didn't work too good, but hey.

MRR: What made you switch to grind vocals?

Nate: It was the only thing that worked! (laughter)

John: The singing wasn't working out. (laughter)

Nate: Basically that was real natural. We were all listening to a little bit of grind at that time, but John was the main person who was into like, noise, and John was into stuff like Disrupt, Drop Dead, and Rupture, and shit like that. I was into Citizen's Arrest, Rorscahch and Napalm Death, and stuff like that. It just seemed like the next place to go as far as... It wasn't anything that we thought about doing. It just moved there because we sucked so bad at trying to do the... We totally tried to do the positive youth thing, but it did not fucking work at all. We couldn't play our instruments, well, I mean I could, but Devon... (laughter)

John: That's why I'm totally surprised Monster X lasted from the beginning. Nate was the one that actually knew how to play the guitar, and no one else knew how to do anything. I couldn't keep time with the vocals...

Nate: And Devon couldn't play bass, and the first drummer... So basically we couldn't play the stuff we wanted to play, which was actually that retro '88 stuff, but we were trying to do that quite a while ago, which was six or seven years ago. The natural thing was to go to what we were really into.

MRR: Are you happy that it turned out this way?

Nate: I totally am. I like to think a lot of people might not like us, but a lot of people might like us. I'm just happy that I had a good time, and we were able to, hopefully, make an impact and change a couple of people's lives, or at least influence them to listen to different kinds of music.

MRR: You guys don't sound like the typical straight-edge band, even the lyrics aren't typical straight-edge, so I was always wondering what the importance was for you to put "straight-edge" on your records?

Nate: The important thing I think, and I'm going to speak for the band because we always discussed this, but the important thing is... That's why we use that symbol, people had referred to it and asked us if it was some sort of Nazi symbol, or stuff like that, which is ridiculous. It's basically a speed-metal symbol from the '80s that was on the back of a lot of speed-metal records, that you'll see on Megaforce and stuff like that. And it said "speed-metal" around it instead of "straight-edge". It was important for us too. We wanted to be a band that was basically straight-edge, but that would be able to appeal to somebody like me, or like John, or like Devon, or like you. Somebody that was straight but didn't feel militant, homophobic, or just stupid, or a jock. I've got friends like Rain On The Parade, and a lot of those bands, but the thing is, back in the day there were a lot of white kaps involved in it, jocks, and militant and macho shit, and we just wanted to break away from that and appeal to people that were straight, but to have another outlet. I think the main thing was...a band like Shelter, we wanted to be able to let people know there were other bands that were the same way, that were straight, that believed they could live a life without abusing or using alcohol, tobacco, or drugs.

MRR: Do you think if you were the typical '88 band, you would have been lost in the shuffle?

John: I don't think we would have done anything as close to what we did if we were like that.

Nate: To be honest, I don't think we would have done a seven inch or anything. We were lucky to get a seven inch as it was. We had gotten so many rejection letters from labels like Slap A Ham (laughter), we sent one to Relapse; John was always anti-Relapse. But we sent one to Relapse anyway. The only person that gave us a chance from day one was Simon Dysgusher, who actually believed in us, which I'll acknowledge that, I'll thank him for that. He might have not gotten other records out on time, and a lot of people - he might have problems with a lot of people, but I will acknowledge and thank him, that he basically picked Monster X up and gave us a chance.

John: He totally took care of us for that seven inch. He went all out.

Nate: He paid for the studio we wanted to use, Bill T. Miller. He was a good person...

John: He might not have the best reputation now.

Nate: He was the brains behind the first seven inch, and we owe him for that.

MRR: So did things take off after that?

Nate: Not really! (laughter)

John: Well, I think that kind of started it all.

Nate: But we ended up breaking up once after that.

MRR: Why's that?

Nate: I don't know. I think it was another drummer problem. Drummers in Albany...

John: Are hard to come by.

Nate: It's a pretty inbred scene here. All the bands are pretty related.

John: We actually played a last show too. We've played two last shows.

Nate: One about four years ago, and one about two months ago. (laughter)

John: People think it's like a joke that we broke up. We'll be back they figure.

MRR: But this is definitely the end?

John: (coughs)

Nate: The thing is, John and I at least, or at least what we both understand each other, is the fact that we're both disappointed, and I think Devon too, is the fact we were around for about six years and we didn't do an LP. That's a really important thing which didn't happen. Someday, who knows. If the right thing happens, if a good drummer came around I could at least see trying to get the LP written. It's something I want to see happen. It never seemed possible, it's always been like the biggest obstacle in the world. It's hard to say. Right now John's focusing on his label, I'm focusing on Devoid Of Faith and doing Coalition USA, and Devon's doing Drop Dead. We're concentrating on other shit right now. But we're all friends. It's a hard question.

MRR: Do you think you'll do any other bands in the future John?

John: I'm not too sure. There's not too many people in this area who I would feel comfortable getting together with. I knew Devon and Nate, and Jeff, for a long period of time. I had gotten used to those guys. I'm not sure. It all depends. If Assuck is looking for another singer, I might consider moving to Florida. (laughter) I'm just doing my label now and that keeps me busy enough, I work full time and I do that.

Nate: And he's got a girl. (laughter)

MRR: What's up with Herbivore?

John: Not too much really. That hasn't been all too productive (laughter). With work, I full time, sometimes I get home and I don't even feel like messing with all that shit. I have unreleased stuff recorded, but I haven't done anything with it yet.

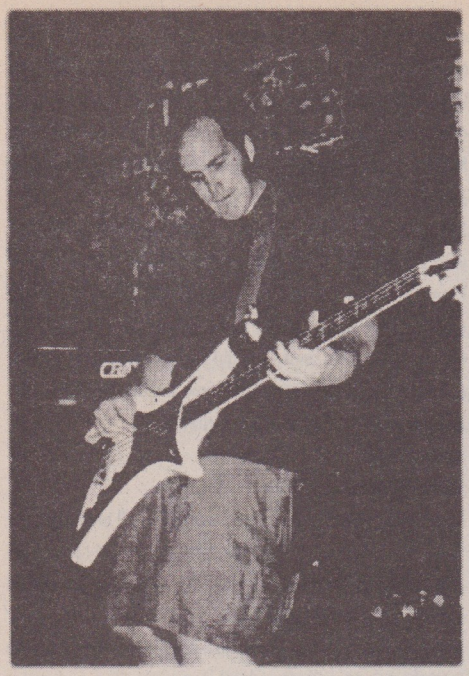
MRR: How do you feel about how noise is starting to come into the hardcore scene now?

John: Actually, I don't like a lot of that. I'm not as much into it as I used to be. I think almost every band tries to incorporate that into their shit now. Well, not every band.

Nate: I think it goes beyond noise. I think it goes into grind, and power... 'power crap'! The thing is there's so much of it out there, and so much wannabe stuff going on. And I hate to sound like an elitist, but if you don't listen to something, don't just jump on the band wagon, do what you're into. I fuckin' hate to see these bands that come out that are all like emo kids, you can tell they were emo guys last week, or they were pop punk, and now all of a sudden they wanna fuckin', "Hey man, grind is big. Let's get in a grind band"! (laughter) That's basically what's killing that shit. There's no grind right now that I listen to. Maybe Assuck, and an old Terrorizer record. The new stuff is just pitiful.

MRR: What do you think is the impetus for all these emo bands, jumping on the hardcore thing all of a sudden?

Nate: Because it's fuckin' trendy now. Think about it, you can put out a grind or power-violence band now, and it just sells like



crazy. It's never been like this before. It's just like now it's what sells. I think that's all there is to it, it's just trendy. And fuckin' emo kids have always been trendy! (laughter)

MRR: It's always pissed me off when I see some of these 'plinky' bands, and then a year later they're ripping off Crossed Out and everybody loves them.

Nate: I can't stand it either.

John: There's a lot of bands like that these days.

Nate: Take off your glasses and stop crying kid! (laughter)

MRR: What was the best part about being in Monster X?

Nate: The girls! Definitely the girls. (laughter) No, the best thing for me, like I said, had to be the reaction we got from people. I never thought we were good. We would go to a show, and we would suck ass, and people would love us. It was great. It wasn't us that was great, it was the people.

John: Especially like our last ten shows. They were totally incredible. Even out of town shows, which totally surprised me. We would play like a basement and it packed, and people would just go nuts. It's just a great feeling.

Nate: People didn't stand around. Back in the day, people would used to just stand there and look at us like we were freaks.

John: That's a tough situation there.

Nate: We were doing this shit when it wasn't trendy, so people were just looking at us like we were fucking assholes. (laughter)

John: The support we got from a lot of people in Albany really helped us out too. We would play a local show, and the way they would react to it was just the best feeling that I've ever felt.

Nate: West Albany in the house!

MRR: What was the least favorite part about the band?

John: Playing to five people...

Nate: That didn't bother me as much as. My least favorite part about the band had to be trying to get Jeff motivated and trying to write songs, because towards the end it was really hard to write stuff. Just to get him to come down... We did record. We've got five songs that are recorded and unreleased, and we're still putting vocals to them. We're saving them up for a split with somebody that John's going to out. We don't know who yet. Any band, send demos to John! (laughter)

John: I get enough of them.

Nate: But basically my least favorite was trying to write new material.

MRR: What about yours John?

John: What do you mean?

MRR: Like the times you're just standing there wondering, "Why in the fuck am I even doing this"?

John: A lot of the times, for me anyway, when we were playing shows, earlier on, and I mean it's rough, and I'm sure there's tons of bands out there that had the same thing happen to them, when you play to ten people that just stare at you. I found that really difficult. Even a little bit depressing. The positive shows, the great shows made up for all that. It can be the best feeling, or it can be like the shittiest.

Nate: The last ten were definitely the best in the world.

John: Oh yeah. We went out with a bang for sure.

MRR: What was your first show like?

Nate: That was fuckin' crazy!

John: We played in an attic. It was actually Devon's. It was two bands, and I think it was two bucks. We played in an attic with a local band from around here - P.N.A.

Nate: Post Natal Abortions! (laughter)

MRR: What was the last show like?

Nate: The last show was great.

John: Incredible. We didn't practice for like two months...

Nate: Two months?! What are you talking about? It was like a year! (laughter) Check this out, we hadn't played a show in eight months. We got together to practice to record the "Positive Youth" seven inch, which was just learning those songs. We didn't practice the songs we play live or anything. So we hadn't practiced in like eight months. The greatest thing about that show, was it was in the Monster X house. It was the house that Devon, me, and even Tim, used to live at. It was home, and that was where the show was. It was down in the basement. It was supposed to be at a hall, that got canceled at the last minute, so we moved it into the neighborhood and into the house. It was fucking amazing. Busted down fuckin' walls, the kids went off.

John: I wouldn't say our performance was the best, but the feeling was just amazing. I had like friends of mine, who aren't even into hardcore come out, just to check it out. Just to see their faces out there smiling when we were playing, it felt really good. I was smiling for two days after that show.

MRR: The music doesn't seem too convincing when you're smiling. (laughter) I've always wondered, when a bands over and you know it's over, what goes through your head as it's coming to an end?

Nate: It's just the same thing as like, you know, you're married, and I'm sure you've had your rough times with your girlfriend. Yeah, Matt's married! That goes in the interview! (laughter) But you're married, and you've been through some rough times, and I've bet you've broken up or come close to it, and it's the same feeling. You lose something, it's like a part of you is lost.

MRR: The thing that drew me to you guys - I remember hearing you were a pro-legalization band. I thought that was kind of different, especially within the straight-edge scene, where if it's 'bad' it must be outlawed. Is there anything you want to say about that?

Nate: It's the right thing to do - is to legalize drugs. If you want to end a lot of problems as far as overcrowding prisons, if you want to take crime out of the streets, as far as drugs and prostitution, you gotta legalize marijuana, crack, heroin...

John: Another thing, I think it's a big problem in this country, where a person gets busted for dealing drugs or doing drugs, will go to prison longer than a child molester, or a rapist, sometimes. I have a problem with that.

Nate: Until people open their minds and see there's so many positive aspects to legalization...

John: Population control... (laughter)

Nate: The thing is, it's going to take a long time. You gotta get our folks out of there, they gotta die off. Basically it's gotta be our generation that... even our generation is conservative towards that, but it's a tough thing. It just seems like common sense to me. I think someday it will be legal, and people will look back and laugh, and go, "Oh my God, what were we thinking?" It will be like prohibition.

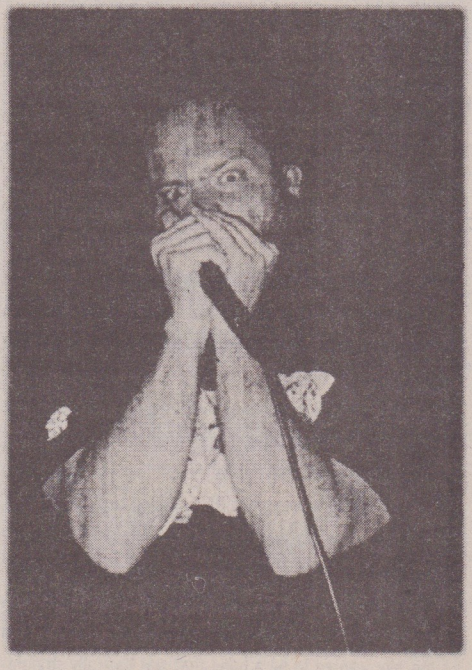
MRR: Do you want to wrap this up? How do you want people to remember Monster X?

Nate: For me, anyway, we owe a lot of people a lot - our friends, our families, and the fans! (laughter) That's it. We owe them everything. Kent McClard, you, Timojhen, everybody. John for putting out the records, Simon for putting out the first record, and everybody that ever came out to see us, or even dreamed about seeing us, or wanted to see us. We owe it to them. We're going to try and keep everything in print as far as records go. We want to basically get it all on CD. We do believe we're missing a market, that there's kids out there, like Victory kids, that probably aren't buying seven inches. Maybe if they picked our CD up someday, when it comes out, they might have an opinion, and try something different. Change somebody, and that's important to us. We want to get to different kids.

John: Definitely. What we did is not going to end now, just because Monster X is over. Nate is still involved with hardcore, I'm not going anywhere. The whole group of us, we won't stop doing what we're doing, we'll keep contributing to the d.i.y. hardcore and punk rock, not a lot of this bullshit exclusive distribution trash that's going on now.

Nate: Which is killing hardcore.

John: I bust my ass, I work full time to pay for the shit I do. I don't hand it over to someone else and say, "Okay, you press this and just stamp on it". That's not the way it should be done.

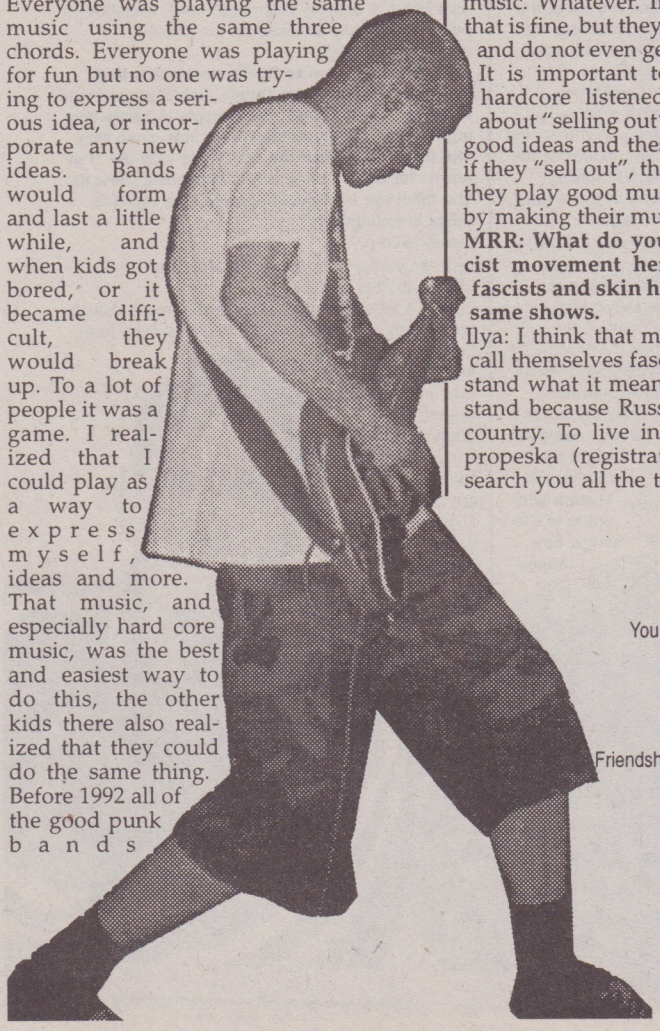


MARAUDERS

Marauders are at the forefront of the New Generation of Saint Petersburg hardcore, and more accurately the first generation of Saint Petersburg Hardcore. They are the only punk band that has the leverage to organize punk festivals at the Polygon, the "alternative" venue of Petersburg, the last of which was May of 1998. The Marauders are respected in the Petersburg and Moscow punk scene for their amazing lyrics and their professional style. "They" basically boils down to "he." The Marauders is the project of the lead singer, songwriter and guitar player Ilya, who is helped out by friends who each have their own respective bands. The Marauders are definitely influenced by Minor Threat, which is evident upon hearing any of their songs. Other influences are A) other D.C./Dischord bands B) Seven Seconds C) Other stuff that I don't know. They are the one band that any other of the Petersburg punk/hardcore bands would cite as one of their favorite bands. Interview by Aylin Beyce.

MRR: When did you start Marauders?

Ilya: The band started in Autumn of 1992. We played 3 chord punk. Our first concert was the next summer, the summer of 1993 at the TaMtAm club. At that time, and a little before, all the punk groups in Saint Petersburg (also) didn't know how to play. Everyone was playing the same music using the same three chords. Everyone was playing for fun but no one was trying to express a serious idea, or incorporate any new ideas. Bands would form and last a little while, and when kids got bored, or it became difficult, they would break up. To a lot of people it was a game. I realized that I could play as a way to express myself, ideas and more. That music, and especially hard core music, was the best and easiest way to do this, the other kids there also realized that they could do the same thing. Before 1992 all of the good punk bands (Brigadany Padryad, AY, Chermera ....) were a lot older than all the other bands, the members were thirty or thirty five years old. After 1992, a lot of younger bands started playing good music and they all started at the TaMtAm club, which got closed down a while back.



MRR: Why do clubs here get opened and shut on what seems like a weekly basis?

Ilya: The main problem in Russia is that very few people understand English. They don't understand the words that people are singing, and therefore the idea of the music is not important. Therefore clubs that do not play techno music or thoughtless music are rare, and they do not earn very much money. Some kids think that they like punk music because at almost any store here, kids can buy Exploited and Sex Pistols shirts, any "accessory" they need. Kids listen to the music that is projected to them on TV and radio-MTV punk. On the radio here, announcers call pop music that imitates MTV bands punk music. Whatever. If kids like pop music, that is fine, but they are told that it is punk and do not even get to listen to real punk. It is important to get punk rock and hardcore listened to. I do not know about "selling out", because if a band has good ideas and these ideas will get heard if they "sell out", then why not. As long as they play good music and do not sell out by making their music easier to listen too.

MRR: What do you think about the fascist movement here? There are always fascists and skin heads, and punks at the same shows.

Ilya: I think that most of the fascists here call themselves fascists but do not understand what it means. They do not understand because Russia is already a fascist country. To live in any city you need a propeska (registration). The police can search you all the time, beat you up, take your money, search your house, and do not need to account for it to anyone. They hate the police here and do not realize that their aim has already been fulfilled. If you do not look "Russian" here, and look Armenian or Chechnyan, life will be much harder for you (through police harassment). The fascist dream has been fulfilled. They just like the word. In Belarussia, the press is controlled by the government, and in Latvia, Russians who have lived there their entire lives, can not get citizenship. This is fascism, and the former Soviet Union is experiencing it. At shows fascists will salute you when you are playing, and think that any punk/hardcore music that is not blatantly anti-fascist is fascist. You have to say "hey, we are not fascists", and only then they stop. They are that unaware.

MRR: Why do you think that Americans know almost nothing about Russian bands, whereas bands from other countries, European usually, are often well known in America?

Ilya: Historically, because of Communism, communications between Russia and the West have never been as strong as the ties between Europe and America. There is also the language barrier, because Russian is not a language that most people know, at least not like English. I think a main problem, is that Labels are scared to deal with Russian bands because Russia is so unstable. No one knows what kind of government we will have tomorrow. They are worried that it will be an unsafe "investment."

The Marauders can be reached through Ilya Marauder, PO Box 30, St. Petersburg 195009, Russia (Rossiya). If interested, he can send tapes for $4 + $1 shipping and handling. There is also a punk page that has English translations and will tell you more information about Russian punk bands. Go to devsdoll@chat.ru.

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From morning until night
by His laws
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Who to be seduced by
what I should live for
He knows best
Television-My God
Hallelujah

THE STEAM PIG

The Steam Pig's last album "Wy-Id T'd' Double-In" was a revelation. It was the first in ages, in any genre, to describe Dublin the way it really is; to shy away from the usual shamrocks and bullshit that comes with writing about anything Irish; to point out that for every "Land of a thousand welcomes" sticker there are a thousand syringes waiting to mug you; for every glossy Guinness ad there's a drunken wife beater. The Steam Pig's music is the sound of Dublin falling down. Boz, Del and Godsy have been belting out their unique brand of high energy, storming streetpunk for the last 3 years, in shitholes all over Ireland and beyond. They've been slowly but surely gaining the respect they deserve worldwide and here's your chance to hear what they have to say...Cead Mile Fuck You....It's The Steam Pig... Intro and interrogation by Richie Egan, Dublin 23/9/98.

MRR: "Wy-Id t'd' Double-In" is the first album in ages to actually deal with Dublin face on and actually name names in songs about Dublin, was this a conscious decision to write an album that was uniquely Dublin?

Godsy: No, not really, that wasn't a conscious thing at all, it's just the way things happened.

Boz: There's a million and one punk rock albums that come into the world every month, and there was some sort of semblance of grasping what you are and what's around you that's not just a blatant replication of what's gone before, that's down in a text book as being punk rock or whatever.

MRR: That's the thing, there's loads of punk bands in Dublin who don't write about Dublin.

Godsy: Well there's no set format for it.

Boz: Everybody writes about it in a way....I would say that Striknien DC write about it a lot.

Del: They just camouflage it a bit more in their lyrics.

Boz: You mean geographical specifics. Did we go out of our way to have song titles like...the album opens with Paradise Place and ends with Constitution Hill, it's like roadsigns.

Godsy: Not really, we never really thought about it that way, it just sort of happened.

Boz: I'll tell you what it was, I can only speak from my point of view but Booterstown is mentioned in "White bonbons on dole day". It was originally Bray, but Bray rhymed with the lyrics so I chucked Booterstown in because it was more ridiculous, then Constitution Hill, basically I was going up Constitution Hill one day and I just looked at the roadsign, it kinda reminded me of Spancill Hill and one of these diddley-eye drinkers shouting songs that nobody really knows the words to, so I thought it would be a brilliant title for a song.

MRR: That song is totally different from all the other songs on the album, and the thing about the lyrics on the album is that a lot of people not involved in punk in Dublin could relate to them, like working class people, but they might be put off by the music because it's so intense. They're used to Celine Dion or whoever, but with something like Constitution Hill, it's like sing-a-long coming home from the pub.

Boz: That's probably the reason we got a really good review in the DIT Examiner, which is a student paper. I suppose partly because we know the guy who did the review, but aside from that, he's not exactly a hardcore punk rocker.

MRR: That's what struck me, is that something you want to keep going with?

Boz: Well, we have recorded other stuff and there's that trad element in it as well..

Godsy: We love trad music.

Del: Yeah, that's the thing, we all listen to it.

Godsy: Like years ago our auld pair would be playing trad music to us.

Boz: Do you mean in terms of mixing trad with punk music?

MRR: Well, mixing the lyrics, I think it's good, it's kinda like an extension of what the Dubliners were doing and there's not too many people who have done that. It seems to me that people are ashamed to admit their heritage or whatever...

Boz: Well, the way I see it is, it's Irish rebel music and the first thing people usually think of is that trad is a really square form of music, but you look at the cover of "Rifles of the IRA" by the Wolfe Tones, you're talking 1970 and you just look at these guys and think "What the fuck's going on here?", but what's interesting is when I started doing it, there was this song I wrote for my old band and it was just a bit of a laugh, but then I realised, hang on, you've got something here. If you're taking Irish rhythms and putting them into punk rock, it just meshes really well with everything else we do.

MRR: Another thing about that Irish traditional thing is the way you mix humour with anger in the songs, how important is humour in the songwriting?

Godsy: Very important.

Boz: It's all you've got really.

Godsy: Because you have to be able to look at these situations and step aside from it and have a humorous outlook on it, otherwise you're just...not really taking yourself too seriously, but other people will just get bored if you have 19 songs in a row going " We don't like this, we don't like that, we don't like this, we don't like that ", now that's boring, but if you have a humorous slant on it people will pick up on it.

Boz: I mean all the songs are about really fucked up stuff, even the ones that don't appear to be, there's a lot of underlying stuff going on there but you have to laugh about these things. If you didn't laugh, you'd cry, basically.

MRR: Well, the theme of the album seems to be that people are usually too quick to judge people by the way they look, have you experienced any of that?

Del: I think we've all experienced that, anywhere you go, if you don't look the same as everybody else people are gonna start shouting and insulting you.

Boz: I don't know what it is. I obviously can't think that way because it's like scraping two braincells together like a flint, it's too primitive for me to understand, but what I get from it is, it seems like if you deviate from the look as it is now....maybe the jean and Ben Shermans and sovereign rings and the fucking smell of onions from McDonald's, then you've somehow betrayed these people and you're some sort of fucking freak, and I think everybody's been sporadically attacked on the street for absolutely nothing.

MRR: That leads on to Dublin people and their hypocrisy about certain things, Dublin people tend to be very hypocritical, even people in bands, saying to people in bands they hate how much they like them....and then the new thing with the "I'm not racist But..." thing that's happening. How do you think the Irish people are dealing with the influx of immigrants?

Godsy: Badly.

Del: Not very well by the looks of things.

Boz: Yeah, it is pretty bad.

Godsy: A lot of that is to do with the media though, particularly in the way Ireland takes its cues from England and America...like if you ever watch any English programme about London or somewhere and some guy goes "Fucking niggers..." or whatever, so Irish people see this

and say "Oh, they don't like them....right...fucking niggers."

MRR: I mean, for years you'd walk around Ireland and not see one black face and now you see loads which is cool, but if you hear all the talk shows, a lot of people seem to be dealing with it very badly.

Boz: The trouble is, this country does not have any semblance of culture whatsoever. I mean Irish culture was given away years ago when millions fucked off to America and now sit in Boston pining about, you know, "Ireland this, Ireland that", these are people who've probably never been here. Hence you have people like the Dropkick Murphy's and all that.

Godsy: Del experienced that a lot more when he was in America.

Boz: There can only be positive elements of there being a large immigrant population in this country....from one end of the scale, something serious in that it will make people realise that there are other people, other cultures out there, and not to have somebody feel they have to stick their head out a bus window and shout because they see somebody walking down the street with a turban on their head or whatever, even coming down to small but probably just as pertinent features like there's absolutely no culture of street food in this country, if you're walking around London you can get all sorts of stuff. I'm mentioning this because I happen to like food, whatever about people clumping in various areas, obviously that's not going to happen as readily in Dublin because it's too fucking small.

MRR: What do you think abroad is the biggest misconception about Irish people?

Del: That we're thick. Most people think that, especially people in England seem to have that perception of Irish people. It's all history, Irish people going over and working on roads, they just think of them as drunk Irish fucking eejits which half of them are, and especially in America, Irish people are very well loved over in New York, but the whole history of what they believe Ireland is all about is just total bollox. People who've never been here or people who were here in the 60's or 70's to retrace their roots, they really don't have a clue what's going on in the country at all, and if they come to Dublin nowadays, they're more likely to get mugged or raped or shot than any welcome at all.

Boz: A thing that really pissed me off was, I remember those bastards Black 47 were in a film...I can't remember what it was, but for all the bullshit that they talk and the fact that they're a fucking lousy band...the song they were singing was "Ireland this, Ireland that", and if they're so fucking hellbent on Ireland, certainly within my lifetime I can't remember them ever playing here, so fuck them. That sort of shit really pisses me off.

MRR: You often hear things about American bands doing that, even the Crucifucks did that song, "The ballad of Thomas McElwee" where they tend to romanticise the IRA...and you're just going...that's just fucking stupid, they don't know what they're talking about.

Godsy: Well, a lot of the Crucifucks stuff is just to get a reaction.

Boz: The thing about Doc Dart is, he's a total fucking dissident. I don't think that was a specifically Irish thing....I think it was to do with the fact that it's terrorism that he was endorsing it. I have read comments in various magazines to the effect that his opinions have made him a total outcast in a community that's supposed to support the type of music they do, but I'm sure that's the least of the Crucifucks worries. They had a very particular habit of getting themselves into trouble.

MRR: But he's not the only person who's done it, plenty of bands have done it, all the way down to the Cranberries.

Godsy: The Blaggers did it.

Boz: Basically, if you look at all the people who've done it....the Cranberries was pathetic. When "Zombie" came out, I read an interview with Andy Cairns from Therapy and he was saying "I don't know where they're going with all this 'With their tanks and their guns...', they live in Limerick...they go to all the trouble of writing a song about Northern Ireland and then go to LA to make a video."

MRR: That says it all really. But just the style of the music you play, the kind of 'balls to the wall' punk or whatever, some people have a stigma attached to it and would say it's past it's sell-by date, what would you say about that?

Del: Well we always throw something new into it.

Godsy: That's where the trad elements come in, we try to keep it new and fresh.

Del: Surfy bass lines and all that sort of shit.

Boz: I mean, we're two months out of our last recording session and anybody who's heard it has noticed a big difference. I mean we're still fucking learning as we go along. I'm sure none of us would regard ourselves as musicians, but that's hardly the point, that's another gross misconception...that we all sort of think, we're two years down the line, we've got an album out, we're suddenly part of some musicians club, that's just a load of bollox. The only reason we're doing this is because we can, and because it's fun, and you sometimes get free drink out of it.

MRR: I'm not a big fan of that style of music but the thing I like about The Steam Pig is the lyrics, they're intelligent lyrics...because you tend to get the slobbering kind of moronic drinking songs, so it seems like a lot of time goes into the lyrics.

Boz: Well we still sing about drinking, but we do it with style.

Godsy: We've a slightly different slant on it than most other bands. A fair bit of time goes into the lyrics. A lot of bands write their lyrics around a style of music rather than trying to write lyrics and write songs...take for example we're a heavy metal band, we write sexist, whatever lyrics...we're a punk band, we write lyrics about smashing this, smashing that and drinking...all the way down the line. I don't particularly stick to any rule, if something pisses me off I'll write a song about it.

Boz: I mean we've been publicised as a streetpunk/Oi type band, and that's OK, I've no problem with that...but if someone was to sit down and look for the artform streetpunk band, like an Oi version of Manowar...well there's millions of them all over Europe, and the trouble is, they all came out of the fucking same mould to the point where I've heard more lousy European bands that are supposedly in the same genre as us. The good ones are excellent but the bad ones are pathetic. Some of these bands have been going for years and their best stuff is worse than our worst stuff.

MRR: Well how about people outside Dublin seeing as it is pretty much a Dublin centred album. How have people outside Dublin taken it?

Boz: A couple of people have bought it. The last time we played in Cork I was surprised to here that a few people had ordered it through a shop in Cork. I don't know, we weren't particularly going out to make a Dublin album because as you know, it's on a German label and most of them sold in Germany.

Godsy: It's pretty universal, the themes on the album are pretty universal. If you live in Cork you have to deal with pretty much the same scum on the streets. There's scum everywhere. In London there's scum on the streets, in fucking Dusseldorf there's the same scum on the streets.

Boz: If you want scary inbred people, you don't go to Dublin to find them, you go to the east Midland towns of this country, you know.....

MRR: That's like your song "Sliabh Muc", have you had any backlash from the culchies?

Godsy: No...not yet as far as I know.

Boz: It has been called the most self-racist song people have ever heard...it's like, if it was directed anywhere else besides inwards, it could well be a fucking Skrewdriver song or something like that.

MRR: But again it's the humour that balances that one off....

Boz: Well, you know, that's one song on the album and people have focused on it. Somebody gave me jib over it at one of the punx picnics down in New Ross, probably because we did a rant before playing it, "Culchie bastards" and all the rest, but that's 1 song on an album of 17 songs, and every other song on that album criticises Dublin people.

Del: Yeah, it more than balances out.

Boz: Sixteen songs telling ourselves how shit we are and one song telling everyone else how shit they are....considering Dublin's this one small place and there's a lot of Ireland around it. They deserve an album of their own maybe, a double album, or one of those big triple albums like Yes, big gatefold sleeve and everything....we'll do it and become a concept dinosaur streetpunk band.

MRR: How did you get involved with Mad Butcher records?

Del: It was Mark Brown in Spain, wasn't it? He sent tapes round to loads of people and most of them had their plans for the year or whatever. He sent it to Mike and Mike liked it.

Boz: It was lucky because we realised from day one that we weren't in the position, like some local bands maybe are.....in a better position to put something out themselves. Plus the fact that with

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the style of music we're doing...people are more into hardcore in this country from what I can see than what you might call classic stylings of punk rock, which is what we're more interested in. Between that and not being able to afford to do it ourselves, we were fishing around in Europe anyway, that's where we were targeting to try and get a release put out, where it would be appreciated, where people would actually want to hear it.

MRR: What's your relationship with the label like? Have you got any plans for the future?

Boz: Well he has tapes of the new stuff that we just recorded. We sent him demo tapes of some of that stuff that we made at the end of last year and he liked it, but by the time we go and record stuff for the rest of the next album.... I mean it's all up to Mike, Mad Butcher's a one man operation.

MRR: You've been playing a few years around Dublin, how have people's attitudes changed towards you since you started?

Godsy: Well the most said thing about the band is "Jesus. I seen you at one of your first gigs and you were shite, and now I see you, fuck, you're good, you can play."

Del: We spent the first year playing totally pissed out of our heads, that was the only difference, but that was when we couldn't play and we could only manage to get through a gig if we were langered.

Godsy: It was more verbal.

Del: It was more fighting and shouting than anything else, but we practised and practised and then we recorded a tape and I suppose we were all a bit surprised about how that went, and you get a bit of confidence then and you just get better and better, and people start to appreciate you a bit more, they don't take it as as much of a joke when you're not falling around the stage all the time...which we don't do very much anymore.

Boz: It's interesting that the recordings help us a lot in that when people hear them they pay more attention...because a lot of things can stand against you, and I've heard this from a lot of the other bands we've played with too, you know, you go to a gig and there's an egotistical sound man who goes, "Oh they're a punk band, they don't need a decent sound", and then loads of people pay into the gig and it sounds fucking terrible, which doesn't help the bands music and people just think, "I'm not going to see them again, they're shit."

Del: That's happened to us a hell of a lot.

MRR: Have you done anything to try and counteract that?

Del: Bringing your own gear is probably the best idea...you usually turn up for a gig and there's 20 watt amps and a shitty drum kit, you're going to sound shite.

Boz: That's definitely something we've tried to focus on, being self sufficient in that aspect.

Del: Because it does piss you off when the gear is shit.

Boz: We've all been playing in bands for 8 or 9 years and we've all been through this thing of running for the last bus carrying a drum kit, you know, you're first on and you're waiting for the last band to finish with your floor tom so you can run down to fucking Talbot street or wherever, to catch a bus home...it's very unpleasant.

MRR: What are the goals for the band in the next few years?

Boz: At the moment I'm just happy to be writing music and getting it released in the small and superficial way we do...

Del: Do more touring...do some touring.

Godsy: Just get out into Europe and see Europe through the band.

Boz: It's beginning to happen with the Irish bands, Striknien DC have been out twice, Cheapskate have been out, Skint are just back....they come back and tell you all these stories and tell you how well organised all the squats are.

MRR: Just tell us a bit about what inspired you to pick up instruments as kids...what music was 'The Shit' for you back then?

Godsy: Mainly punk anyway.

Del: Dancing around with a tennis racket to the Clash in the bedroom, i think that was it.

Boz: I came from a slightly different direction, well, I come from a total fucking tangent in that I was a Hawkwind freak when I was younger. They were my favourite band for years before I started listening to punk bands in a big way. I thought it was amazing that this band could play this one note for 16 minutes and get away with it. The punk rock thing came afterwards through Stiff Little Fingers and all the rest.

MRR: If you could be president for one day what would you change?

Boz: I'd outlaw moustaches ... that's it.

Godsy: If I was president I wouldn't change a thing 'cos you get to travel the world free of charge, and you actually get paid for it, I'd be off to anywhere that's sunny and stay there.

Boz: If you're president of Ireland it basically means that you're never here, you go off to China on a state visit, you come back, feed the cat and then you have to go off to India on a state visit, then you come back to change your socks, that's all the president does. The thing I find funny about it is, it always makes the news and you always find out about it because every time she comes back into the country, the army band and a couple of State ministers have to go out and greet her. I don't know what the fuck that's in aid of. Imagine every time you stepped off a plane they had the red carpet rolled out and a band playing...we'll go out and play for her next time!!!

Del: I'd resign about 5 minutes into it and then just live off the pension.

MRR: If somebody was to come to Dublin and they wanted to find out about the punk community, what would they find?

Boz: Not very much...

Godsy: It's a bit too small, most people in other countries can't really fathom how small it is, because in general, punk is a lot bigger in other countries than it is over here. There's better run venues and they have like cafes and things where punks can meet and hang out, pubs where punks can go to, whereas over here, if a punk walked into most bars.....It's narrow mindedness, you know.....people see the way punks look and automatically think....

Del: It's not as bad over here as it was.

Boz: There's a hell of a lot of rednecks in this country, but I think, from people we've met who've come to this country, there's a really well known legacy of punk bands in Ireland, and there's been some brilliant bands to come out of the country, people like the Outcasts and Stiff Little Fingers.

Del: The Radiators.

Boz: The Virgin Prunes and all the Good Vibrations bands. Because of that, people seem to think that there's a big culture of punk here, there's always been one but it's always been tiny. People seem to say the same thing when they come over here and that's "I've been here for a month and I walked around the streets and I haven't seen any punks." A lot of the people who are into the music, there are very few of them that dress in the traditional sense of leather jackets and spikey hair. There's plenty of people here doing stuff that could come in under the banner of punk, but I suppose they don't feel the need to advertise it. There's a lot going on but it's buried underground.

MRR: So how important is image for The Steam Pig as a band? You don't really have much of one but you have skinheads or whatever.

Godsy: Well I had a mohican for 4 years and I just got sick of looking after it, it was like a bad pet, I just had to get rid of it.

Boz: In Dublin, If you have a shaved head and you're not wearing a bomber jacket or rolled up jeans and doc's, you're more likely to be called a faggot. There's two extremes, you're either called a faggot or a nazi, and at the moment, it's against your better judgment to walk around looking like a dodgy skinhead because of the racial tension that's going on, especially on the north side of the city where we live.

MRR: The thing about the nazi's in Dublin is, they're housewives, you know...

Godsy: And taxi drivers...

Boz: Taxi drivers are the worst.

MRR: For anybody who's not from Dublin, coming over here, where's the best place in Dublin to get a pint of Guiness?

(morbid silence)

Boz: Best pint of Guiness in Dublin is the Railway Tavern on the Dingle Road in Kerry.

Godsy: Anywhere outside Dublin.

Boz: That says it all.

Godsy: The Beamish in Cork is the best drink in Ireland.

Contact: The Steam Pig, 55 Fonten-Ol street, Phibsboro, Dublin 7, Ireland.

Discography:

GETTING OVER THE WALL WITH CHARLIE HARPER: 15 track cassette (Feb '96: We'll Kill You Records); Out of print.

Wy-id T'd' Double-in: 17 track CD (Nov '97: Mad Butcher Records)

The Steam Pig / Tomorrow: Split 7", 2 trax (July '98: FFT label)

Motorhead at 5 am, ep: 3 track 7", out late '98.

Compilation Cuts :

Rejected Vol. 2: (Dec '98: Rejected Records)

Thick as a Brick: ('98: Mad Butcher Records)

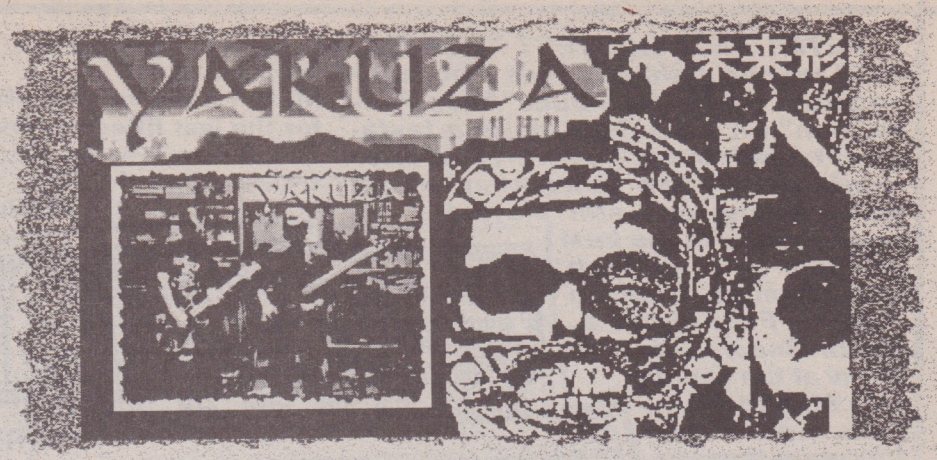
SHARP Punk and Oi: (April '98: Bronco Bullfrog/Step One), Two trax!

Greyslate covers 7": (postponed due to near incarceration!!!)

Respect is not a word CD: (March '98: Brotherhood Of One).

More to follow very soon...

Yakuza is an insane Japanese band that has been roaming the extreme underground for quite sometime now. The band rarely plays shows, or releases recorded material and most people (even in Japan) have never even heard of them. I luckily got in contact with the band by accident, as the band wishes to remain separated from society. I asked the band a few questions about their music, as well as their troubles with the Japanese Mafia. This interview took place with Yakuza guitarist, Takateru.



MRR: Since most people reading this have probably never heard of Yakuza, let's get the traditionally boring questions out of the way. Briefly describe your sound, who is in the band, and some of your influences...

Takateru: Yakuza started in 1992. The band is me on guitar, Kintaro does vocals, Akira on bass, Katsuhiro on guitar, and Masami plays drums. I write most of the Yakuza music. Mostly of American bands I like old bands of course Septic Death and Black Flag. But I also like American heavy metal music, but only the kind from many years ago. I think we sound like whatever we sound like. Yakuza is not a hardcore band, a punk band, a heavy metal band. We play Yakuza songs, they sound like all that we like, but still sound like Yakuza. New Yakuza songs sound better I think, everyone else can play their instruments better than when we were on records. The words which are a lot of times in Japanese makes for a different sound than American music is used to. We do not own or listen to much music, but I like to play death metal.

MRR: What does the band name "Yakuza" mean?

Takateru: Yakuza is in Japan what the Mafia is in America.

MRR: I heard a rumor that your band name has actually drawn some negative attention from the real Yakuza in Japan, is this true?

Takateru: Yes. We have gotten threats from members of the Yakuza in Japan. But we do not worry. The Yakuza is not what it once was, now most of their money is made in legal businesses that were started on illegal money and crime. The FBI has investigated them and many members of the Yakuza were finding ways to get out because they feared legal problems. We are not a popular band, no one knows us, so the Yakuza might not even know we still play music.

MRR: Why did you take your band name from the Yakuza?

Takateru: Yakuza is a strong word. Also, we think the Yakuza by practicing illegal activities have helped to destroy society and human life through corruption and crime. We do not agree with all of the reported practices of the Yakuza in Japan. Through history they have been told of running drugs, and prostitution. But we think that any illegal activity that draws large attention from police is a good thing. The end of life on this world is going to happen soon anyway.

MRR: You don't think that such criminal activities are wrong? You actually promote this kind of thing?

Takateru: No. We do not promote them, and we are not associated with the Yakuza. But we still find that all crime is okay with us. I do not care if people get killed. These things happen. I would not like it if my family was murdered, and I would probably not kill a person, but watching these things happen... that is entertaining. I do not like this life and I think anything that adds to the fast pace of the apocalypse is good. We do not like people. We do not talk to many people or have friends. We do not even have homes most of the time. We hate the world and do not think it should be saved.

MRR: So you don't really have any political stance, like many bands associated with the hardcore/punk community do?

Takateru: I hate politics and I do not care. People often think it stupid that we do not care of things, they think it is ignorant or lazy to not care, but I do not care about them either. Politics will not change the world. Nothing will. We are only associated with hardcore and punk rock music because we listen to some of the music. We do not like most of the Japanese style except for G.I.S.M., but many bands try to copy them and we do not sound like them at all. We do not try to be a punk rock band we just play our music. But we like to play with punk bands instead of heavy metal bands because punk bands are much more intense at live performances.

MRR: If you do not care about anything, why do you have this band? Do you feel that Yakuza as a band has nothing to offer? Nothing to say? If you do not even care about music, or the message of your band, why do you put out records, why do you think anyone else should care?

Takateru: We don't. I enjoy playing this music, but if no one else does I do not care. We do not put out our own records. Someone else offered us to put out a record and we agreed. We recorded for free from a friend, and someone put out the record which was very small in numbers. Our message is that of hating life. We express our hatred of the world in our music. This is not a happy message and many people do not agree. We do not care about this. I never said anyone should care about Yakuza.

MRR: You only have one 7" record out, is that correct?

Takateru: Yes, but we had one demo tape before that.

MRR: The cover of the record has nothing but some strange artwork, the name of the band, and three Japanese symbols. What do the three symbols mean, and where did your artwork come from?

Takateru: The three symbols in English mean "you will no longer exist", which can be taken to mean a threat or "you will die" or "you are going to die". The artwork we do not remember where it came from. Someone from America who somehow had our demo tape when we had an address sent us some letters and artwork that we could use. We had the artwork and thought it was okay and lost the letter so we do not know who made the art.

MRR: So to sum things up, Yakuza is basically a band that plays music solely for the sake of playing music, you do not care about anyone or anything, and you anxiously await the apocalypse?

Takateru: Yes.

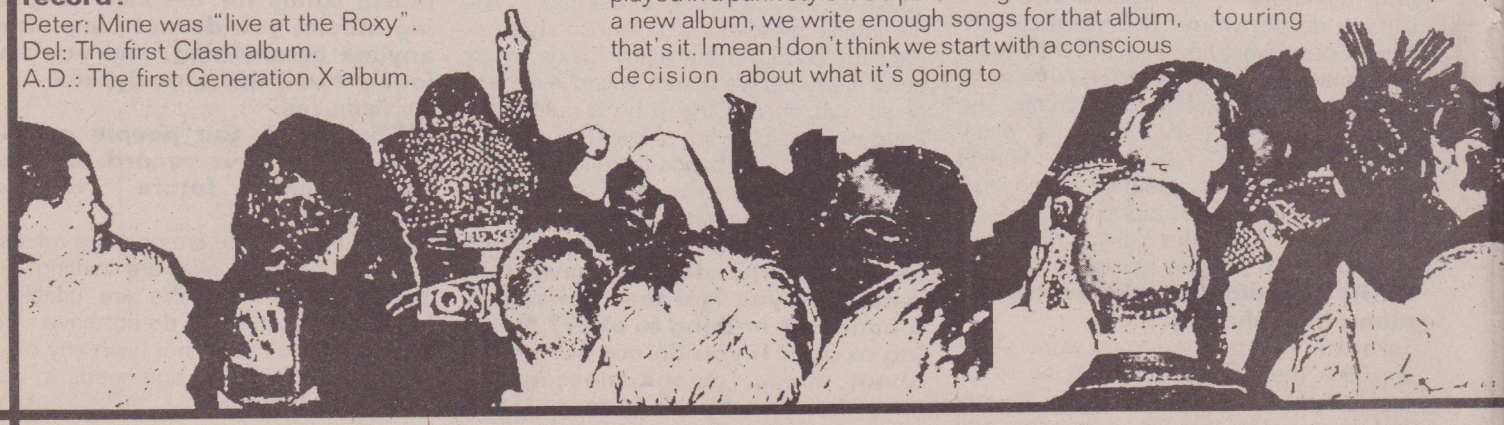
MRR: Where can people contact you to get your record, and are there any future releases planned?

Takateru: No. There are no more releases planned for now, we are writing new Yakuza songs now. We are unable to have mail because we do not have a real address now. We do not have any of our old record left, so no one needs to write to us now. That is all.

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES are one of those bands that never go away. Their new album "Alien Pubduction" on TKO Records is a testament to their staying power, that after nearly twenty-five years, they're still going strong and still playing punk rock with the best of them! I caught up with them at a pub in San Francisco's, North Beach before a show at the Cocodrie. Mundo Murguia and Tiger Lily were there as well helping me dig-up all the crucial dirt! Interview by John Backstrom.

MRR: Who has a real job in this band?
Peter: No, this is a real job. I watch after the polar bears in the London Zoo.
MRR: Life at home now vs. how it was in the heyday of '77, '78, what's good about it - what's bad about it? What's changed?
Peter: It's more universal. When it started off it was only in the United States and back home, there wasn't any punks in Germany or Spain, Australia or Japan, or wherever you went. Obviously, (now) there are punks all over the world. Which means a bigger market to play to.
MRR: What about life in Brighton, what's changed in terms of the punk scene when things started?
Peter: There isn't one. When we started there was a punk scene, and now there isn't really a punk scene. Don't know why. There's a lot of really good bands that come to the UK, but it's not really a big scene. It's actually just a very small group that comes out, and if it weren't for all the tourist punks, there would be almost no scene in the UK at all.
MRR: Any advice for tourist punks coming to England?
Peter: We love you're money! That's why the pound is so strong. They don't come to see the Queen anymore, they just come to Holidays in the Sun.
MRR: What was everybody's first punk record?
Peter: Mine was "live at the Roxy".
Del: The first Clash album.
A.D.: The first Generation X album.
Del: "Frampton comes alive". Do you own "Frampton comes alive?
MRR: I have, on and off at different times for the last fifteen years.
Rum: I believe every American has owned that record at some point in their lives.
MRR: It's possible.
Rum: If they say no, then they are lying.
MRR: That and the Boston album.
Peter: Yeah, and "Hotel California".
MRR: Mmmm, maybe not that one. What were the bands that, punk or not, like Peter Frampton, influenced you?
A.D.: The Clash, I mean that was like the first thing I was into, that and the Beach Boys.
MRR: Who do you like in the new breed of punk bands?
Peter: Mass Murderers, Urban Soldiers, bands like that.
MRR: Your first couple of albums are more like, thrashy "let's bang on our instruments and play really fast", as you guys moved along, you kinda became more poppy, do you guys want to talk about that at all?
Peter: It was just a natural progression that we are playing better than when we started. I think every band has got to do that, surely!
MRR: Is there a point where you want to draw a line though, I mean, "do we want to become the next U2 or...."
Peter: We don't believe in drawing lines - we believe in snorting them.
Del: I think that a good song is a good song, if it's played in a punk style it's a punk song. When we write a new album, we write enough songs for that album, that's it. I mean I don't think we start with a conscious decision about what it's going to sound like.
MRR: That's a good p wasn't a conscious dec seems like new wave i down a bit", it just kind
Del: That's more what punk on the spur of the moment. at home and say, "its' gott or "it's gotta sound lik it's what yo
MRR: W ly old sc bands th ily punk, b but have a do you ha ences?
Del: Th
A.D.:Th
Rum: E Elvis wa
A.D.:Th we still we're in to.
MRR: Y noticed that's a req once you reach that a was pissed.
Del: Yeah, the guys we've with play nothing but punk t the end of the day we're li listen to some other style Just 'cause you're in a doesn't mean that's all you to.
MRR: Do you guys con reunion tour, which is question with the Pist Filthy Lucre tour, w take on that?
Peter: Surely you have to tour.
Rum: I mean, before we ca a six-week tour of Europe.
MRR: You're saying quits? It's not like "th so and so is doing it..
Peter: No, they copied us!
Del: We never split up. We of each other, but we never a reunion tour, when we' here thinks we've split up, touring



l point, you say that it decision to say "well, it e is big, so let's slow it nd of naturally did that.
nk is really, just doing things nt. I mean it's not like we sit gotta sound like this or that" l like Suicidal Tendencies", you're into at the time.
Well, a lot of, especial- school punks, will cite that weren't necessar- k bands as influences, e a punk feel to them, have any of those influ- ?
The Stones.
The Who
Elvis...early Elvis. Early was the first punk.
There are a lot of old bands till listen to, we have to, in our thirties now, we have

: Yeah, I've equirement t age, huh? I

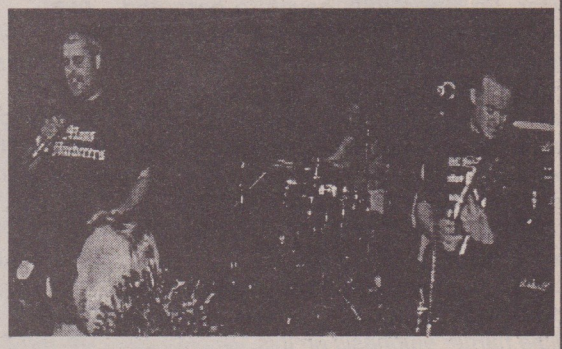
ve been touring k tapes, and by like "can't we les of music?" a punk band ou should listen

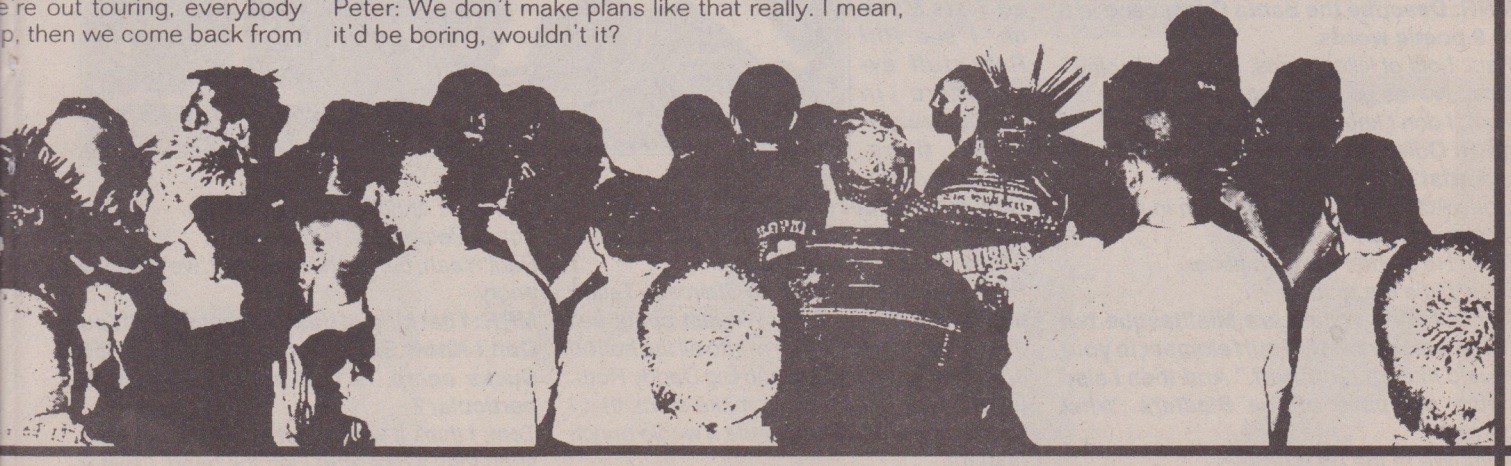
onsider this a is an obvious stols and the what's your

o split up to have a reunion

came to the US, we finished e.
g you never called it the Pistols are doing it, t..."
s!
We just got lazy, we got sick er split up. It's especially not e're out touring, everybody p, then we come back from Europe and everybody says... "it's a reunion!"
Rum: We are always playing somewhere.
Peter: Next year we're going to be really busy, and if we're too busy to tour in Europe, then they're going to think we split-up again, it's ridiculous.
MRR: Since you've been around the world, where are your favorite places to play?
Peter: I liked Japan, that was good.
MRR: What was good about it?
Peter: The food.
MRR: What about San Francisco?
Del: I don't know, I haven't eaten yet.
MRR: Is that why you guys are all so skinny?
PTT: (no comment)
MRR: By the way, what's with the zinfendel Peter's drinking?
Del: That's not punk?
MRR: That's kinda like, foo-foo viva la France stuff.
Peter: All I say is, when you're in the area, drink the local brew. I mean, they make a really good white zinfendel, so why not drink it? Let's face it, American beer, most of it is shit.
MRR: Well then, you've obviously never had the beer they call King Cobra. Where are you going to take it from here? How long do you think you can keep this going? Do you think you can keep this going for another twenty years?
Peter: We don't make plans like that really. I mean, it'd be boring, wouldn't it?

MRR: Do any of you have families?
Rum: I have a daughter.
MRR: What does she think of daddy's punk band?
Rum: On the last album she sung on the chorus to one of the songs, and whenever anyone comes around, she says "I'm a bit famous, you know!"
MRR: What's it like being in a punk band at your age in a scene that's dominated by teenagers?
A.D.: I don't know if it really is, I think we get as much of the old timers who were into the band twenty years ago, as we do the young kids.
Rum: We play a lot of all ages shows, and it's quite nice to see young people turn up at the gigs.
MRR: So do you feel the same connection with the people who come out?
Peter: Yeah.
A.D.:With the individuals.
MRR: In all these years, is there anything new, or is it the same feeling that keeps you going?
A.D.: I don't think there's anything new. I've never seen someone get through a whole gig as drunk as he (Peter) was the other night.
Del: But there's more to come!
Contact Peter and the Test Tube Babies @ 24 Islingword Place, Brighton, East Sussex, BN2 2XH UK





Riff Raff hails from Santa Cruz,

California and has been steadily corrupting the innocent minds of local youth for the past six years. Imagine Glen Danzig dry-humping Social Distortion while playing spin-the-40 oz. Schlitz-bottle and you've almost pinpointed the Riff Raff experience. They've developed a monstrous local following and have become a really awesome band. Check them out when they play your town or you'll miss some of the slickest and sweatiest pissed-off punk around. I was held hostage with a samurai sword and forced to interview Riff Raff inside their sticky van after they rocked out at a house party Memorial Day Weekend. Interview by Matt Koumaras. Photos by Peter Saporito.

MRR: Who are you and what do you add to the Riff Raff experience?

Troy: I'm Troy. I play guitar and I'm the lead singer.

Tom: I fuck up a lot. (He plays drums.)

Paul: I play bass...kinda.

Tom: Paul stinks up the van on road trips.

Odie: I'm Odie. I play guitar, I rock and I drive.

MRR: I am now eternally a disciple of the Riff Raff theology, but I remember when you were first starting up, it was kind of scary. What motivated you to start Riff Raff and keep the beast alive?

Paul: I met Troy six years ago and he wanted to start a band. I never really played but my dad did and I heard him and his friend play guitar. So I went out, bought a bass and played along with him. We wanted to rock. We had no principle or theory.

Tom: I'm 32 years old and I grew up on punk rock. I had long hair and got my ass kicked by the skinheads...now if they're around, I kick their ass.

Paul: Troy was coming off of being into stuff like Metallica. He taught himself to play out of Metallica and Slayer tablature.

Tom: Then I joined in when they were playing Social Distortion covers and I said, "let's put a little harder emphasis on this."

MRR: Describe the Santa Cruz scene in 6 to 9 poetic words.

Paul: Lots of killer bands, no place to play.

Odie: Not as good as two years ago.

Tom: I don't know, is Snail still playing?

MRR: Odie, are you like Riff Raff's eighth guitarist?

Odie: Actually, I'm the sixth. I'm in it for the chicks and pork rinds.

Tom: He started out as a fluffer.

Paul: Odie the roadie.

MRR: Troy's vocals are Misfitesque but there's also a twisted surf element to your music like on "Riff Raff." And then I also catch glimpses of the Blasters. What gives?

Tom: We're the Beach Boys.

Paul: We're into a little bit of everything. Troy was pretty into the Misfits, but all of us grew up in Santa Cruz so maybe that's where the surf sound came from. We're into rockabilly, surf...

Odie: I'm into hardcore emo.

Paul: I'm into 80's new wave.

Tom: The Cars rock!!!

MRR: BVDs, boxers, or free-balling?

Tom: Boxers.

Paul: I have a nice set of flannel Looney Tunes boxers, particularly my Marvin the Martian ones. I tell people I have 7 different pairs, but it's really the same one.

Odie: G-strings and my studded leather cod-piece. I got that from the lead singer of Armor.

MRR: Do you prefer all-ages shows or bar shows?

Paul: All ages. The kids get fucking stoked! There's so much energy and it's so much better.

Odie: All ages. Nobody buys merch because they're too busy buying beer.

Tom: All ages because it means something to them and something to us, too.

MRR: Like fellow punk juggernauts Good Riddance, Fury 66, and Twisted Sista Monica, I see Riff Raff stuff everywhere in Santa Cruz, t-shirts, fliers, stickers, etc. How did you become such superstars?

Tom: Good Who??? I'm just joking, don't print that.

Paul: Usually I'll go down to Staircase Tattoo and give them an idea. We just about sell everything for our cost. I'm into all the hotrod art like Robert Williams and Big Daddy Roth. Originally, I was trying to make shirts that I wanted to wear. Then I made a whole bunch of them.

MRR: Like the "Husband Beater" one?

Odie: The girls love that one!

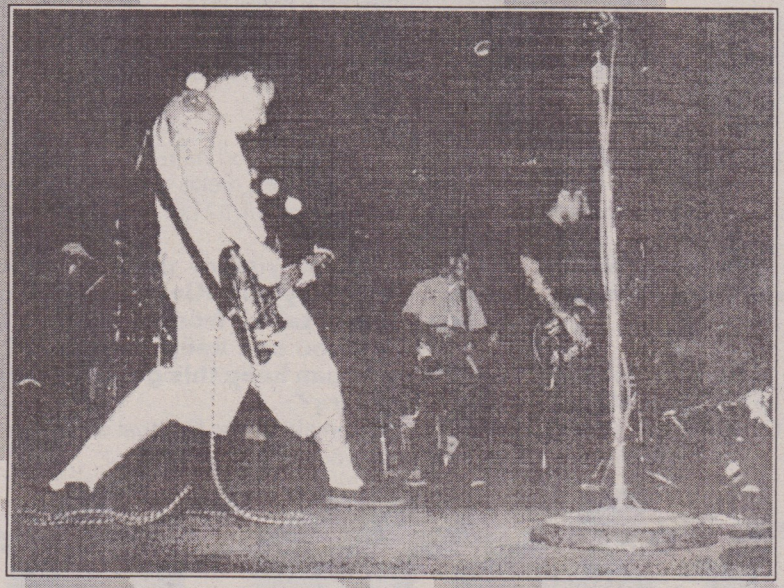
Paul: That's our best shirt! We made that one day as a whim. We went down to Modesto with 2-3 dozen of those, and we sold them all before we played. We hadn't even played there before.

Tom: Except for Ashland, Oregon, we have to put Husband, Cousin, Brother beater on it.

Odie: At Gilman, we'd have to put a black bar on it to be P.C.

MRR: Have you played Gilman, uhm, I mean Gilperson?

Paul: No. We're not PC, but we're not into it for the shock value. We're just writing about hating certain things like that this girl fucked



you over, or how you wanna kill...

Tom: "Relentless" is positive.

Paul: Yeah, but for the most part, we're pretty angry.

MRR: That kind of ties into that song "You Don't Know Shit" off the Santa Cruz Still Sucks comp. Is that about anybody in particular?

Tom: I think it was about me, it was the first song they wrote after I left the band. I swear to god on the CD the chorus goes "Fuck

you…Tom."

Paul: It's about people having their preconceived ideas about you. Especially in a small town like Santa Cruz. We hear so many crazy stories about us that aren't true. Like playing Rosie McCann's…Hayride to Hell wanted us to open up for them but the booker at Rosie's said we were too rowdy. Obviously, this guy had never been to one of our shows and Hayride's crowd would crush anybody that likes us.

MRR: Even though Betty Page is now bald, 82 years-old and wearing a Depends chastity belt, would you still have sex with her if she offered it to you, no strings attached?

Riff Raff: Definitely!!!

Tom: What part of her is bald?

Paul: Even if she looked like my dead grandma. Odie would be taking pictures for our next CD.

Odie: We'd be tagteaming. I love those wrinkles!

Tom: Do the initials DP mean anything? Paul would definitely eat her Depends shorts.

MRR: Odie, have you been taking jazz salsa dance classes, because I've noticed your trademark 7" guitar leaps have recently skyrocketed to a whopping 8"?

Odie: Here's my secret. I'm creating my own hybrid of Riverdance/hardcore dances.

Paul: He's got one of those jazzercise trampolines in his room, and a mirror on his door, and he just sits there staring at himself and his guitar for hours.

MRR: Stop it, you're making my bits and pieces tingle. What was the absolute worst show you ever played?

Odie: Eugene. We played with this fucked up band, Sideshow Bob.

Paul: We drove all the way up to Eugene on Halloween, there was a line of 200-300 people outside, plus it's packed inside. This was our first tour and we were playing with five other bands. These local rockstars, Sideshow Bob, decided Riff Raff, the touring band who's never been there before, would play after them. After begging Sideshow Bob the whole night, "please let us play, we're only going to play 20 minutes," they refused. They took an hour to set up, and played over an hour and a half doing some stupid Carrie drama bit with prom dresses and blood. By the time we played, there were 3 people left and they were the members of Stench who made the trip with us, and they didn't even get to play.

MRR: Do you get along with the straight edge/PC contingency in Santa Cruz?

Odie: I'm friends with most of them. We don't put them down or anything, I think their dancing is a little silly. I like the music, but they dance like they're on Soul Train.

Tom: We don't hate anybody but ourselves.

Paul: Russ from Good Riddance has given us a lot of tips on recording and advice that we've used on our CD and our last 7", which totally helped us out a lot. Plus Joe from Fury 66 has hooked us up with some shows, too.

MRR: You recently played a Vets Hall show with Youth Brigade, who had a lot of energy to their set despite being more of a middle-aged brigade. What do you think about bands from the eighties reforming and riding this third wave of punk?

Tom: Youth Brigade, Adolescents, Descendents and Agent Orange; I like them all.

Odie: The only band that reformed that I really dig on would have to be the Descendents.

Paul: We played with Agent Orange, DI, and Suicidal Tendencies and more power to them, let them experience some of the success they deserved back in the eighties.

MRR: If you could carjack one member of Three's Company in front of the Regal Beagle, who would it be and why?

Tom: Mr. Roper, by far.

Odie: Larry.

Tom: Oh, you mean Carpet Chest. I also like Chrissy's father, the priest.

Paul: It would have to be Larry so when were playing he could go in the crowd and give all the girls backstage passes. Then when we're finished playing, Larry would be back there to bust all the killer one-liners and we'd all score every night in every town.

MRR: What extracurricular activities do you have outside of Riff Raff?

Tom: Masturbation. I also race mountain bikes and I'm a dive master.

Odie: I'm an acrobat.

Paul: If anybody starts drowning in a pool of sweat at one of our shows, he'll rescue them.

Odie: That's if he's not busy muff diving.

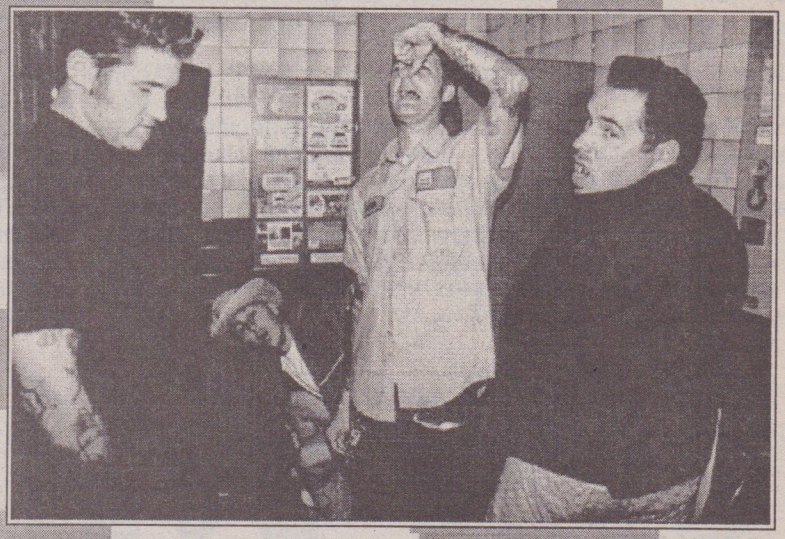
MRR: What releases do you have out?

Tom: Ask us about our 7"s.

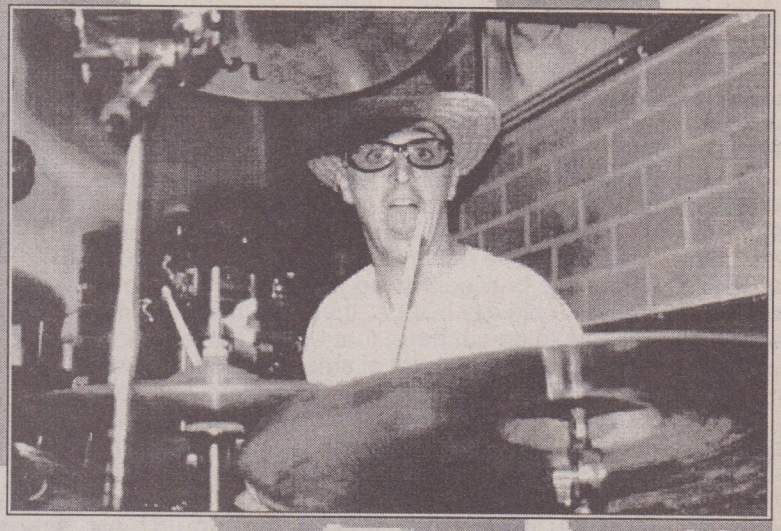
Paul: Odie releases things daily. We recorded a really bad demo called "The Demo" that was recorded just when we were learning how to play and we'd like to buy it back from you if you've got it!! "Music to Kill By" was our first real release and that did real well. In '97, we came out with the "Stewed, Screwed and Tattooed" 7" plus we're on the Santa Cruz compilations put out by Mike at Bad Monkey Records, plus the new CD.

MRR: When can we expect to see the CD out?

Paul: It should be out by the end of June '98. It's called "Kustom Made Hell."



SOME TIPS ON HOW YOU CAN STALK RIFF RAFF: Write them at 706F Capitola



Ave., Capitola 95010. E-mail them, or check out their site along with other cool Santa Cruz bands at: badmonkeyrecords.com Anybody who writes them will get some free stuff! And if you send them pictures of your ex-girlfriend, they'll send you "nicer, free stuff." Finally, if you send a naked picture of your ex-girlfriend plus some break-up letters, they'll be more than happy to send you a free copy of their CD, a t-shirt, Odie's soiled, autographed Riff Raff codpiece, free stickers, and a 7".

Dead Beat Records is what I consider to be a shining example of what a good DIY punk label should be. Tom, the righteous dude behind the label, chooses only bands that he enjoys and believes in for his label's releases. Treating them as not just bands, but as his friends as well. From trading with other labels, helping them with info, to just plain old checking out and supporting new bands, Tom wears the DIY ethic proudly on his sleeve. So read on, and find out more about this straight up guy, and what's happening at this label that deserves you support.

Interview by Brian GTA.

Dead Beat Records

MRR: OK, there's about 50 zillion record labels out there, so I just want to know what got into your head and made you say "me too"? How did you afford to start up a label and when?

Tom: The label was started about 5 years ago in the April of '93 in Kent, OH, by me and the 2 other guys that I was going to college with. So me and these 2 other guys decided to invest some money and start up a punk label. Originally we talked about wanting to open up a record store or possibly a club, but a label seemed to be the cheapest way to throw something back into the scene that they and myself were supporting. Since then, nearly four years ago, I moved out to CA. I released my first 4 releases in Ohio. And since then I continue to do the label in Los Angeles.

MRR: So you basically came to Los Angeles to be the Rock 'n' Roll Record industry man?

Tom: No, I'm definitely not a part of that sick fuckin' industry bullshit that's going on out here. You know, I run into so many of these people that are trying to schmooze every little rinky-dink band that they think they can sell 50 thousand copies of. No, I mean I definitely did come out here to get the label going. Actually, me and one of the two guys that I originally started the label up with, moved out here, and since then he's moved back, and I'm the only one doing Dead Beat now. I mean, as far as the differences between doing a label in a small mid-western town, and a big city like LA, there are many. Something that I am able to do out here, that I wasn't able to do in LA, is I can trade around with a lot of smaller labels, and sell the stuff to the stores in LA. Back there everything was done on consignment. Also, back in Kent, I would pop out to see a band maybe once a month, where as out here I'm seeing bands like 2-3 times a week. So I'm definitely glad I made the move.

MRR: So, when you started this, did you think you'd have to work as hard to do it, because I know that you're trying to do this on a full time basis, right?

Tom: Yeah, I mean, right now I'm doing the label full time, so I don't have to work a job full time or anything. But then again, at the same time, I live pretty meagerly. No, I didn't originally start up the label with the intentions of doing it as a full time job. I feel that any person that decides to start up a label should do it only with the intentions of doing it as a hobby. It wasn't until recently, about a year ago, that I stopped working and started doing the label full time. It's definitely a lot of work, but I enjoy doing it.

MRR: So what are some of the stories of how you hooked up with some of your bands? And what attracted you to them? Because your releases seem to all be punk, but the bands are all over the place, from garage to pop/punk to hardcore.

Tom: Yeah, well, I think that's one of the things that differentiates my label from many of the other labels out there. I don't really classify my label as being associated with any one style of music. It's all just fuckin' punk! I'm into everything from crust/hardcore/grind, which I listened to a lot back in Ohio, and I'm starting to listen to more of again. I listen to stuff like that, as well as poppy punk to garagey Rock 'n' Roll. But it's funny, because when the label started, I'd begin by writing bands whose records I had mail-ordered. That's how I came to put out the first two J Church EP's. With Whatever...(the band), they were like one of the only local bands from Cleveland that I dug. But I do things very differently out here. A big thing for me now is seeing a band live. They gotta be really fuckin' intense live, because I know when these bands hit the road, the people will also get the same kind of energy from seeing them. I think you can definitely see that in bands like the Gain, the B-Movie Rats and the Stitches. And on top of that, the music has to be pretty rockin' as well.

MRR: So, no Flipper release for you?

Tom: (laughing) Um, definitely not!

MRR: Another thing I'm curious about, is why you chose to make it a punk rock label and not do other types of music? What attracted you to this music?

Tom: Back in Kent, I was always involved in the underground/independent community.

I was always working with the local bands, as well as being an active participant, attending shows in Kent and Cleveland whenever something was going on. I was also a supporter of the underground scene as a consumer, by buying records locally, or through the mail.

MRR: But what I'm interested in is, why were you interested in that kind of music?

Tom: As far as how I got into punk...I mean, it was what all of my buddies were listening to. All my friends in high school were listening to the same kind of music, and I was just hanging out with those kinds of people. I mean, they kind of opened my eyes up to that kind of shit. Black Flag, Dead

Kennedys, stuff like that. And then from there you just seem to go farther and farther underground, finding really small bands that give you the same kind of energy that the bigger bands gave me. Especially back in Ohio, and even in LA, finding bands that only a few hundred people know about. I really like to pursue a lot of bands like that.

MRR: Yes, but some people will hear the Dead Kennedys and say "this is good enough for me. I'm not interested in any smaller bands." What kept you going with it?

Tom: Well, back then, hanging out at my friends places, we'd be freestyling, and a bunch of my friends skated. I'd see issues of MRR and Flipside laying around my buddy's house, so I'd borrow them and check out the reviews, and scan the ads, and I'd see reviews that would mention some of the bigger bands as references that I was into. I'd mail order their records direct from the labels, or from Blacklist, and it pretty much tree-branched from there. Ever since then, that's what I've always been into, underground independent bands.

MRR: So since you've gotten into it, do you think things have changed for the better? Do you think things have changed, in terms of people coming along and thinking that they can make a lot of money? Or do you think that there are a lot of honest and sincere people out there?

Tom: Yeah, I think there are definitely a lot of labels that pop up out of nowhere, with the intentions of trying to make a lot of money. You'll see them taking on this major marketing and promotional campaign, and then 6 months later you never hear from them again. If you've been running a label for more than a few years, you can pin-point labels like that, and know they're going nowhere. As far as the scene changing and being a lot worse, umm, a lot of people complain that the scene really sucks these days, and that there are no good bands out there. I totally disagree. I'm out at the record stores every week checking out new stuff. Buying LPs, 7"s, and yes, people, even on occasion a CD. I mean as long as you continue to read underground fanzines, and go to shows, I don't see how you can feel there's a shortage of good bands.

MRR: Everybody pretty much has things to change about their label. What would you like to see change with your label?

Tom: Probably the biggest change that I'd like to see happen, is to get hooked up with a core set of distributors, or one distributor where I don't continually have to harp them about payment. They just send me the payment on time, when it's due, like Revolver does. I'd like to hook up with a couple other distributors that would do that for me. Or to try and get hooked up with Mordam. As far as other changes, I'm going to start putting out more full lengths. I'm still gonna put out 7"s from bands that I know I can't put out an album from. But I think that there are enough bands out there that don't have full lengths out, that would be interested in hopping aboard Dead Beat Records.

MRR: You seem to keep a pretty good relationship with your bands, and you seem to have a pretty good reputation. That's why I became friendly with you, because they all had good things to say about you. What's your philosophy behind that?

Tom: Well, I think that one of the things that my bands admire and respect, is the open door policy that I have. If the bands are ever in question about what I press up, or what they're paid, they know that they can pop over and we can resolve these matters quickly. I mean the local bands, I don't just put out their records. We hang out, go to shows, party, etc. So it's more than me just putting out their records. On top of that, I think they see the drive and the passion that I have for what I do, and I think they respect that as well.

MRR: So what local bands are you fired up about, and what touring bands have you seen that you really dug?

Tom: As far as locally, the band that I'm really into is a band from Laguna Beach called Smog Town. They put out one EP, as well as having a bunch of demo material recorded, and they rule. They're a very upbeat energetic band, that rules live as well as recorded. Other bands that have come through town that I've been impressed by are Snuka (from NY), the Candy Snatchers always blow me away, the La Donnas from Colorado are another really good band. There are also some other bands that I haven't seen but I dig. In the street punk/oi vein are The Wretched Ones, Limecell from the east coast, come out to CA, motherfuckers! On the hardcore front, I dig bands like Detestation from Portland, they're hot. Inflicted, who I'm actually setting up a show for on August 9th, are really good. They have ex-members of Remission, who I put an album out by. URBN DK are rad, but unfortunately they broke up. They always kicked my ass. Actually, I think you put some stuff out by those guys, Brian.

MRR: Oh, URBN DK broke up?

Tom: Yeah, they broke up. Bob DK's started a new band with one of the the other members called Despite. Yeah, all that shit's fuckin' rockin. Um, Europe also has got a few amazing bands, like Turbonegro, Bingo, Temporal Sluts and the TV Killers; great bands. Other bands like Dillinger 4, Hot Water Music, fuck, there are so many, I can go on and on.

MRR: You seem to mention rockin' a lot. (Laughing) Do you seem to go for stuff that has a hint of Rock 'n' Roll? Like a pinch of Molly Hatchet or a dash of AC/DC? Also, you seem to be a big Motorhead fan. Is that like a big thing with you? I mean, do you dig a lot of that Punk Rock 'n' Roll stuff?

Tom: (Laughing) Fuck yeah! AC/DC, Motorhead is all great, and yes, I am into a lot of punk rock 'n' roll stuff. But, "rockin'" to me is just a catch-all phrase, for something that I approve of that's heartfelt and for real. I'd say a band like Agathocles

or Spazz is rockin', as much as I'd say a band like the Hookers or the Dirtys are rockin'.

MRR: So what are some of the bands/releases you have coming up?

Tom: The next thing that's on the burner is the Viva La Vinyl #3 LP, with such great bands as the Hookers, TV Killers, the B-Movie Rats, URBN DK, Haunted Head (which has ex-members of the Aggravators from Cleveland), the Bodies, the Slobs, the Stitches, the Gain (laughing), um, what else? After that will be the second B-Movie Rats album, which they will record shortly after their Oct.-Nov. tour. I'm also talking to a few other bands right now, but nothing is etched in stone, so I can't mention anything.

MRR: And now the most important question, what's with the mustache (laughing)?

Tom: (with grin on his face) Well, you know, a lot of people have asked me about that. I mean, I really strongly believe that since the early days of punk, with such people as GG Allin and Biafra, those guys were all sporting mustaches and they were pretty much predominant figures in punk rock. So since those guys it's all died, so I'm trying to bring mustaches back into fuckin' punk!!

MRR: So punk rock = mustaches, OK?

Tom: Yeah.

MRR: So what tips would you give to somebody trying to start their own record label?

Tom: Probably the most simple one would be to tell them not even to do it. I really feel that there are entirely too many labels out there, and a lot of people think that they can make quick money. I mean, I'm not denying the fact that over time you can make money, but it doesn't come as easy as people think. I'm always getting calls from people who see my phone number from one of my ads, and they think that they can put out a ska or pop-punk comp and sell fuckin' 5-10, 0000 copies within the first month. I got news for you people, it's not gonna happen! But, if you do decide to start a label, you have to understand that with your first, second, third releases, it's a very, very slow process. You have to understand that not a lot of people are going to be interested in your label or the bands you're putting out. Especially if no one's ever heard them before. But your dedication over time, as well as putting out a core set of releases, eventually people will catch on.

MRR: So before we wrap this up, is there anything else you wanna say?

Tom: Well, if there's anyone out there who is interested in seriously starting up a label, let me know. But only if you're serious. Because I can hook you up with the pressing plants and the distributors that I deal with. I get a lot of people calling me up and thanking me for the info that I gave them. Because you know back when I started the label, there wasn't really any guiding light that I followed. I kind of just learned on my own. And I think it would have been easier if I would have had someone there to help me out.

MRR: My, how charitable and helpful of you.

Tom: (laughs)

Contact Dead Beat Records: PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078, USA. Ph/Fx: (323) 962-3065. E-Mail: Deadbeatrx~aol.com

Dead Beat Releases:

J Church- She Has No Control 7". V/A- Viva La Vinyl LP -w/: Whatever..., J Church, The Kids, Bouncing Souls, Verrucose, Preachers that Lie, Serpico, Queen Mab, Nonsense, Tilt, Krupted Peasant Farmerz, Fighting Cause, Trusty, JonCCC, Sicko and Tilt Wheel. J Church- She Never Leaves 7". Whatever...- Jabberwocky LP/CD. The Padded Cell- Punk Next Door 7". J Church/Serpico- split 7". The Gain- You Should Know 7". Whatever...- Socially Retarded 7". Goat Boy- Struggle For Power 7". The Padded Cell- I Don't Need No Arms 7".

Dead Beat Records

V/A- Viva La Vinyl Vol. #2 LP -w/: Whatever..., The Gain, Goat Boy, Padded Cell, The Statics, Hickey, The Motards, Naked Aggression, Wretched Ones, The Crumbs, Less Than Jake, Fed Up!, The Drags, The Choice, Teengenerate and Moral Crux. The Padded Cell- S/T LP/CD. Less Than Jake/J Church- split 7". The B-Movie Rats- Teenage Queen 7". The Statics- Sold My Soul 7". The Gain- Highway to Heck 10". The B-Movie Rats- Killer Woman LP/CD. Remission- Ninety-Five to Ninety-Eight LP. The Stitches- You Tear Me Out 7". V/A- Viva La Vinyl #3LP - w/: The B-Movie Rats, The Gain, The Haunted Stitches, URBN DK, The TV Killers, The Bodies, Head, The Slobs, Detestation, Inflicted, Scarred for Life, Dirtys, Dead End Cruisers, Smog Town etc.

-Money Orders payable to Tom Spencer, not Dead Beat because the bank gets very irate at me when they see my handwriting on the front of the check; especially when it's made out to fuckin' Dead Beat

Slak's high energy, drunken good-time, punk rock'n'roll music has remained on the Cleveland scene for over four years. Despite going through a few bassists and rehabs, Slak is obviously a rare breed of bastards who are in it for the good-time. The following interview was conducted in my apartment in Lexington, KY after Slak's first show of their Fall '98 tour. The show included local bands from Lexington—the Illicits and Bobby Sub—and was held at the 37 Center. The interview began with five minutes of chaos which included: saving Kevin K-Rock (bassist) from a local crack whore, trying to revive Mark Mayhem (beat) from a drunken coma, never finding Dan Slak (guitar and vocals), and failing to make sense of Johnny (throat). Interview by Pam Illicit.

MRR: How long have you guys been together and what have you released in that time?

Mark: (slurring) I would say we've been together for about two years.

Kevin: With me?

Mark: I think so?

Johnny: Yeah, it's been about two years.

Mark: And we've released "Another State of Mind."

Johnny: "Another State of Mind???"

Mark: (laughing hysterically) I mean, uh, "Another Disaster," "Tonight We Drink," and "What's This Shit Called Punk?"—the Pagans tribute thing.

MRR: Two seven inches and a comp?

Mark: Yeah!

MRR: How long has the band been together prior to Kevin?

Kevin: It doesn't matter. It wasn't a band until I got here!

Mark and Johnny: Never!

MRR: OK? So you guys plan on touring for your new release, "Tonight We Drink...Tomorrow We Dance?"

Mark: Yeah, in fact we are in the process.

Kevin: We're on it right now?

Johnny: Kinda. Yeah.

Mark: Yeah, we definitely are. We're going to hit the East Coast again.

Johnny: We're going to hit Long Island, NYC, somewhere in Jersey...

Kevin: Back to Jersey?

MRR: Ha, I heard the last time you guys went out East you all got arrested. What's the scoop?

Mark: We all got arrested for trespassing, concealed weapons, and...

Kevin: Sleeping with the sheriff's daughter.

Johnny: It's safe to say we all have warrants in Jersey.

Kevin: As long as you're fucking the sheriff's daughter, you won't get any warrants!

Mark: Believe it or not, Kevin doing the sheriff's daughter has been a advantage. We have been totally busted if she didn't talk our asses out of it.

MRR: OK, I think that's all I need to hear about that. So how does the scene in Cleveland compare to scenes on the East Coast?

Kevin: Cleveland's scene is nothing like the East Coast. Every time we play out there, it rips.

Mark: In Cleveland it's almost stupid.

Johnny: It's like, ya know, Cleveland. I've almost given up on Cleveland.

Dan: I think there is too much rivalry between the different groups of kids. But that's pretty cool!

MRR: What's a typical show like for Slak?

Mark: Umm, it's a lot of drinkin', drinkin'...what do you think, K-Rock?

Kevin: Personally, as long as I get out of that van on my own two feet...usually drinking all day and if we're lucky, drugs. I think we sound real good if we're all fucked up.

Johnny: Somehow it all clicks when we get together. Like where the rubber hits the road.

Dan: Even though we're usually the most fucked up at our shows.

Kevin: (laughing) I can honestly say that I have never been with you guys sober.

MRR: Alright, alright. What's more important to you guys: Slak, girls, or beer?

Kevin: Slak, 'cause with Slak you'll somehow get beer and girls. Hah, just kidding.

Mark: I would have to say music, as in Slak.

Dan: The only reason I'm in the band is because there is more access to music, girls and beer. Period!

MRR: Okay? I heard some crazy shit went down when you guys played the 7th Annual Spiderland Birthday Bash '97 in Canada.

Mark: Actually a whole shitload of stuff went down and the whole story is getting published in some book called *Roadburn: True Stories of Underground Bands Touring America.*

Dan: He's trying to promote stuff.

Kevin: Let me tell you the truth here. We went up to Canada, got worked over at the border, and the rest is your typical Slak show.

Dan: It was like four guys from Cleveland entering into *Mad Max* the movie, but with punks.

Kevin: A lot happened that shouldn't have: animals, beer bottles...

Dan: Lesbians!

Kevin: Lesbians, mosquitoes, hash, forest fires...

Johnny: Back to the states!

For merchandise, booking, comments, etc. write to: Slak c/o Sick House Record, 1480 Michigan Ave. Suite H, Columbus, OH 43201, E-mail: bucha.1@osu.edu

From a Country praised world wide for their 350 BEERS and known to many as "Bloody Belgium" come THE HOT ROD HONEYS! These die hards Traveled thousands of miles just to play a mere 5 shows at the smallest, seediest clubs in all of California (and destroyed every last one of them.) With a new LP released on DEMOLITION DERBY in Europe (an American Man's Ruin Records version on the way), a tour of France, and two 7"s under their belt, we cornered them, forced them to drink Budweiser, and asked these questions:
(Photos & Interview by the Jack Saints)

the Hot Rod Honeys

Tommy -guitar/vocals
Saft'n-bass/vocals
Stevie-drums/vocals

MRR: First off, how did you get your name? When Americans first hear "Hot Rod Honeys" they think it's an all girl band, three honeys!

Saft'n: Yea we are!

Tommy: In Rotterdam, some guy booked up shows saying "Hot Rod Honeys, Three cool chicks playing punk rock!"

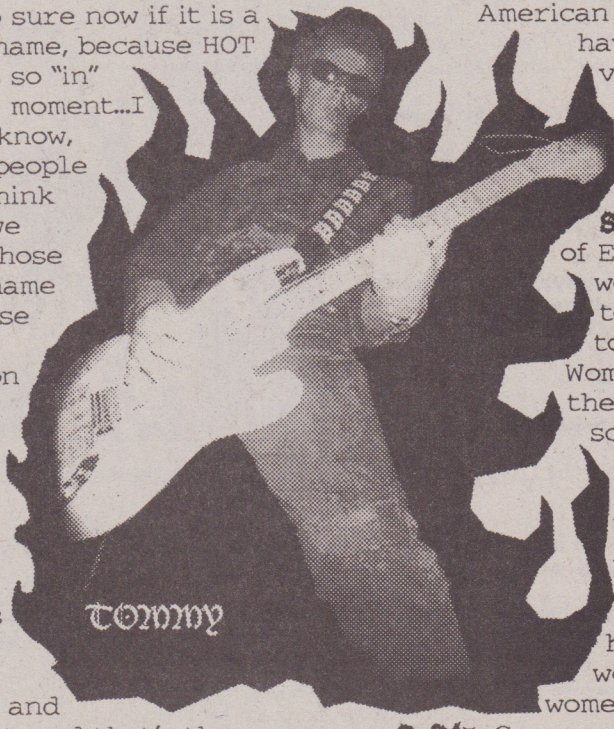
Saft'n: Well, first we were "The Real Cool Killers", but a French band already had that name. It comes from a book by a black writer...Chester Himes, writing about gang situations in Harlem in the 50's. In one of his books there was a gang who dressed themselves up as Arabs. It was funny to me- that name the real cool killers.

MRR: Have you guys seen that movie, "The Warriors"?

Tommy: Yes, when the was around the punk period, and everybody said, "The Warriors is a punk movie". Lots and lots of peope thinking Americans are like that. That's America, you shouldn't walk on the streets at night there!

MRR: Ha ha, yeah people running around in make up and baseball uniforms! Well, where did "Hot Rod Honeys" come from?

Tommy: Well then I saw these CD's "Surf Honeys, and Hot Rod Honeys", and I'm not too much into surf, but I like drag races. I'm not so sure now if it is a good name, because HOT ROD is so "in" at the moment...I don't know, some people may think that we just chose that name because it's in fashion or something. For me hot rod means loud, make noise, and go fast, and that's the music. [Note: Tommy may not like "beach boys" style surf, but the HRH's OTHER band called "Back to Mono" play some of the meanest instumental Link Wray inspired drag strip music ever! They say that they are even more popular in Belgium than the Honeys are!]



MRR: How do you compare American women to European women?

Saft'n: We have to try first!

Tommy: American women are very curious about us, because our dicks aren't cut! But the American women I have met are very nice and friendly, bambi-esque.

Saft'n: A lot of European women are too cool, too silent. Women here, they start screaming and showing that they like it. Not in Europe.

MRR: Who has the worst women?

Saft'n: Germany (Talk goes on about the women of Europe)

MRR: How about beer? What do you think of American beer?

Saft'n: American beer SUCKS! Naw... not really, I can drink it. I have had Budweiser so far...and one other one. I kinda like it...I can drink it...

MRR: You don't get green bud over there, do you?

Tommy: Oh but we get better and cheaper than that.

MRR: what's up with that mixing it with tobacco crap??

Tommy: That's the difference. In America they always want the 100%. Europeans smoke it easier.

Saft'n: we can smoke all night.

MRR: Do you think that Belgian music has been underrated for a long time? Now there are all these bootlegs of great old Belgian punk coming out...

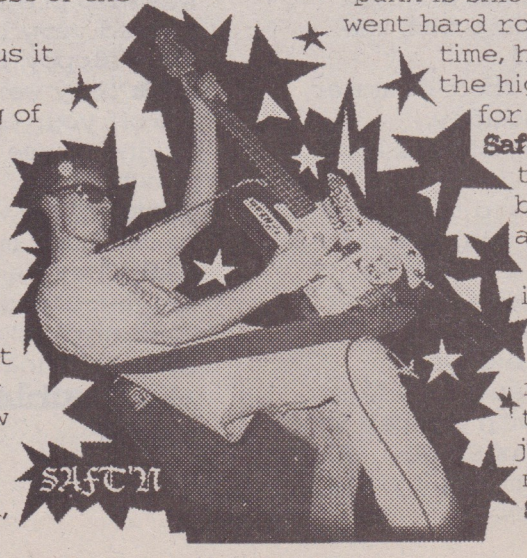
Saft'n: Well, not only Belgian punk bands have been bootlegged, there are plenty of bootlegs.

MRR: Well, I mean for a long time it seemed people focused on early American, Australian and UK punk, but lately there's been a sudden flood of great Belgian reissues.

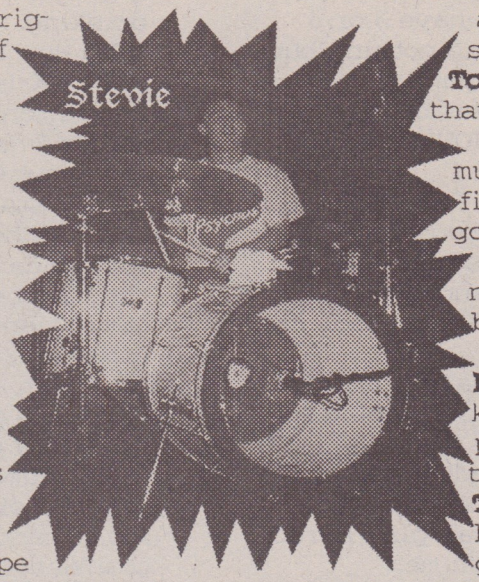
Saft'n: well, because at the time it was just not available around here, because there was no money to send it over, or whatever.

Tommy: The bands who were signed by these labels, they just did promotion in Belgium, and not for the rest of the world.

Saft'n: Plus it was the beginning of the underground scene as well, and they didn't know how to get it distributed. Now they know.



MRR: Well, I'm sure there's a lot of record collectors reading this, so how hard is it to find the original issues of all that old punk stuff in Belgium, like the P.i.g.z record?



Tommy: It's very very hard to find. But I think someone is going to bootleg the P.i.g.z record. It is only three songs, but there is a tape missing...people are on a very high hunt to find it.

MRR: Did you ever get to see the P.i.g.z?

Tommy: No. I saw the Kids though. I think they were the first electricity band I had seen play...the first band playing live performances...and I was scared of it, but in another way, very excited about it. It was very early, when they were a three piece. I was 13.

MRR: Did you see their reunion?

Tommy: No and I will not. They hurt so many punks when they started saying "punk is shit" and they went hard rock. At the time, hard rock was the highest betray for the punks.

Saft'n: the worst thing a punk band could do at the time.

Tommy: Now it hurts so much to hear about reunion tours. They just do it for money.

Saft'n: I think that they heard that the Sex Pistols were doing a reunion tour, it was around the same time

Tommy: And that they heard about how much their first pressings go for on the market. But now they are back on bootleg.

MRR: Do you know who presses those?

Tommy: Yes, but I am not going to tell! (Laughter) I know the bloodstains guy too. You have to look for a new bootleg called the "First Belgian Punk Contest". There is the fourth P.i.g.z song on it. The other band, who is also on Bloodstains, is the "Definitivos". Their bass player is very proud that all these bootlegs came out.

MRR: Yeah, they are also on the "Bloody Belgium" comp...

Saft'n: Yes, the song "Mister C".

Tommy: That was my first musical thing, I was roadie for them.

MRR: Really??

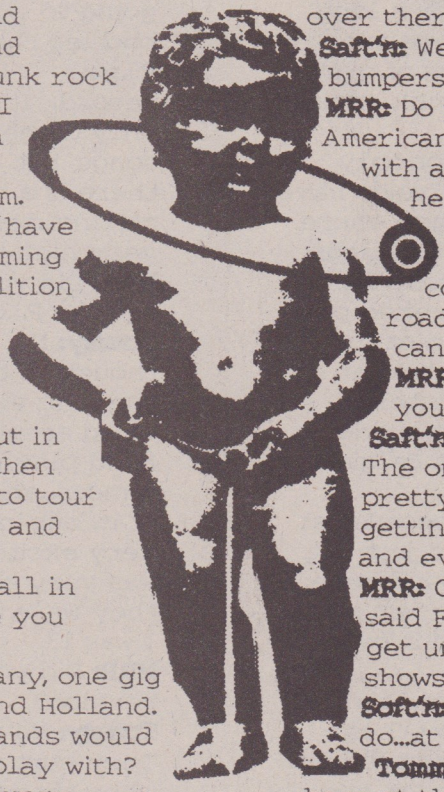
Tommy: Yes, they played with 999, and supported Killing Joke.

MRR: Wow...So how is the music scene in Belgium now?

Saft'n: Now? Not a lot going on.

MRR: I went to a Belgian punk web site, and it was tons of skater punk bands... [Note- I emailed the guy who did the web page, and he had never heard of any of the Belgian bands we have

been talking about]
Tommy: Yeah...that's very "in".
Saft'n: You have 3 or 4 labels doing nothing but new skate punk.
MRR: So what bands from Belgium SHOULD people check out?
Saft'n: The Bad Preachers, El Guapo Stunt Team...they are a cross between the Monsters and the Oblivians. Very good. Sin Alley...
MRR: How have your shows in the U.S. been going so far?
Saft'n: Theyíre fine as far as Iím concerned. Iím happy we can play here, itís fine with me!
MRR: This is the first time youíve played here?
Saft'n: Yeah, it was the first time I ever stepped into a plane!
MRR: How was that?
Saft'n: Sick!
Tommy: Me and Steve and Hino were on mushrooms! It was fun.
MRR: Is America different that you had imagined?
Saft'n: I thought the clubs would be bigger. I thought EVERYTHING would be bigger...but just the cars
Tommy: And the coffees...We knew about bands touring America in the hardcore scene, but itís all these shitty "play in my house or garage" tours. This is real, weíre in the clubs, and in the papers...it's like real! That gives a very good feeling to all of us.
MRR: So I assume you all left jobs back home, what do you do for a living?
Tommy: I'm working on the water supplies in Belgium.
Saft'n: I drive a forklift. I quit my job to come here, but I know I can get it back, Iím just not getting paid for these two weeks.
Stevie: I have a pub together with drinking.
MRR: How long have you known Kris from Demolition Derby?
Saft'n: I have known him for about 6 years now, when I started working at the Pits, he was booking shows there. That's about the time he started Demolition Derby. He distributes a lot of rare American and Japanese and Australia punk rock in Belgium. I learned of a lot of bands thanks to him.
MRR: So you have new stuff coming out on Demolition Derby?
Saft'n: We're going to do an album. Should be out in September, then we're going to tour Switzerland, and Italy.
MRR: Where all in Europe have you played?
Soft'n: Germany, one gig in France, and Holland.
MRR: What bands would you like to play with?
Tommy: I am very pissed...but not angry...I wished to play with the Loudmouths
MRR: Yeah, their drummer is off on holiday.
Tommy: they should kick him out!
Saft'n: I heard that the B-Movie Rats would be over in Europe. I'd love to play with them again. I like them a lot, and they're nice guys.
MRR: Yeah and they were generous with the pay for that Al's Bar Show!
Saft'n: Thumbs up for the B-Movie Rats.



MRR: So have you been spending lots of money on nick knacks and patches and whatnot?
Saft'n: Well, we are waiting till the gigs are over...
MRR: Wait a minute! We heard that you came home with a STACK of bumper stickers!
Tommy: I bought one that says "been there, done that"!
MRR: You don't have those over there?
Saft'n: We have small bumpers.
MRR: Do you like American cars? someone with a big Chevy, and he has no place to park it! It's too wide. When he comes down the road, the other cars can't pass anymore!
MRR: What's been your wildest show?
Saft'n: I don't know. The one in France was pretty wild. People getting undressed and everything.
MRR: Oh yeah, you said French people get undressed at shows!
Soft'n: Yeah, they do...at GOOD shows.
Tommy: The show here at the Tip Top Inn was also pretty wild. We played very bad, and very sloppy, but...
MRR: They were trying to rip off your clothes! Trying to see your big uncut...
Tommy: They were trying to cut it for me!
MRR: They wanted the Belgian chocolate covered nipples!
MRR: Any final words?
ALL: "Double Fuckin' Yeah!"

THE DERITA SISTERS AND JUNIOR

Interview with The DeRita Sisters and Junior, July 27, 1998 by Bambi Conway. The DeRita Sisters and Junior formed in 1992 by Mark Gilman and Jay Smith. Their sound is rooted in the old school of punk rock. Highly influenced by the British 1977 bands: The Damned, The Sex Pistols, The Lurkers and The Buzzcocks and early U.S. punk bands like The Ramones and TSOL, The DeRitas achieved notoriety with their offensive, junvenile, politically incorrect lyrics set against fast, three chord pop/punk melodies. After much perserverance, the band is finally getting their due with a record deal in Germany. I spoke to guitarists/singers Gilman and Smith, and drummer Dave Drewry.

MRR: So you guys have been at this for over six years now?
Mark:Yeah hard to believe. It all started out as a joke, now look what's happened. Six years, six CD's and still no money.
MRR: So what's next for you, a rap record?
Mark: We cover "Whoomp There It Is" on our new recordings, by Tag Team.
Dave: Whoomp There It Is!
Jay: We thought it might be a good idea for our 200th recorded song.
MRR: To cover Whoomp There It Is? (Laughs hysterically)
Mark: It's the worst rap song of all time.
MRR: Did you make any changes to it?
Jay: A couple words here and there.
Mark: Dave Drewry makes his vocal debut on it as "hip hop harelip".
MRR: Will you be doing that song live?
Mark: No.we're a live band, we don't use DATS.
MRR: So you guys are really prolific.
Jay: We recorded 52 new songs just recently with the idea of getting two or three CD's out of it. One of the CD's has a theme to it, that's where "Whoomp There It Is" comes in. It's called "The DeRita Sisters Ain't Street". We even dress as gangsta rappers on the cover. We give rap a good slagging throughout. We're the least street of all rappers as you can see in the photos.
MRR: How are your other records selling?
Jay: Enough that the label wants to do another one.
Mark: We just inked the deal today with the same bunch that put out our last record.
Dave: High Society International in Germany. They did our last CD, "Abusement Park".
Jay: We did the first three CD's ourselves on our own label, Real George Records, and then the band regrouped with Dave Drewry and we actually became a real band. We started playing live, got real record deals, didn't have to pay for everything ourselves which is nice. Incognito Records in Germany put out a ten-inch picture disc a year ago and that lead to "Abusement Park" which High Society put out and now High Society is doing our new one which hopefully will be out in September of this year. It's called "Syllagomania" which means "the pathological collecting of rubbish".

MRR: (laughs) Did you know what that word meant when you started writing the songs?
Mark: I was reading about Syllagomania in a Cleveland newspaper and the article was about a little known psychosis that started coming to light when local police found entire families living in delapidated houses filled with garbage like five feet deep. People who have money, but never leave the house and just order take out food and let the garbage pile up.
Dave: Like those rich, eccentric old ladies that are found with 70 cats in the house and stacks of papers, tin foil over the windows. . .
Mark: That's gonna happen to me.
Jay: Yeah next week.
MRR: So you guys seem to have quite a buzz going.
Mark: Where?
Jay: We've been fortunate with reviews of our stuff. It's usually very positive. We get a lot of e-mail and letters and we've got some nutty fans in Canada.
Mark: We've sold a lot of records through our website. But the label we're on now at least is a real label with real distribution. Our records are actually in stores now. We finally have a barcode.
MRR: So Canadian fans and a German record deal. When are you going over there to play?
Mark: Possibly after the first of the year, whenever we can set it up. Old school punk rock is much more popular in Europe and England which is where it really all began. The American punk rock of the 90's is pretty far removed from the stuff we play.
Jay: Now that we have the Germans on our side, we hope that will pave the way a little more for success. It was easy for us to write and record and manufacture our own records, but we really lacked the resources to sell them. We found out that just because we had product, it couldn't buy us a gig locally.
Dave: I think that each record has been a progression, and each one has gotten better and better.
Mark: And this is the first year we have actually had a real band. Before this, we never had a real bass player, we had flakey drummers, the same old story. Now we have a guy named Dave Doyle on bass, who is currently on tour with MCA band The Murmers, actually making money. Sell out. When Dave Drewry joined us on drums about three years ago, we finally clicked.
MRR: So you're doing two CD's from this new batch of material?
Jay: Maybe even three. "Syllagomania" for High Society, "The DeRita Sisters Ain't Street" which is not yet sold and possibly a third one to be called "Wrong Turn At Jerusalem."
MRR: What were the earlier records called?
Dave: "We Did Not Ask To Be Born" which came out in '93, "Rocketships and Bullets" from '94, "Too Lazy To Steal" that came out in '95, "United States Of The World" that came out in '96 on Incognito, and finally "Abusement Park" on High Society that came out last year.
Mark: Not to mention the unreleased, "Octoroon", an 8-song cassette that we never put out due to having no money. Five of the songs ended up on "Too Lazy To Steal."
Jay: Half the songs on "Octoroon" were really bad. But some of our best live songs were, and ended up on "Too Lazy." Songs like, "Joe Blow The Lover Man", "Stop Me Before I Fuck Again", "Postal

Worker" are still in our live set.

MRR: You guys have so many songs now, over 200, how do you decide what to play live?

Dave: I was thinking about that the other day. I was looking at the CD's, I was looking at the setlist, and even just to play an hour show, it's impossible to pick. We usually play 30 songs a show. Everybody has their favorites, it's really hard to pick.

Mark: We tend to lean on the newer material a lot, we don't play anything off the first CD.

Jay: And really only a couple songs off "Rocketships and Bullets", we still play "Jerk Chain", "That's What Love Is" and "Fuck Malcolm X".

MRR: What kind of reaction do you get from the audience? Are they paying attention to the lyrics?

Jay: We played a live radio broadcast in Santa Barbara for a Ticketmaster Showcase in front of about a hundred people. Twenty three songs in less than 30 minutes. It was nonstop, relentless. We went over really poorly, but it was hilarious 'cuz we didn't know it was going to be broadcast and the live DJ's just turned white when they saw our setlist. Last year we played at NXNW in Portland to a packed house, and we were doing great until we got to "Fuck Malcolm X", then we looked out over the house and saw a sea of folded arms and frowns and gaping jaws.

Mark: They didn't get it. They didn't know that the song is actually about the movie. They thought we were card carrying Klan members or something.

MRR: Yeah I wondered if people even listen to the lyrics and hear the brilliance of them, or are they just going to be completely offended by them?

Dave: That's one thing that I don't get. Rock music has been around for over 40 years, punk rock has been around 20 of those years, I can't even believe there's people out there in this day and age where so much music is out there, and so much has gone before, I can't believe there's people that just don't get it, or would be upset by it, come on! If anybody doesn't get the fact that it's all for fun, they shouldn't come to the shows or buy the records. It amazes me that you can do a song like "Fuck Malcolm X" and people will get upset. Ridiculous.

Jay: Originally we just picked the most shocking themes we could and played around with the music, because we couldn't write songs and I find it mysterious that people don't get it, even on the musical level. The Ramones and The Buzzcocks were such great bands, early TSOL, The Damned, all these great bands that we sort of put in a pot, mixed around and came up with The DeRita Sisters and Junior, and people still listen to us and don't understand the great pop melodies, and the simplistic punk lyrics. They're all retards. What's wrong with you people?

Mark: You should see the songs we haven't recorded!

Dave: And it's not shock for shock's sake, or trying to get a reaction, it's all just funny! It's not only funny, but it's Fun! We're not trying to get a rise out of people, that's not it at all, it just comes out naturally' cuz it's a laugh.

Mark: Too many punk bands take themselves Way too seriously.

Jay: Break down your sacred cows and we'll have a larf. We even have a new song called "Takin' The Piss" which is an English expression for "hey we are just teasing you!" I guess we had to spell it out for some people.

Dave: And aside from song titles and subject matter, the band is just getting better and better and better. After a while, who cares what the song title is or if the lyrics are offensive, because musically the band is a lot more muscular, tough sounding, more rocking than it was before.

Mark: I can't even listen to the first CD, it's embarrassing.

MRR: Is the band your main job now?

(Everyone laughs)

Mark: Next question.

Jay: We all have jobs and real lives. Dave Doyle our bass player is on tour with another band now making real money. More than we could pay him.

Mark: Yeah but at least if you are in our band, you eat good.

Jay: If you are in our band you eat good and you don't pay for a flippin' thing.

Mark: We pay for rehearsal and if we make any money at a gig, which is rare, we give it to the rhythm section. Sort of like giving money to the homeless.

MRR: Well seeing as it is so hard to keep a band together, you guys certainly have longevity. How have you been able to keep it going?

Mark: It's because we don't take it seriously, we just do it for fun. Once a band becomes work it's not fun anymore. Once you get past the notion that you might not become rock stars, you realize no one gives a shit about you and you can just relax and play music.

Jay: All we ever wanted was to get to a point where we could stop paying so much out of pocket, and we finally achieved that with the overseas record deals. And it's getting cheaper all the time to play music.

MRR: You wouldn't press your own records again?

Mark: No way, we haven't got the time, money or resources to market them. They'd end up with the rest of them, stacked in boxes in my warehouse.

MRR: You need a marketing genius, maybe if Dave Doyle leaves the band to stay with The Murmurs, you could get some young girl on bass to help market the band.

Mark: We had a girl bass player for a while.

Jay: And she was great at promoting her own stuff. Unbelievable at it.

MRR: who was that?

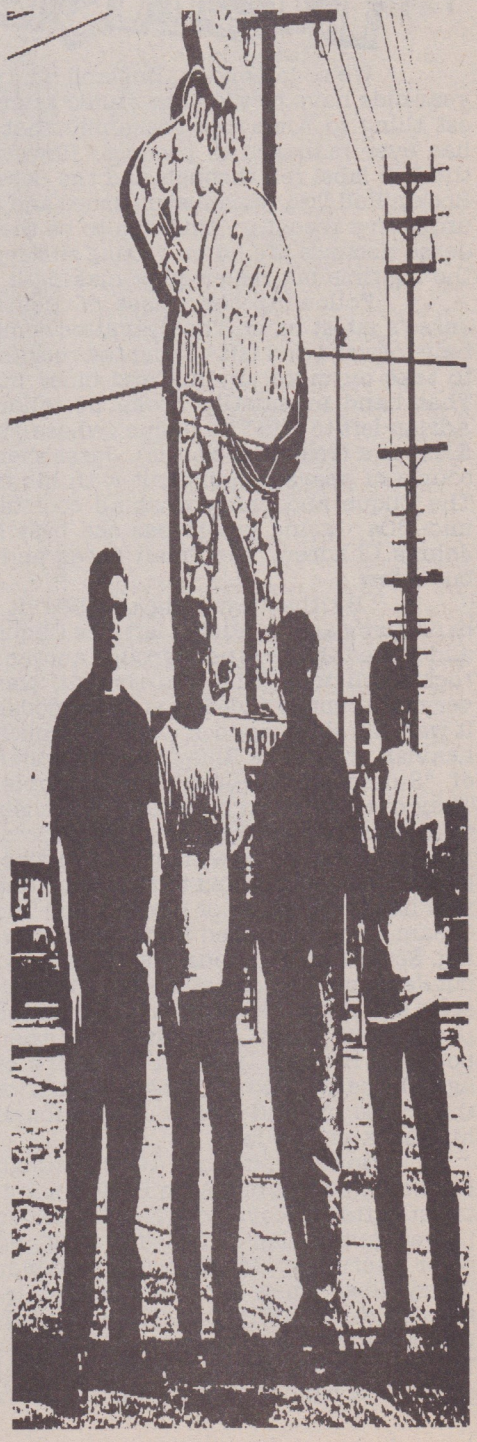
Jay: Andrea Beltramo. She was in The Creamers for a while and then started her own punk band called Snap-Her. They were pretty good a while back, and she joined us as a side project. She's a real hustler, Snap-Her gigs all the time, in fact they played Britain's "Holidays In The Sun" three-day punk festival this year.

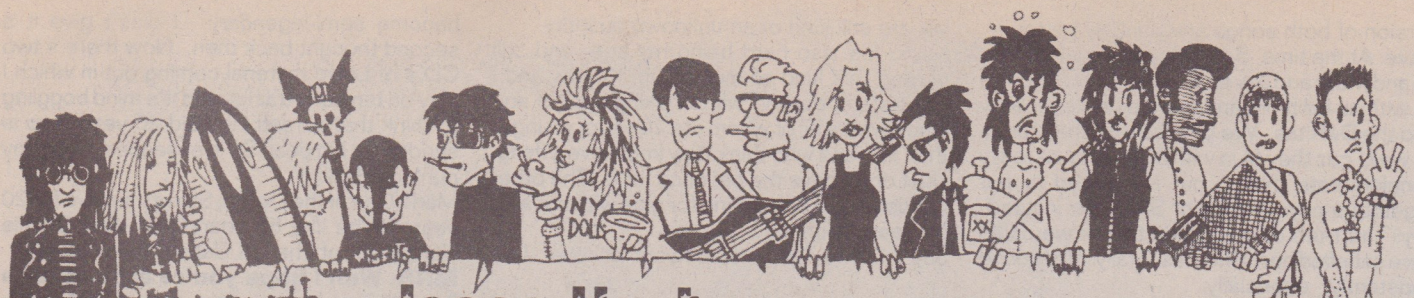
Dave: But that was the deal. She was in both bands and obviously since Snap-Her was her band, that's where all her allegiances were. She spent all her time and energy hustling for them and often times we were left holding the bag. So it became really difficult for her to be in two bands and we had a hard time moving forward because of it.

Jay: We recorded a Snap-Her song called "Penile Implant", and they recorded one of ours called "Postal Worker". I think our

version of both songs are infinitely better.
Dave: At the time, Snap-Her eventually broke up and Mark and Jay made Andi an offer to join up with us full time, and transfer all her energy into the DeRitas. We offered to do her songs as well, 'cuz they fit in with ours and just really conglomerate things, but she opted to put together a new version of Snap-Her instead.
Jay: The truth of it is, I don't think we could have satisfied her. She was totally into touring constantly, especially in Europe, and sleeping on floors, and not eating. We're just used to a higher standard. And we are just getting too old for all that. The last thing we want to do is pack up in a broken down van and drive across country playing shit gigs. My favourite part about the band is just the kibbitzing really. Just the hanging out and comeraderie. We don't have the potential to just drop what we are doing and go play Russia for nothing.

Dave: After Andi, we had this guy Mike on bass who lived on the East coast, and he was flying out to do gigs and finish recording "Abusement Park" after Andi left. But then obviously we had to find a guy who was more local and through word of mouth we landed Dave Doyle who is really great and who fitted right in.
Mark: Mike could fly for free.
Jay: Yeah Dave Doyle is perfect. It was always kinda weird with Andi in the band, cuz here we were, all three pretty normal looking guys and then a girl that looked like Wattie from The Exploited. It was bizarre.
Dave: Yeah it's great to have a bass player you can really lock in with. Me being the drummer and all. Even before I got in the band, The DeRitas was basically just an outlet and a hobby for these guys. When I came along at Andi's suggestion, and it's funny that she left and I stayed, that was the attraction for me too, the kibbitzing. It's fun to sit around and tell jokes, and have fun and yack, and go eat and hang out.
Mark: We never played a live show until Dave Drewry joined.
Dave: The thing now though is the band back then wasn't very good, but the band now is good and that's a tough situation, because back then it was ok just to jerk off and hang around, because they weren't taking it too seriously, but now the band has gotten so good and I think we really deserve to be heard now. The records are getting better, the production is better, the songs are better, the playing and players are better and now it's developed into a real tangible thing. I think we can share the stage with just about anybody around. It's a weird situation we're in and it's a little frustrating. For the DeRita Sisters to have been around for as long as they have, to have put out as many records as they have and yet are still kind of an unknown quantity.
Mark: It's also hard being my age and still playing this kind of music. I'm 40 now and I can't stand dealing with booking agents and club owners all of whom are 20 years younger than me, and who think they know everything. I just don't have the patience for it. The other bands we are competing for gigs with are also 20 years younger . . .
Jay: ...Who will hustle flyers all over Los Angeles.
MRR: Do you ever get any young punkers at your shows?
Mark: Well we aren't really punk enough for the hard core mohawk sporting punk crowd. We're old school, 1977 style punk and we don't look like punks.
MRR: But those kids are strictly retro anyway right?
Mark: Punk was over in 1979, for me anyway.
Jay: Speaking of retro, we were just turned down by Epitaph Records who said they liked our stuff but there was nothing they could do with it, 'cuz it didn't sound like a Mountain Dew commercial. Since when have they put out skate punk? I don't know. I've heard that label is absolutely stuck now. They don't have a radio department, they dumped a ton of money into Rancid and Voodoo Glow Skulls hoping to recoup it and bring the label back to life, if not, who knows what's gonna happen with them.
Dave: As far as young kids thinking we're not punk enough, screw that! What we're doing stands on it's own musically, without the labels. It's punk, it's pop and we're as loud and fast as anyone else.
Mark: Here's a new punk club called Bollocks. We could play there if they'd call us back.
Dave: When I was a teenager I played with The Lewd up in Seattle. Seattle pre-grunge era was just a logging town. It was a hick town, a lumberjack town. 20 years later, on the cover of Maximum Rock and Roll, there's The Lewd! I couldn't believe it. I thought they'd reformed, but it was an interview with some of the surviving members talking about how great the band was and how they've become semi-legendary. I didn't give it a second thought back then. Now there's two CD's of Lewd material coming out in which I play on ten early tracks, and it's mind boggling to think that something I did 20 years ago is suddenly a big deal. So in essences, I have my punk credibility!
Mark: Gee, if the DeRita Sisters survive for 20 years I'll be like 55 years old. And Charlie Harper out of The UK Subs will be like 90.
MRR: Well I hope you're around for a long time yet to come. Good luck with "Syllagomania" and if you do get a gig, let me know and I'll bring all my friends.
Jay: Cor.
Mark: Alright!
Dave: Whoomp There It Is!!





This month... Jesse Hector

by Paul Crittenden

PIONEERS OF PUNK

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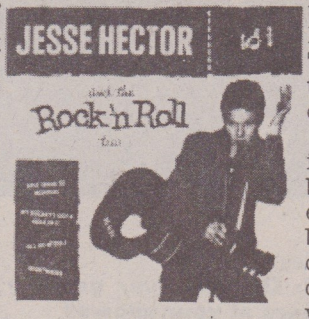
We're in London, England, in 1961. A group of 13-year-olds have just left the studio after recording the closest thing to American rockabilly that any British group has ever managed to produce. However, their deal with the Pye label fell through and the Jesse Hector Rock'n'Roll Trio remained unissued and unknown until very recently - this was to be the story of Jesse Hector's life, often getting so very close to the big time but never quite making it...



Following the onset of Beatlemania, Jesse's latest band, The Cravattes combed their hair forward and left behind the rockabilly style to take on more rhythm and blues influences. That band eventually broke up when bassist Adrian left to join The Clique (whose "We Didn't Kiss" is a freakbeat classic). Jesse then spent a couple of years hanging out with his friends in The Clique and doing what all cool teenagers did in the mid-'60s - going out to see the best live music possible John's Children, The Small Faces and The Who to name but a few.

By the beginning of 1967 it was time to get a band going again. Adrian left The Clique and joined Jesse's new group, another rock'n'roll trio. This trio though, was very different in style to the 1961 model. It was still old style rock'n'roll, but much heavier, much like Blue Cheer's version of "Summertime Blues" for example. They dressed all in black and had their dyed black hair quiffed up into huge pompadours, - but even with such a distinctive image and a sound to fit in with the new hard rock phase of Hendrix and The Cream they still failed to gain a following. Several more bands were attempted but Jesse preferred to stick with the mod-style and real rock'n'roll rather than the psychedelic hippy fluff that was then popular. By mid 1968, at 21 years of age, Jesse decided he'd had enough of the music biz and went out and found himself a proper job.

However, in early 1969, through his work, he met one Alan Butler, a guitarist. After discovering that Jesse also played guitar Alan switched to bass and after recruiting 17-year-old drummer Darryl Read a new band was formed, by the name of CRUSHED BUTLER. Says Jesse Hector, "1969 was a horribly boring year, all that long hair and beards. The Beatles had grown their hair so long they could stand on it. The bands were all farty and horrible. The Small Faces had broken up and grown their hair long. The only good band in England was The Who. I had hoped that The Small Faces would go to America and become superstars. It really upset me that they broke up. So I decided that if they didn't do it then I fuckin' would! Crushed Butler was a wild band - we were heavy, Like The Who. we went on stage and stole everything. We were three fresh young mods, full of energy. We gave 'em all a pasting!"

The band played some high profile gigs during the two years that they were together and by all acounts they were well received wherever they went, with many major acts being blown off stage by their power and energy. But success still wasn't to come their way. "There was this green light going out and I thought we were gonna be up there with The Beatles." said Jesse recently. 'But there was something wrong. Because we'd do all these gigs and someone would say "Did you see who was in the audience tonight?" Then all of a sudden we'd see Marc Bolan with his hair twizzled out like Darryl. Then Slade came out with the big sideburns like I had. We thought, "Hey. We're giving it all away. They don't want us anymore." There was everyone else copying their style and reaping the rewards whilst Crushed Butler couldn't even get a record out. Four visits were made to the recording studios between October 1969 and February 1971 and an acetate was pressed by EMI but all to no avail. Notably, EMI also missed the point with The Sex Pistols some six years later. The band changed bassist twice during this period. First Barry Wyles took over from Alan Butler. to be replaced before too long by Stan Aldous, with Alan Butler returning for their final recording date. Wyles, who had previously played with an earlier incarnation of Queen, known as Smile. was a great bass player and looked the part too, with his short spikey hair being very unusual for the time.

The group's extreme image attracted many people and audience members included quite a few people that would appear in punk groups some years later. In fact, Jesse's vocals on some of their recordings would sound very familiar to anyone who's a fan of one Johnny Rotten. Although there's no evidence to say that Mr. Lydon ever saw Crushed Butler, the similarity is uncanny. Meanwhile. Darryl Read's drum-

ming was as wild as you could get in early '70s London. As Jesse Hector says, "He was like Keith Moon. A maniac!" Take a listen to tracks like "It's My Life" where a crazed speeded-up Bo Diddley drum beat combined with Jesse's totally punk vocals makes it hard to believe that we're still in the '60s. And with other song titles including such gems as "High School Dropout" and "Factory Grime" there's no doubting that these are working class heroes in true punk tradition.

After being let down by EMI the boys had one last try at getting a record deal. This time with Track Records, as Darryl knew Kit Lambert. But instead he ended up being put on the pay roll, supposedly to help out with The Who. He spent more time though on other projects and before long he left for the USA where he made a name for himself liaisoning with certain ex-members of The Doors and acting in experimental/horror movies.

Another group that was around at the same time as Crushed Butler, and surely one that should be the subject of a future article, was Third World War. Darryl had at one time auditioned for this group, but his drumming style was too ferocious even for them. However, on hearing some of the tracks that were due to appear on their second album for Track one song in particular stood out in Daryl's mind - "Hammersmith Gorilla", "a nice Gorilla", a nice little ditty about shooting cops from rooftops (Hammersmith being the area of West London that the band hailed from).

With Daryl's departure Jesse and Alan Butler decided to carry on under a new name - THE HAMMERSMITH GORILLAS, with Gary Anderson brought in as the new drummer. A change in image was also called for and the result was to some people at the time quite startling! Says Jesse. "I couldn't go out. People went fuckin' mad. It was great! It worked! At last we were The Small Faces and John's Children!

Jesse's next move was to take a demo tape to Larry Page (who he knew from his time with The Clique), the man responsible for such monsters as The Troggs' "Wild Thing" and The Kinks' "You Really Got Me". Page, like many others before him, was excited by the sounds he heard and arranged for the band to go into the studio. His idea was for them to record a version of "You Really Got Me" - excactly ten years on from the original version. The band laid down the backing track and the power was there, but when it came to the vocals it wasn't quite right. Larry wanted something different. "Throw yourself around like when you play. Be wild!" urged Page. So Jesse utilised the singing style that he'd put to such good use with Crushed Butler and the result, released on Page's Penny Farthing label in 1974, must surely be the first British punk record to make it onto vinyl.

The record was well distributed and released in many countries but failed to make much of an impression on record buyers, one problem being that the radio stations had no idea what they were hearing. On the BBC's national pop music station, Radio One, the incredulous DJ stopped the record half way through and asked "Are these bum notes? Does this sound real?" But any publicity is a good thing and the music press soon picked up on the band - they even made it to the front page of Melody Maker. As a performing band they were very well regarded and many youngsters who themselves later found fame were once again in the audience watching Jesse show them how it's done - Jimmy Pursey, Billy Idol and Paul Weller are some examples that Jesse remembers from that time.

As with many other amazing British acts, such as Vince Taylor, The Creation and Smoke, The Gorillas found more success on the other side of the English Channel. For whatever reason, the French loved 'em. "We made a lot of money there," laughs Jesse. "Ain't got any of it now though!"

With half a dozen singles being released on Chiswrick and Raw they persevered right through to 1979 when their album, "Message To The World" failed to live up to expectations. At that time. says Jesse. "Spandau Ballet and the electronic sound was moving in. I moved out." Throughout the 1980s Jesse had little to do with music but as the '90s dawned the bug bit again he began playing gigs again as The Jesse Hector Sound. Currently without a band. he's just waiting for the right opportunity to gather together some like-minded musicians and get up on stage once again...

(Uncanny coincidence dept.: according to the June 1998 issue of Record Collector, original bassist Alan Butler was "crushed to death under a horse." –Ed.)

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:

• THE JESSE HECTOR ROCK 'N ROLL TRIO

Last Train to Memphis (45rpm single)

1961 recordings released in 1998 by No Hit Records. 46 Inverness Street. London, England

• CRUSHED BUTLER

Uncrushed (10" mini-LP)

1969-71 recordings released 1998 by Dig The Fuzz. PO Box 79, Nottingham NG5 9BT. England

• THE HAMMERSMITH GORILLAS - 45rpm singles

You Really Got Me/Leaving Home (Penny Farthing) 1974

She's My Gal/Wait Till Tomorrow (Chiswick) 1976

Gatecrasher/Gorilla Got Me (Chiswick) 1977

You Really Got Me/Leaving Home (Raw) 1977

It's My Life/My Son's Alive (Raw) 1978

Message To The world/Outta My Brain (Raw) 1978

Move It/Song For Rita (Chiswick) 1981

• THE GORILLAS

A Message To The world

Album originally released by Raw in 1978, re-released on CD in 1994 by Damaged Goods, 79 Clyde Road, London N15, England

• THE JESSE HECTOR SOUND

Leavin' Town/I Need Lovin',(Clawfist) 1991

A track by The Jesse Nector Sound also appears on a Damaged Goods comp, Hey Mom The Garage Is On My Foot. currently available on both CD and LP.

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RR005 - Stillwell - My Eyes Are Blue Again 7"

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AYA05 - Sore Loser - ...is out to save the world CD
AYA06 - The Tie That Binds - Adding Machine 7"

Alkaline Trio - For Your Lungs Only 7"/CDep $3/$6
Alkaline Trio - Goddamnit LP/CD $7/$8
Alkaline Trio - Sundials 7" $3
Atom & His Package - A Society of People Named Elihu CD $7
At The Drive-In - In/Casino Out LP/CD $8/$10
Braid - Frames & Canvas LP/CD $6/$8
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Compound Red/Very Secretary split 7" $4 (Post-marked stamps series)
Crush Story s/t 7" $3 (ex-ZOINKS!)
Dillinger Four - Midwestern Songs For The Americas LP/CD $8/$10
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DECODING THE DRUG WAR

News from the front lines appears almost every day—urban neighborhoods, Andean capitals, Congressional committees, public schools—so much, in fact, that it has almost settled into the banal. Almost three decades after Richard Nixon's original declaration, the "war on drugs" plods on, with no end in sight.

The word "quagmire," often used to describe US involvement in Indochina, applies equally well here. Futility, and even counterproductivity, continue to find champions among the powerful, who seem more interested in the political opportunities of fighting a "war" than in actually resolving it. Indeed, under Clinton the strategy of "punitive prohibition" has become institutionalized, and the language of drug policy has been captured and defined by the hawks. Thus, like other population control campaigns, the drug war demonstrates how terminology must be carefully managed to construct a simple and sellable morality play—and decoded by those who wish to formulate a sane alternative.

"DRUG-FREE AMERICA"

From the vantage point of today's crises, the status of drugs in the United States, even in the recent past, is almost inconceivable: as recently as the 19th century, marijuana and opium were widely used in treating disease, heroin was marketed as a kind of miracle drug by Bayer (better known today for their aspirin), and cocaine was a key ingredient in popular drinks like Coca-Cola (which, ironically, marketed itself as an alternative to alcohol).

Gradually, though, in the decades following the period of (First World) industrialization at the end of the 19th century, things began to change. Drugs had become a "problem." Interestingly, the first anti-drug legislation, in 1910, had exactly the kind of regulatory character that many of the most conservative proponents of the drug war lambast as big government interfering with the beauty of the free market: it was so common for people to unintentionally become addicted through household products or something prescribed by their doctor that Congress passed a law mandating that products list their active ingredients. The decision stands out as a rare moment of sanity in national drug policy.

In our own time, the debate is continually distorted by selective classification. For instance, during the rise of the crack cocaine media frenzy, Tom Brokaw went so far as to claim on the NBC Nightly News that crack was "America's drug of choice"—perhaps prompting a few alcohol and cigarette executives to check their market shares. Though regulated, such licit highs (promoted primarily by large corporations) remain outside the scope of the much-hyped drug war—a slight of hand that effectively separates their much greater kill count from that of their illegal counterparts. Cigarettes, for instance, are estimated to cause 300,000 deaths per year; alcohol weighs in at anywhere between 50,000 and 200,000, not counting those inflicted by the user (for instance, the estimated 40% of 50,000 yearly traffic fatalities in which drinking plays a role). Furthermore, emergency rooms report that one-third of the drug overdoses they receive come from prescription drugs—a rate three times higher than that of heroin.

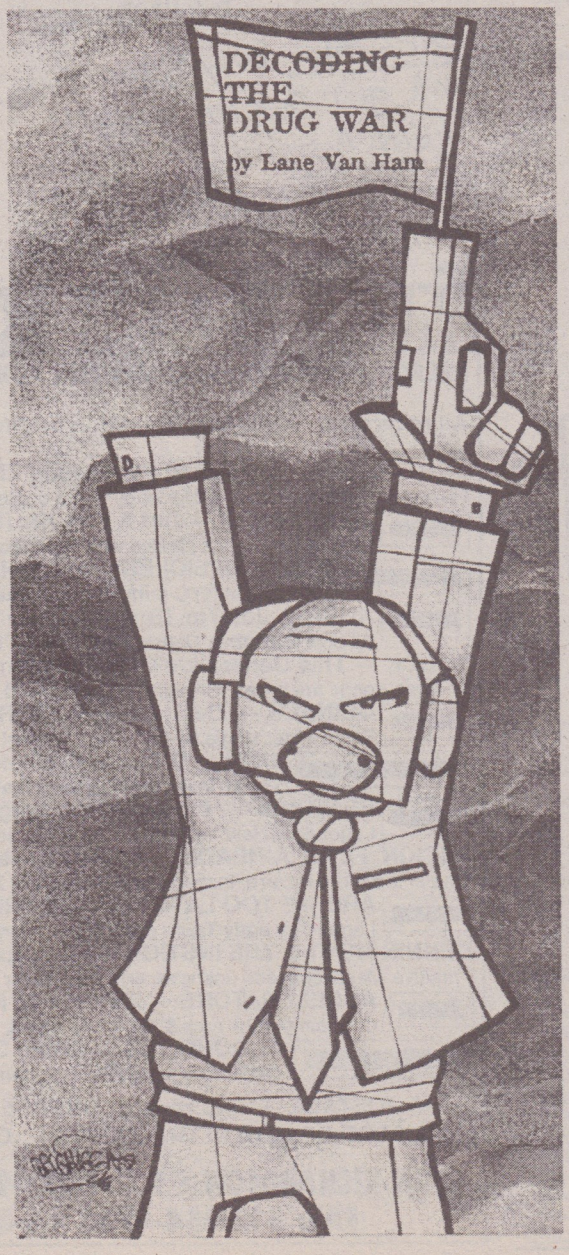
"DRUG DEALER/USER"

The massive amount of what passes for drug education in our society effectively limits understanding through fear, since drugs are so persistently associated with criminal deviance that their essential normality is obscured. Drugs are so widespread among all forms of human society, and employed in such a variety of ways, that the more one finds out about them, the more difficult they are to define. One researcher, in fact, has defined them as "almost all materials taken for other than nutritional reasons," which suggests just how narrow and culture-bound our contemporary debate is. Viewed in the context of its ubiquity across both time and geography, there is nothing necessarily deviant about drug use at all.

Still, there are dramatic contrasts between drug use in modern, industrial society and in the traditional, primitive organizations that characterize 99% of the time our species has existed on Earth. Drugs in ancient societies were used almost exclusively in a religious context, producing visions and aiding in meditation. Just as Western society has secularized sports, theater and other uses of "leisure time," so too have drugs lost their communal, sacred associations and become mere "medicine," "recreation" or worse.

Whatever the context, though, drugs have frequently provided reliable ammunition for socio-political witchhunts. Go back to the 1870s, for example, when Chinese immigrants, once so useful in working railroads and mines, were scapegoated amid economic recession and demonized as opium users. Or in 1914, when debate over regulating narcotics produced claims that cocaine drove African-American men to rape white women. Marijuana was originally played up in a similar fashion, and when such "reefer madness" doggerel was eventually debunked, prohibitionists in the 1960s turned around and lambasted it as a "drop-out" drug. Drug policy critics Craig Reinarman and Harry G. Levine note that the early century's dramatic shift in the perception of drug addicts "from mainly white, middle-class, middle-aged women to mainly urban, poor, immigrant and nonwhite addicts" became a cornerstone of law enforcement propaganda, because "once addicts could be perceived as threatening 'others,' it became much easier to institute. 'punitive prohibition.'"

Every scare needs a demon, providing answers to the crucial questions: What is a drug? and Who is a criminal? In other words, which populations will be targeted by the crusade, and who will be seen through the crosshairs of its weaponry? In the last two decades, the answer has been the urban poor, particularly minorities. Cocaine was not of particular concern so long as it stayed among relatively affluent whites, but even throughout the crack hype of the late '80s, drug use was generally in decline: alarm bells only went off when the users became poor minorities, at which point the hysteria could scarcely be controlled.



It should be noted, though, that the hawks deserve at least some credit for drawing a connection between drug use and poverty. The two are persistently related, though reality reveals the need to reverse the neo-conservative vision. Susan Neiburg-Terkel writes, "With the exception of such poor nations as Afghanistan and Nigeria, which are drug suppliers, not a single industrial nation faces the level of drug abuse that exists in the United States. Nor does any other industrial nation have the level of poverty that exists among our urban poor." And as Noam Chomsky relates, the growth of crack "correlates with major social and economic processes towards a two-tiered society with a large and growing underclass mired in hopelessness and despair."

Under the circumstances, "escape" is an understandable goal, though the high of consumption addresses only part of the picture: service providers are another form of "escape" entirely. In the '80s, while the Reagan administration slashed social welfare programs, it celebrated and mythologized the "American dream" of success defined as material wealth. Wall Street and Main Street weren't the only places the message took hold, though, as a drug counselor in a Washington, D.C. clinic outlined all too lucidly: "The dope dealers are the ones who are admired. They are the new leaders. When the kids come to (the clinic) we ask them to draw something. They draw a Mercedes-Benz with a guy standing outside with a cane or an Adidas sweat suit. We ask them, 'What do you want in life?' 'Oh, I want a big mansion, I want some nice clothes.' They're not born that way. They're taught that. The kids see the guys driving around and they say, 'Hey, I want to be like him,' because he's successful."

In a generic sense, neither component of the crack market—the consumer's pursuit of a mind-altering experience or the entrepreneur's quest for the almighty buck—is unique to the ghetto. What is unique about the crack phenomenon is the matrix of conditions that made it take hold and magnified its destructive power. Though the distortions of drug education promote the idea that the effects of drugs are fixed and consistent, studies show time and again that differences in peoples' socioeconomic status and the setting in which they take drugs has a major impact on

the result. Reinarman and Levine write, "whatever constellations of sets and settings shape drug use among the broad middle strata of the U.S. population, these people tend to be employed and ensconced in lives that anchor them in the conventional order. When middle-class Americans become addicted, they have many more resources to use to pull themselves out of trouble and many more opportunities to make a successful life."

"PLAGUE"/"EPIDEMIC"

After receding from the spotlight for several years, the '80s saw drugs return to national prominence with a vengeance. The Reagan Administration's own drug war stepped up the fight against marijuana, with some apparent success: by the end of the decade, scarcity had driven the price up to as much as 200% of what it had been 20 years before, even adjusting for inflation.

But the drug market responded in devastating fashion, through a perverse parody of the Reaganites' trickle-down ideology. With marijuana priced out of their range, the underclass sought what they could afford, and in the era of "Just Say No," (1) that meant cocaine, and eventually its derivative, crack. Once a gourmet drug serving wealthy appetites in the early '70s, the early '80s saw cocaine moving toward the economic mainstream, becoming a favorite drug among young professionals. By 1986, though, with the market glutted, dealers sought new markets, and crack was just the ticket. Stronger but cheaper than cocaine powder, crack reached inner-city America by 1984, and though it initially appeared only in three major areas (New York, Los Angeles, and Miami), it soon spread elsewhere.

A media feeding frenzy ensued. Politicians and the media raved alternately about a crack "epidemic" or "plague" responsible for "tearing our country apart," and "killing a whole generation of children." The hysteria and hypocrisy were thick enough to cut. To be sure, the introduction of crack to metropolitan slums had serious consequences, for reasons previously discussed. But as Reinarman and Levine point out, "Poverty, homelessness, auto accidents, handgun deaths and environmental hazards are also widespread, costly, even deadly, but most politicians and journalists never speak of them in terms of crisis or plague. Indeed, far more people were (and still are) injured and killed every year by domestic violence than by illicit drugs, but one would never know this from media reports or political speeches." They add that while some segments of the population have seen higher concentrations of crack use, "if the word 'epidemic' is used to mean a disease or disease-like condition that is 'widespread' or 'prevalent,' then there has never been an epidemic of crack addiction among the vast majority of Americans."

At the same time, they suggest where the term might find a better home. A 1989 New York Times story reported that "Across the United States, alcohol eclipses all other drugs tried by high school students" and that in fact high school seniors were drinking in higher numbers than the adult population, which has been the case in every year since 1972, when the survey was first taken. Reinarman and Levine comment: "Used as a descriptive term meaning 'prevalent,' the word 'epidemic' fits teenage drinking far better than it does teenage crack use. Although many organizations have campaigned against drinking and driving by teenagers, the politicians and media have not used terms like 'epidemic' or 'plague' to call attention to illicit teenage drinking and drunkenness."

They note the "unintentionally ironic mixing of metaphors" in public officials announcing a "war" on an "epidemic." If the problem with crack was that its use was criminal, they note, it would be more appropriate to hear of a crack "wave." But if crack (and other drugs) are really "an 'epidemic'—a widespread disease—then police and prisons are the wrong remedy, and the victims of the epidemic should be offered treatment, public health programs and social services." A war on drugs, if such a thing existed, would necessarily also be a war on symptoms, and that would mean addressing economic inequality—nationally and globally.

"NARCO-TERRORIST"/"GUERILLA"

As the new "war" gained momentum through the '80s, some domestic groups were understandably sanguine about potential fruits it might bear. A January 1990 report in the Philadelphia Inquirer explained how, with the Cold War now past tense, "drug-war work could spell relief for some sectors, such as commando operations, defense intelligence and counter-terrorism." Three years earlier, Special Forces Colonel John Waghelstein foresaw great potential in what he described as the "alliance between some drug traffickers and some insurgents," since "a melding in the American public's mind and in Congress of this connection would lead to the necessary support to counter the guerrilla/narcotics terrorists in the hemisphere. Generating that support would be relatively easy once the connection was proven and an all-out war was declared by the National Command Authority..." The connection would also serve to discredit domestic opposition forces, since "those church and academic groups that have slavishly supported insurgency in Latin America would find themselves on the wrong side of the moral issue."

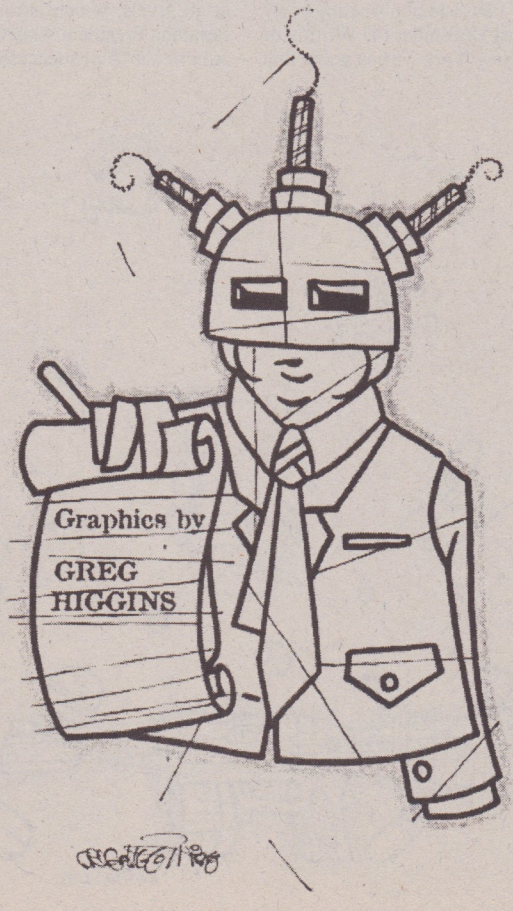
One place to investigate the results of such an approach is Colombia, which has become a veritable showcase for the global terror network headquartered in Washington, DC. Amnesty International reports that Colombia has been the leading recipient of US security assistance in the hemisphere since 1989, and the results are predictable: political killings run in the range of 3,000 to 4,000 annually, with a good majority attributable to the state and right-wing paramilitaries. In November, 1996, A.I. reported that of a 1994 list of Colombia military units involved in human rights abuses, 14 of 15 had received equipment from the United States after the previous violations had been documented and reported.

True, Colombia is in the midst of a serious, long-running guerilla war in which an estimated 60% of the country is controlled by two rebel groups (2), and US officials, taking a page from the advice of Special Forces Col. Waghelstein cited earlier, have become increasingly anxious to connect the guerilla armies to the country's prodigious drug traffic. Visiting Colombia in October, 1997, Drug Czar General Barry McCaffrey expressed concern for "the terrible threat to democracy" embodied by rebel groups he described as "narco-corrupted cadres that have turned revolution into little more than a grab for drug dollars."

Guerilla forces in Colombia admit "taxing" farmers in the regions they control, and given the popularity of coca as a crop, some monies collected are arguably drug-related. But contrary to claims fashionable elsewhere, even the US Drug Enforcement Administration concedes it has not found evidence that the guerillas engage in outright narcotics trafficking.

Even if the leftist-druggie theory were true, it bears noting that "counter-insurgency" has conventionally been interpreted fairly liberally to include almost anyone opposing US aims, and aid to Colombia may or may not wind up employed against rebel armies. It is widely acknowledged that the state has helped organize paramilitaries to do what official security forces could not—defeat the guerillas. Yet the paramilitaries' strategy eschews direct engagement with the guerillas, and as one researcher relates, "their principal target is the civilian population."

It's worth returning here to the words of Special Forces Colonel Waghelstein, specifically his reference to the existence of "narcotics terrorists." There is more than a measure of truth to this claim, though unfortunately for Waghelstein, it is not exactly as he depicts it.



Drug profiteers were close allies of US intelligence services in several important campaigns of the Cold War, most importantly in Southeast Asia, Afghanistan and Nicaragua. Though the CIA denies ever having "directed or knowingly condoned drug smuggling into the United States," in former director John Deutch's words, "it is beyond question that its operations have sometimes benefited from the international narcotics trade, and vice versa."

For instance, Alfred McCoy reports that as part of the protracted slaughter in Indochina, "Agency assets—local informants—used their alliance with the CIA to become major drug lords, expanding local opium production and shipping heroin to international markets, the United States included. Instead of stopping this drug dealing, the Agency tolerated it, and, when necessary, blocked investigations."

In 1996, a series of articles in the San Jose Mercury News entitled "Dark Alliance" caused an uproar by implying that the CIA marketed crack in poor Los Angeles neighborhoods as a means of funding the notoriously brutal Contra army in Nicaragua. Major newspapers blasted the series, and the CIA conducted an internal investigation, from which it emerged proclaiming its own innocence. Though subsequent headlines were reassuring ("CIA Finds No Significant Drug-Contra Tie," for example, from the Los Angeles Times), the agency's report actually provided additional evidence for such a claim. Summarizing the findings for The Nation, David Corn concludes that "there was a symbiotic relation-

ship between the drug dealers and the contras, that the CIA ignored reports of contra-drug involvement, and that the agency and the Justice Department colluded in limiting a prosecution that threatened to expose one contra-drug link."

"CERTIFICATION"

With the Reagan era, though, the US took the age-old strategy of interdiction to a new level by turning attention to production itself, and that meant increasing emphasis on "source countries"—primarily in Latin America. Colombian author Gabriel Garcia-Marquez was among those skeptical of Washington's good intentions, expressing his fear "that the US will use the fight against drug trafficking as a pretext for intervention." Panama already provides one egregious example of this, but another, more mundane feature, is the annual farce known as "certification." Since 1986, the US President has had to evaluate the record of drug-producing countries every year and "certify" or "decertify" them for their cooperation with US drug policy. After the report is released on March 1, Congress has 30 days to approve or challenge it. The penalty for decertification is substantial: the nation in question loses all US economic aid, faces an automatic "no" from the US in international lending agency decisions, and may be subject to additional international sanctions as the President sees fit.

But production, of course, is only part of the story. As Garcia-Marquez notes, "The drug problem has been presented in reverse. In the US, addicts supply themselves as easily as they buy milk or newspapers. And yet we (Latin Americans) are accused of not doing enough against drug trafficking." A rancher in Eagle Pass, Texas, interviewed on how the drug trade operates along the border, suggested "The demand, that's the biggest thing. Perhaps the US itself should be decertified."

Meanwhile, atrocities committed and/or tolerated by forces benefiting from "anti-drug aid" have prompted little concern among the powers that be. A 1994 US army interdepartmental memo uncovered by Amnesty International admitted that weapons provided to Colombia for drug enforcement efforts are "equally applicable to counter-insurgent operations" (3), and though the US decertified Colombia for the third year in a row in 1998, it granted a waiver from the penalties, just as it did in 1996.

The Colombian armed forces are openly chipper about such tacit endorsement of its campaign against its own population. During McCaffrey's visit last October, Colombian Commander Gen. Manuel Jose Bonett Locarno sunnily opined, "I don't think the day is far away when (the US) decides to back our struggle against the guerrillas."

From 1996 to 1997, the US Army trained over 3,000 members of Mexico's Airborne Special Forces Groups (GAFE), ostensibly to boost Mexico's capacity to fight the drug trade. Such troops were among those who swept into the area of Acteal after paramilitaries linked to the PRI, Mexico's ruling party for six decades, massacred 45 unarmed peasants last December.(4) Writing of a new CIA training program in the country, the New York Times notes that officials on both sides admit "there (is) nothing to stop the transfer of American-trained army officers" to zones of guerilla combat in Guerrero and Chiapas.

The Washington Post reports that the US is now on a schedule of training over 1,000 Mexican officers a year at different locations throughout the US. The courses feature "helicopter assault tactics, explosives, rural and urban warfare, and operational intelligence gathering and planning," and though a Special Forces colonel describes it as "expressly counter-narcotics," officials concede its similarity to counterinsurgency warfare.

Though they remain much beloved by the business (i.e. "mainstream") press, Mexico's reigning PRI party has recently been subjected to internal tumult by the increasing role of the drug trade in national affairs. Rumors and speculation have long circulated about drug money pulling strings inside the federal government, but the whopper came in February of 1997, when Mexico's own "drug czar" was arrested and charged with accepting payoffs from the notorious Juarez Cartel. Mexican columnist Luis Hernandez Navarro warns that "the web that links the drug world to the world of Mexican politics grows more extensive each day"—nevertheless, Mexico was certified in the anti-drug fight again this year, with Gen. McCaffrey describing its commitment as "absolutely superlative."

Hence, Mexico continues to enjoy the approval and support of the United States as it wages a not-so-secret war on democratic activists in Chiapas and elsewhere. It seems the PRI has learned the lesson of Colombia well: so long as a questionable nation demonstrates a desperate enough need for tools of repression, certification is virtually guaranteed.

As Nuevo Amanecer Press comments, "We find it odd that the two biggest recipients of US military aid in Latin America, Colombia and Mexico, are also the two Latin American countries with the greatest number of massacres carried out by paramilitary organizations connected to their respective armed forces." Amnesty International reported in 1996 that it had also found links between anti-drug aid and human rights abuses in Bolivia, Peru, Venezuela and Brazil. The truth needs to be told: drug war aid is merely feeding the appetites of the most repressive, anti democratic forces in the target countries.

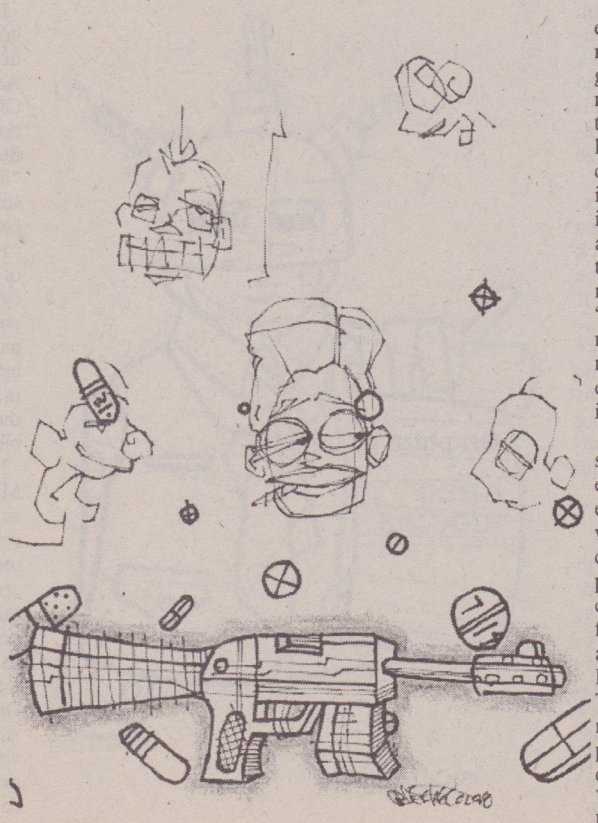
The remarkable part is that even allowing for the possibility of well intentioned aid being misused, the drug trade cannot possibly be eliminated by "going to the source." In testimony before Congress, a spokesperson for the US government-funded RAND Corporation explained that programs like "crop eradication, crop substitution or refinery destruction" that seek to make narcotics too expensive are doomed to failure. Coca farmers, for instance, receive less than 1% of the final sale price of cocaine, and the exporters cut is less than 15%. "Because over 85% of cocaine profits are made outside the source countries," he noted, "source-country efforts will not drive up the retail price enough to significantly reduce cocaine consumption." By such a model, even if the US could cut imported cocaine by half, the street price would rise less than 3%.

Interdiction, though, remains a favorite theme among self-proclaimed drugbusters, and its steady intertwining with counterinsurgency war only adds lethality to absurdity.(5)

"NARCO-TRAFFICKER"

However much p.r. can be milked from it in the short term, the war on drugs is finally undercut by an obvious but often unspoken irony: drug dealers are essentially model capitalists, providing goods for a proven market. It may be criminal by codified law, but economic law makes rewards available for anyone with the know-how—which means free enterprise sometimes makes interesting friends.(6) As Jefferson Morley comments, "...the captains of the cocaine economy are no different from the producers of beer, wine liquor, semi-automatic weapons, cigarettes, phone sex, MTV, fluorocarbons or dirt bikes. They sell pleasurable consumption with varying degrees of alleged antisocial consequences. The cocaine economy is not an aberration in the national consumer economy but a microcosm of it."

On the production end, Noam Chomsky points out quite accurately that Third World peasants are merely doing what modern economic rationalism demands, i.e. produce crops for export according to what is most profitable. In the Andes, at least, that means coca, and the dynamic permeates the economy at all levels, which is understood by those familiar with the region: former Peruvian President Alan Garcia Perez called Colombia's Medellin cartel Latin America's "first succcessful multinational."



Drugs are basically a commodity like any other, though blinders raised by the stigma of immorality frequently conceal this. The fact is, regardless of its legality, coca is a natural resource much like copper or oil, and those who profit from the current system will maintain it through violence, if necessary. The difference between cocaine and more legitimate investments is that the illegality of its production, and distribution makes it difficult to monitor who is benefiting from it and how. The market at large isn't like a body that recognizes infections and disease—there is no difference in how monies are gained, no "good" or "bad" dollars. Criticizing Washington's militarized "strategy," the brother of an assassinated Colombian presidential candidate suggested the real drug problem resides in "the economic ties between the legal and illegal worlds."

Though such notions rarely surface in the mainstream media, they are not controversial to insiders: as one federal prosecutor put it, "The modern gang doesn't rob banks, it buys banks." There was, in fact, a brief period of recognition on this count in the late '70s, as Florida banks began reporting cash surpluses in line with the ascendent cocaine trade. In 1979, an interdepartmental effort called Operation Greenback began to focus attention on such money-laundering, finding 24 Miami-area banks deserving of closer attention. The project was squelched by the Reagan Administration, however, acting on its high-minded pursuit of deregulating financial institutions and cutting wasteful government spending. Then Vice-President George Bush was named chief of Reagan's anti-drug efforts in 1982, and as Oper-

ation Greenback's head prosecutor explained, Bush "wasn't really too interested in financial prosecution." The operation was soon downgraded and eventually eliminated.

More recently, Citicorp and its Citibank subsidiary have enjoyed the government's lack of interest in such angles. Investors oohed and ahhed over Mexican President Carlos Salinas' '88-'94 term, as neoliberal policies squeezed the lower-class and brought a financial bonanza for the privileged few. One beneficiary was Salinas' brother, Raul, who amassed sizable personal fortune by a variety of criminal doings, including deals with Colombian drug cartels. Though presently serving time in Mexican prison, his lucre remains safe: with the help of a Citibank consultant, Salinas transferred some $200 million outside of Mexico. The US Justice Department began a criminal investigation into the relationship in 1996, but such facts did not weigh heavily when the Federal Reserve approved the merger of Citicorp and The Travelers Group in May.

Lack of interest in the likes of Operation Greenback suggests how fictitious the idea of an actual drug "war" is, and critics abroad are developing critiques of the policy far beyond anything appearing in the US mainstream. Porfirio Munoz Ledo, president of Mexico's PRD party, has expressed his view that the drug war is essentially a shadow trade war, employed selectively to improve US trade balance. Similarly, Gregory Urias of the Sinaloa Autonomous University notes that "eighty percent of the profits from drug trafficking stay in the US. The fight...is to ensure that the drug money doesn't leave."

Could it be that in the end, the "drug war" is all just business?

"THE WRONG MESSAGE"

"The wrong message," of course, refers to any proposal that goes against the institutionalized strategy of more arrests, more prisons and harsher sentences. This goes for alternative approaches like the "harm reduction" model, large-scale strategies like legalization and decriminalization, and smaller efforts to chip away at the reign of punitive prohibition. (It also applies to proposals in other areas of policy, such as state-sponsored needle-exchange programs that reduce the transmission of AIDS among intravenous drug users.)

Looking outside the hallowed halls of power, though, one finds a number of people articulating such incorrect thoughts, and the number is as large as it is diverse across the political spectrum.

Last June, as UN representatives convened for a special session on fighting drug abuse, the New York Times ran an open letter co-signed by policy critics including human rights activists, international diplomats, Walter Cronkite and Ronald Reagan's former Secretary of State, George Shultz. The letter read, in part:

"Too often those who call for open debate, rigorous analysis of current policies and serious consideration of alternatives are accused of 'surrendering.' But the true surrender is when fear and inertia combine to shut off debate, suppress critical analysis and dismiss all alternatives to current policies."

Whether paralyzed by habit or sincerely convinced that the answer lies in banging our head against the wall just a little more, most politicians seem incapable of articulating an alternative to the drug war's inanity. The burden falls, then, on the public at large. History teaches us that authentic change always comes from below, and there is nothing to suggest that drug policy should be any different.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

A fine, introductory survey of drug war issues can be found in Susan Neiburg Terkel's The Drug Laws: a Time for Change.?, published in 1997 by Franklin Watts.

Craig Reinarman and Harry G. Levine's Crack in America: Demon Drugs and Social Justice (1997, University of California Press) is a stunning collection that reveals the domestic front of the drug war in all its hypocrisy and ineffectiveness. Accessible, and highly recommended.

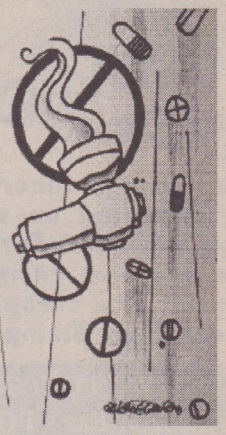
Alfred McCoy's article "Drug Fallout," in the August, 1997 issue of The Progressive, outlines CIA involvment in the drug trade over the years. His book The Politics of Heroin, looks specifically at the "Golden Triangle" region of Southeast Asia.

Dark Alliance, by Gary Webb (1998, Seven Stories Press), looks not only at the well-publicized contra-crack pipeline, but also in effect provides a "social history" of cocaine over the last three decades.

For general information on politics in the hemisphere, including drugs and "counterinsurgency," I recommend, as always, the Weekly News Update on the Americas, available by writing 339 Lafayette St./NewYork, NY/10012 or calling (212) 674-9499.

SOURCES FOR ACTION

There are a good number of groups working to oppose the drug war; the following is just a sample.



NORML
1001 Connecticut Ave. NW
Ste. 710

Washington, DC 20036
202-483-5500
www.natlnorml.org
Describes itself as "...the nation's principal organization dedicated to ending marijuana prohibition."

Drug Policy Foundation
455 Connecticut Ave. NW
Ste. B-500
Washington, DC 20008-2328
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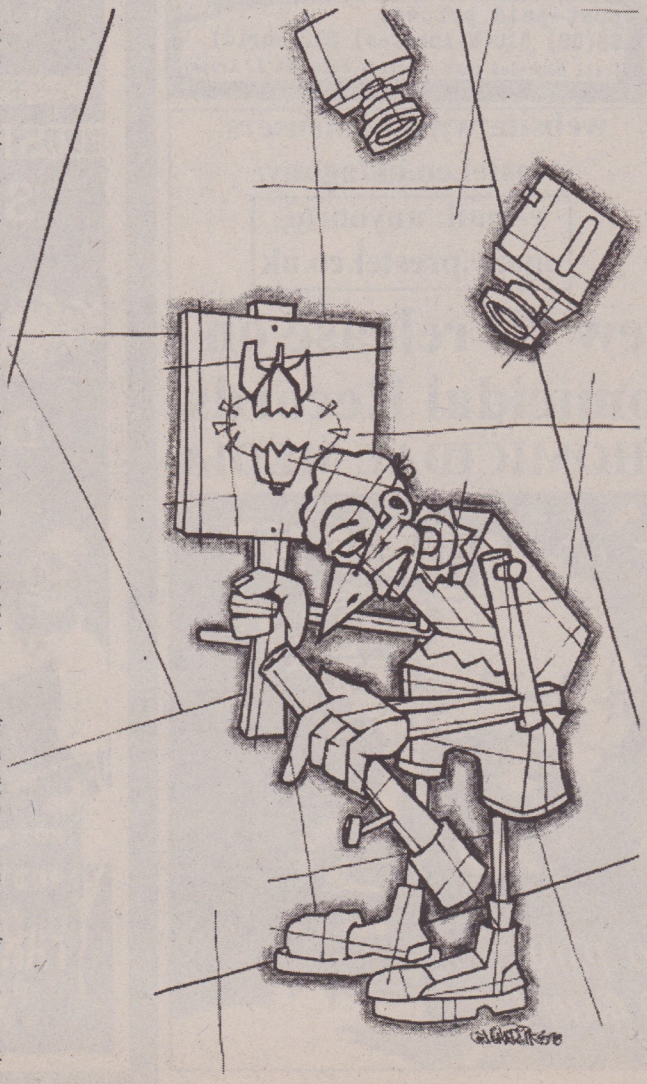

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ENDNOTES

1. Nancy Reagan's now-infamous catchphrase resulted from an effort to counteract the criticism she had come under for wearing expensive gowns and throwing lavish parties during the economic recession of her husband's first term. According to Time, "p.r.-conscious operatives" designed her anti-drug crusade in order to "make her appear more caring and less frivolous."

2.The groups, the FARC (Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia) and ELN (National Liberation Army), were among those designated as "terrorist" by the US State Department as part of the Antiterrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act of 1996.

3.The recipient of the letter, incidentally, was Barry McCaffrey, who at the time was head of the US Army's Southern Command.

4.GAFE troops also showed their finesse in a Jalisco case wherein they kidnapped and tortured 29 men, one of whom died—apparently as an act of retribution for a stolen watch.

5.There is good reason to suspect that US policy will be counterproductive. Just as violence against the governments of Vietnam and Nicaragua brought out their more repressive elements, so too my US mega-buck, mega-death aid to "counterinsurgency" forces compel peasants to seek alliances with anyone else who can protect them—probably guerillas or cartels.

6.Al Capone, for instance, who once quipped, "Don't get the idea I'm one of those goddamn radicals. Don't get the idea I'm knocking the American system."

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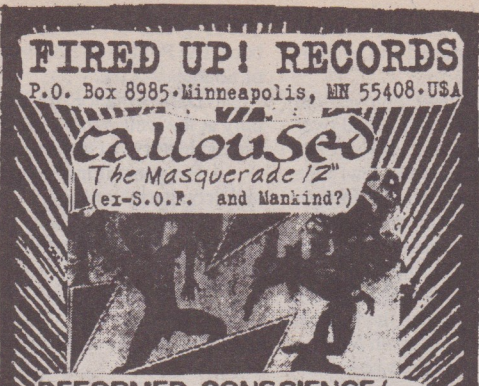

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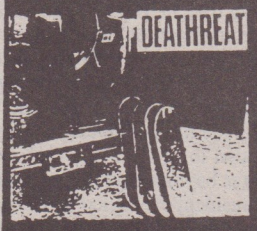

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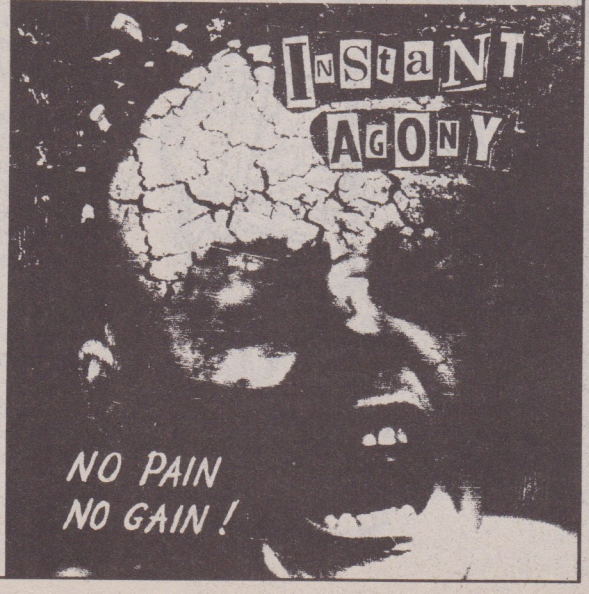

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

STEVE'S TEN BEST FILMS OF 1998

January is usually the worst movie time of the year, so it's time to catch up on all the ones you missed. Here's a good starting point. My 1998 faves are a blend of the familiar and obscure, many of them indies, and definitely for the adventurous. (I assume that's why you're reading this magazine in the first place.)

If you can find it, you might start with **Without Memory**, an moving documentary by Hirokazu Kore-eda (Maborosi). It's the saga of a Japanese salary man who, after substandard hospitalization, developed a case of Wernike's encephalopathy – a condition that effectively shut down all his long-term memory. As his children grow up, he recognizes them only as they were before his condition; his wife must remind him daily that his new kids are actually his. Also in the documentary category, Werner Herzog's **Little Dieter Needs to Fly** tells the story of Dieter Dengler, an impoverished German youth who joins the U.S. Air Force to achieve his lifelong dream – to fly. His first mission is in Vietnam, where his plane is summarily shot down. Now in enemy hands, he helps orchestrate a daring prison break against all possible odds. He's the only one who survives.

Steven Spielberg's spectacular **Saving Private Ryan** also uses war as a backdrop, a film whose reenactment of the Normandy invasion set new standards for film realism. A more personal revolution can be found in the compelling **Four Days in September**, a fine retelling of Costa Gavras' 1973 classic **State of Siege** (albeit with an alternate ending). Based on fact, this is more of a character study cum police procedural: A group of idealistic Brazilian youths conspire to kidnap an American diplomat (Alan Arkin) as a pawn to free jailed political prisoners, but as the police net closes in, they begin to realize that their plot was fatally flawed from the start.

Yes, I like comedies, too. The S.F. Asian Film Festival scored big with its final night showing of the Japanese indie **My Secret Cache**, which featured commercial diva Naomi Nishida as a young woman who endures kidnapping, a degree program in geology, swimming and climbing competitions, and nights as an erotic dancer to get her hands on a suitcase of stolen cash. With its snappy visual jokes, it has to be seen to be believed. If you liked Neil LaBute's **In the Company of Men**, his follow-up, **Your Friends & Neighbors**, scores as a mean-spirited black comedy about a group of sleazy New York socialites whose practice of predatory mate-swapping makes for trenchant, penetrating comedy. Any film that can make you tolerate Ben Stiller for two hours has to be good.

Middle and eastern Europe came up with some treats, but the Oscar-winning standout from Holland, **Character**, lived up to its press (and its Oscar for best foreign film). It's an intense character study/murder mystery about an apprentice lawyer in 1930's Rotterdam whose success in life hinges on his uneasy alliance with a tyrannical landowner, a man who uses state power to oppress the poor. Less sensational but every bit as powerful, Aleksandr Sokurov's **Mother and Son** employs impressionism in the simply told, awesomely imaged idyll of a son and his dying mother, their drama framed by the Russian wilderness. At times, the blurred camera lens seems to cry along with the protagonist.

Cure is no stranger to these pages. It's the Japanese psycho-thriller about a madman who hypnotizes strangers into murderous rages – and the cop (Koji Yakusha, the star of Shall We Dance) who vows to find the man and discover his secrets. My best film of 1998, Abraham Aronofsky's **Pi**, is also a psychological thriller, but from America. The concept: What would happen if a mathematical prodigy were on the track of a numerical code that could predict the stock market? Pursued by Kabbalists, capitalists, and madness, the man's genius leads him like Icarus to a flash of preter-human insight. It's exciting to watch this one unfold in front of your eyes – in glorious black and white.

What do The Beach Boys, Alfred Hitchcock's Spellbound, riots in 1919 Paris, and a KGB kidnapping plot have in common? The connect-the-dots solution, resembling an electrically-disturbed sine-wave, describes the outline of a mystery solved only after 65 years, following a trail that takes us from the heights of the New York concert stage to a Siberian labor camp and beyond.

Theremin: An Electronic Odyssey(USA, 1994) is the true and astonishing story of Lev (or Leon) Theremin, an eclectic Russian electronics engineer and cellist with the Moscow Conservatory of music who developed a revolutionary device called "the aetherphon" – or later the "thereminvox" or simply "theremin." The instrument looks like a lectern with metal protrusions on either side – one for pitch, the other for volume. But you can't touch the theremin and hope to coax a sound from it; rather, you put your hands in the electric field around the metal rods. Its otherworldly sound has been compared to a electronic flute or violin.

Professor Theremin toured the world with his instrument, causing sensations in Paris (where turn-away crowds rushed the opera house); he also founded the theremin's musical reputation with the intense violinist Clara Rockmore, who was to become the instrument's first and most celebrated virtuoso. Concerts at Carnegie Hall, a working relationship with Leopold Stokowski, marriage to ballerina Lavinia Williams, and front-page articles in American newspapers all made Theremin something of a household word in the '20s and '30s.

But in 1938, in just one of many cinematic turns in his life, Leon Theremin vanished from his New York city home. The news hit the front page, but no one had a clue as to what happened to the eccentric genius. They couldn't have guessed that the composer had been kidnapped by the Russian secret police, spirited to Siberia, and tossed into a hard-labor camp. He effectively disappeared from the world stage.

It was in the '90s that filmmaker Steven M. Martin decided to produce a documentary tribute to Theremin, a man who had erstwhile left an eerie footprint in American films and music without even knowing it. Alfred Hitchcock used the theremin as the spooky sound effect for his psycho-thriller Spellbound; it became the signature vibration effect in The Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations"; and inspired the development of the Moog synthesizer. Researchers in America had long since assumed that Leon Theremin had died under Stalinist rule; but in one of those serendipitous events that only happen in great documentaries, Glasnost found the composer, alive in Russia, then ninety-five years old – the erstwhile winner of the Stalin Medal for the invention of a Russian spy bug. His wife had since died without knowing his whereabouts, but his protoge Clara Rockmore was still alive, to this day the grandmaster of the instrument. Under the auspices of this film, they had a chance to meet again in Manhattan.

And what a cast: Theremin (the brilliant artist/scientist); Clara Rockmore (the frighteningly intense theremin master); Brian Wilson (the Beach Boy whose rambling interview may be the film's highlight); not to mention Joseph Stalin, Leopold Stokowski, and a roll-call of artists who would fall under the hypnotic fascination of Theremin's strange electronic toy. At one time, his music left the world incredulous. Now you can marvel at his life.

Burnt By The Sun (USSR, 1994) got the Grand Jury Prize at Cannes (the Palm d'Or went to Pulp Fiction), the Oscar for Best Foreign film (over Taiwan's heavily favored Eat Drink Man Woman), and won uncommonly warm reviews from most American critics. In other words, there's ample reason to dislike Burnt by the Sun before you even see it.

It's 1936, one of those proliferating commemorative holidays for bygone patriotism. As the film opens, Colonel Sergei Kotov (played with martial sturdiness by the film's director Nikita Mikhalov), hero of the revolution, rides a massive white horse saddle-less onto a field lined with tanks. Villagers realize he's the one man in town with the power to halt military maneuvers that could destroy their wheat fields. After several tense moments, Kotov takes charge, while the army (and several careening aircraft) sheepishly withdraw. A field officer blubbers in awe at his idol.

It's not only a holiday (one that's interrupted by a gas-attack drill at the beach); it also marks the unannounced arrival of Dmitri, a handsome family friend who playfully fools the entire family by donning a frowzy old man's get-up. Most everyone's mood changes from quiet merriment to outright giddiness when he sits behind the piano and has them singing popular tunes.

But his reason for being there is hardly cause for optimism. As a newly christened counter-intelligence agent, he must retrieve the Colonel for interrogation and, obviously, execution. The inevitable Heavy Metaphor is borne into the house during siesta, in the form of a fiery ball that drifts through the hallways, through the walls, and finally outside, where it ignites a nearby evergreen top to bottom. In other words, the Stalinist purge is poised to strike at any man with power or charisma enough to challenge its authority.

With modern-day Russia dealing with economic woes and reactionaries climbing to power, it's clear why Oscar voters chose Burnt by the Sun. Great filmmaking isn't as much the issue here as Burnt by the Sun's message of political travail, here appended to a family melodrama.

Russians and expatriates will find much of interest here (nostalgic songs and dances, views of unspoiled landscapes, a some familiar characters). For the rest of us, there are a few times when we almost begin to feel nostalgia for an old Russia we never knew – even as even its peaceful core gives way to social terrors. Its main gift may very well lie in the way it offers context for an understanding of modern Russia, a splintering nation that for generations has sucked its society dry of heroes like this film's Colonel Kotov.

The rumor mill has it that the controversial Japanese director Nagisa Oshima (In the Realm of the Senses) is back in the director's chair after a long lay-off; and what better time to check out one of his most acclaimed and bizarre films, Max, Mon Amour (FRANCE, 1986)

A French diplomat (Anthony Higgins) frequently and openly has sexual affairs on his wife, which in his slightly warped continental morality seems perfectly natural. However, when wives claim that same privilege for themselves, well...that's another matter, and he's beginning to suspect.

Even he's a little shocked when his private investigator informs him that his wife (Charlotte Rampling) is indeed having an affair in a rented Paris apartment. Higgins' shock turns to disbelief when his rival turns out to, not a suitor, he a full-grown, 300 pound chimpanzee. (I should mention that, even though the situation seems ridiculous, it's played dead serious.) Before Higgins has time to object, Max is living in a cage newly constructed in their home, and the secret of the couple's love (that is, between Max and Rampling) abrades even the diplomat's flexible standards of decency. During a winter's dinner party with close friends, Rampling brings the storm-shaken chimp into the living room, where it becomes obvious to the nervous guests that Max and Rampling have a very special bond of affection, Concerned visits from a "psychobiologist" and a veteran of African safaris seem to go nowhere. Higgins even tries to set the chimp up with a French whore, but Max only has eyes for his one true love.

Here, Oshima – no stranger to controversy – opens a new window to love with what seems like complete sincerity. The movie has the same pacing and defective color sense of the later Bunuel efforts (it was produced by Serge Silberman, Luis Bunuel's most accommodating collaborator), and to some it might superficially look like a send-up of your typical French art film. It can be argued that to a certain extent, it is.

But (and I'm not to first person to point this out) there are times when this cross-species romance is almost moving – and trust me, I have no great love for primates. Poor Max will voluntarily be caged for a lifetime against all of his instincts in the name of love; Rampling will suffer ridicule without concern for her image in the circles of high society; and Higgins, after much searching, gradually sees the animal as an ally in their desire to make the same woman happy. (And frankly, Charlotte Rampling coaxes the most soulful looks out of Max's eyes, giving you the feeling that the two just might be in love.) Higgins and Rampling, both fluently bilingual in French and English, gradually learn a third language, Max's, that becomes as natural to them as their own. –Steve Spinali

CAROLYN'S MONTH OF TRUE STORIES

I've been trying to figure out what the big deal is with Jerry Stahl. I just read in Mean, a hipster magazine, "After living a horrific history of drugs, television scripts, and 'gentleman's literature,' Jerry Stahl emerges as one of the more memorable writers of our time." Well, I watch TV, I have friends who read men's magazines, and I have never heard of him. How can he be that memorable? Is that enough to justify making a movie about him? To find out, I went to see Permanent Midnight.

I am open to any movie as long as it has an interesting story. Unfortunately, Permanent Midnight doesn't. I just don't understand making a movie about a person who doesn't have a good story to tell. I like to find out something worthwhile about the person.

Supposedly, Jerry Stahl is a New York novelist who gets into heroin and moves to LA to get away from the drug scene. His New York years are absent from the film. If he was such a serious writer, why doesn't he move to New Hampshire or North Dakota? He probably likes big cities. Fine. I'll accept that. Of course, we all know he doesn't escape heroin, but thanks to his friend, gets easy access to drugs, meets an intelligent, attractive woman and lands a job writing for Alf. Whatever. He writes two episodes of Alf before he is fired for doing drugs while on the job. That's all the writing he does in the movie. The rest is a series of him shooting drugs and looking for drugs. I don't find that very interesting.

There was one disturbing scene where Jerry Stahl, played by Ben Stiller, is searching for drugs while baby-sitting and shoots up in the car with the baby next to him. Though that five minutes definitely does not constitute making this film, I guess it is an acceptable analogy for Jerry Stahl's entire career.

I also went to see A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries, which is based on a book written by the daughter of a famous writer, James Jones. I am very skeptical of books written to cash in on the fame of a parent or sibling or friend, etc, so I didn't have high hopes for this film. In this case, I was surprised. This was a good story. It was an autobiographical story of the daughter that only focused on the influence her dad had on her personally. There wasn't really any discussion of the father's writing, other than to say he was writing, and to explain why they were in Paris.

A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries is a very stylish coming-of-age film that focuses on two children, one American and the other French, growing up in Paris. I enjoyed it, though I think most people will find the storyline mundane. The events and conflicts are very ordinary.

It seems all the films I've seen this month have been based on true stories. The Chambermaid seems to be factual, although it doesn't make any claims to be. The father of a Jewish girl dies and in order to support her family, she pretends to be Christian and takes a job as a governess in Scotland. She ends up helping her employer develop photography techniques and eventually, they become involved sexually and fall in love. Of course, there's tension since he's married and things get more complicated when she has sex with the son and everyone finds out she's Jewish.

The Chambermaid could have been one of those movies in which the girl ends up looking pathetic or conniving, but in this case, she is the strongest and the best character. I think that's a nice change from your usual movie in which the woman just wants the man and has no sense of pride. I highly recommend this film. It has an excellent story and great performances from the actors. Fin. –Carolyn Keddy

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

DiY Culture—Party & Protest in Nineties Britain • ed. George McKay
310 pages
Verso • 180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014-4606

DiY Culture could be said to be a very useful book. It introduces you to a host of groups and their actions from a very sympathetic perspective. It develops some of the contradictions within the "underground" and pursues them with some integrity. It has a British perspective which, as an American, means that there are some interesting cultural differences. Mostly, the book seems to be sympathetic and a thorough introduction to its subject matter.

DiY Culture could also be said to be a very dangerous book. It was edited by an academic who clearly hails from a punk/activist background and his voice is unmistakable. In many ways it is two separate tales: one is a series of introductions to British activities from Earth First! to the rave scene and the other is the "notes towards an intro"—an introduction that contains the bulk of the circumspection, with the same ending. Which is not to say that the boils and scars are not displayed—I'd actually go so far as to say that for an introduction to outsiders, they are shown in disturbing clarity. This tells of my bias: I am highly suspicious of any book about something very important to me, about something private, especially when it comes from academia. Furthermore, I see such an effort as the opening salvo in a publicity effort that, if successful, will turn the DiY community (one which there already should be concerns about) into another mainstream "success" in the vein of punk rock, riot grrrl, and the 'zine scene.

Which is not to undermine the value of the projects observed in *DiY Culture*. My own bias is more towards the actions of the radical ecologists (who do get a majority of the ink) like No Mii Link Road (an anti-road group whose focus is on direct action), Reclaim the Streets (an anti-road group whose focus is on artistic expression), Earth First!, and The Land is Ours (a land use activist group) than the rest. But the radicalism of some of the dance community in Britain like The Exodus Collective (a group that began with raves and extended into a lifestyle) is also refreshing. SQUALL, a pro-squatter internationalist magazine, detailed its history, which—besides being the story of a dispassionate small business—is an important media source from the right perspective. Finally, there is a brief piece on video activism (the practice of knowingly and wisely bringing your camera to actions) which represents one of the few "how-to's" in the book. All of these are notable and I am glad to know a bit of the people from which these projects hail.

When the first books came out about zine culture, it had already been largely "exposed". From *Rolling Stone* to the college classroom, room had already been made for the idea of a new "alternative" media. There was room enough at the table for a *Factsheet Five*, a *Maximum Rock and Roll* and *Flipside* to eat along with the rest. It filled the racks at Tower Records, it gave jaded journalists something to talk about, recollecting the days of their own enthusiasm, and its threat—being decentralized—was easily dismissed. At schools like Evergreen and Antioch, there was a new class on the schedule, where the Kathleen Hannas and Aaron Cometbuses served as the new literary heroes. And the same thing happened to riot grrrl and to punk rock (with varying levels of longevity).

It was not the exposure itself that affected these movements of (small) scale. There is always a varying level of public vs. private debate that is valid within counterculture. But the lack of control of this debate, the superstar status of the debaters, and the inevitable crushing of market forces changed small motions of (potential) resistance into medium-sized movements within the marketplace. The responsibility of the denizens of Do-it-Yourself culture should be a bit clearer than that of the more obviously youth scenes. Are we going to decide what our voice/story should be, or are we going to give that privilege to an observer?

While the intentions of George McKay's book are benevolent, the reality into which he thrusts his wise insights (and I do not mean that facetiously) is not. Academics are going to mine for more veins of publishable material anyway, their employment guarantees it, but the participants of Do-it-Yourself culture have a clear decision to make. So, while *DiY Culture—Party & Protest in Nineties Britain* is a fine book, an exemplary one even, it's also a warning of things to come. —Aragorn

A Burroughs Compendium: Calling The Toads • John Tytell et. al
108 pages • $17.95
Ring Tarigh • PO Box 1345 • Watch Hill, RI • 02891

Even before William Burroughs' death, there was already an industry of books about this beat generation grandfather of heroin chic. There are books of interviews, books of his letters, books of his dreams (really there is) and books of his art. All cashing in on the mystique of the literary junky. *Calling The Toads* is firmly planted in this genre of making-a-quick-buck-off-a-dead-legend books.

Personally, I'm split in my option of the author of *Naked Lunch*. As a human being he was an asshole. An unashamed misogynist, Burroughs killed his wife in a drug stupor and through his glowing, fatherly example of literary excess, led his son to an early death from alcoholism. Yet Burroughs was also a terribly gifted writer who, with the publication of *Naked Lunch*, revolutionized American literature and set the censor board running.

I've spent so much time discussing Burroughs' carrier because how you feel about him as a writer will directly affect what you think of this book. If you have a passing interest in the man, this will be of little to no interest. If this book is for anyone, it's for the diehard Burroughs devotee.

Even if you are one of those "Burroughs is a genius" kind of heroin fetishists, I can't imagine that there'll be much of interest to you in these interviews. Burroughs is a terrible subject throughout most of this book. He answers questions hurriedly and, quite expectantly for a man of his age, he can't elaborate or even remember some of the episodes he's being asked about.

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Most of the interviews focus on those romantic years Burroughs spent in Tangiers and Paris, writing *Naked Lunch* . While this is obviously quite an important time in the history of beat literature with Allen Ginsberg, Burroughs and Brion Gysin all living in the same building, the questions asked are all trite and uninformative. Just to understand the interviews you have to be familiar with Burroughs' history, and if you are familiar with said history, then there's no point in reading this in the first place.

Calling The Toads is then doubly useless. Useless for the beginner and useless for the expert. I learned nothing at all about Burroughs from this book except that Sonic Youth and Michael Stipe think he's cool. However, if you're the kind of Burroughs completist who buys the spoken word CDs and reads all those obscure import pamphlets, I guess you're gonna get this anyway. If you're not that obsessive, don't bother with this.
—Sean Sullivan

Fetish • ed. John Yau
336 pages • $15.95
Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 West 14th Street • New York, NY • 10011

This is one of those books I'm supposed to like. I'm supposed to appreciate the transgenderedness of all the authors; the outrageousness of all things encompassed within the given definition of the word "fetish," all the while appreciating the certain sense of normalcy the editor tries to place on the subject. John Yau states his goals for this anthology in the book's introduction: "I tried to define a different kind of 'us,' one that was indefinitely open, one that didn't derive its admission standard from a category based on a style of writing, on race, gender, or sexual preference. Still, it seems to me fetish, that which is unobtainable and/or that which becomes emblematic of our desires, is a constant; it plays a role in all our lives, and it is a trace of our precivilized past, our days of living in caves and worshiping idols. Who among us does not fetishize?" Well no one, of course, so why dedicate an entire anthology to a subject one considers ordinary, "a constant," even? Unless this is just another ploy to further sensationalize a not-so-new topic, this time shown through the lens of the bored and jaded, but knowledgeable insider. Except without the knowledgeable insider. But because *Fetish* sets out to be this "cutting-edge" anthology, it comes off about as interesting as overhearing a bunch of black-turtlenecked, beret-wearing, Export A smokers discussing their opinions on the rise and fall of some neoclassical fascist regime.

Not that there isn't some fine writing in here. Yau compiled quite an impressive list of writers for this anthology, including well-known names like Charles Bukowski, Gordon Lish, Jonathan Lethem, Jessica Hagedorn, Paul Bowles and Rudy Rucker. My personal favorites, Blackman's "The Chokeberry Tree," Rizzoli's "Better Betterlaugh Today," and especially Rucker's "From The Sex Sphere" were beautifully written and entertaining, each managing to capture and sustain my attention for their entire duration. Quite a difficult task... And there is a great poem by Jessica Hagedorn, who uses repetition and word-play to create a upbeat rhythm completely dissident to her harsh choice of words: "You gotta have rhythm, in your soul. The word SOUL. Something funky and torrid by James Brown, juxtaposed against a lush green landscape, manicured and moved to perfection. A jungle, jagged and forbidding, female and tropic. Green perfume: the scent of mildew and rot."

But everything from the press release that calls John Yau "a New York cultural hipster" to the photo of a woman's pierced navel on the front cover made me leery of this book. Or maybe I'm just leery of anything that promises to offend and fails. There is a lot of great writing in this anthology, but hardly what I would call "the more extreme variants on the theme." From what I have read, John Yau has an impressive background, mainly in art: visiting professor at many universities, including UC Berkeley, Brown and New York's School of Visual Arts, highly regarded poet and art critic, and author of such collections as *Radiant Silhouette*, *Edificio Sayonara*, and *Hawaiian Cowboys*. I am aware that fetishes exist in art, as Yau reiterates: "In integrating the abstract patterning and flattening of African religious sculpture with the image of prostitutes in his groundbreaking painting Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, Picasso joined together the exotic and the forbidden for the delectation of all." But why this subject, why now? Obviously the "impressive degree of hipster literacy" promised within the pages of *Fetish* was also used to determine which subject matter would reap the most profits.
—Catherine Cook

***The Sofa Surfing Handbook: A Guide for Modern Nomads* • ed. Juliette Torrez**
160 pp • $11.95
Manic D Press • PO Box 410804• San Francisco, CA • 94141

This book purports to be a definitive guide to the '90s punk travel craze. You know the routine: hitch-hiking, train-hopping, finding strangers to stay with, scamming, etc. I myself gave that lifestyle a try a few years ago, and within three weeks I bought a bus ticket home again. I don't make friends easily in the best of circumstances, so I got tired of arriving in a new town and facing the necessity of making friends by nightfall or sleeping outside. The open road loses its charm when I've been staring at the same fucking stretch of it all day waiting for a ride. I found it about as relaxing as a visit to the stock exchange. But many have been seduced by the promise of freedom, and spend months or years at a time careening around America like a Pachinko ball, all without a bus ticket or hostel card to their names. I'm sure you know many of these types, or are one yourself. Would this book be worth the backpack space?

Sadly, no, unless you are extremely dense. Most of the advice is so commonsensical as to be banal. Do you really need a book to tell you that making long-distance calls behind your host's back is a bad thing to do? Do you need to be told that taking money on a road trip is probably a good idea? Is it news to you that using your host's bed for your sexual antics is tacky? If so, you're probably beyond the help of any book. It's good that Juliette Torrez stresses a positive, ethical approach to crashing on the couch; if people are doing this, they should be decent about it. But it's hard to imagine any errant houseguests changing their ways after reading this book.

The best parts of the book are the anecdotes. Not only are they more fun to read, but most of the truly useful stuff in here appears in them, not in the more structured travel-guide sections. (Some of the stories are from people like Bucky Sinister and Justin Chin, if that gets you happy. I'm indifferent.)

It's hard to see the point of spending twelve bucks on a small paperback when this sort of wisdom has always been passed on far better by zines like *Scam, Cometbus, Dishwasher*, and their offspring. They're cheaper, more authentic, and much better written than *The Sofa Surfing Handbook*. More than anything, this book reminds me of the rash of slick books in the last few years about The Zine Revolution, or Grrrls in Rock, or (going back a little further) Modern Tribalists. Just like those, this one is a few years behind the curve, kind of superficial, and very self-important. The press release calls it "a whirlwind of fin-de-siecle sensibilities" (tee-hee). It poses as the last word of an underground phenomenon but says almost nothing that we all haven't heard.

Beyond that, this is the kind of folk wisdom that can't be easily or effectively routinized and collated into a crash course. If you want to travel punk rock style, do it. You already know what you need to know. Maybe you'll party down in all fifty states, or maybe you'll be begging Uncle Greyhound to carry you home after a week. Either way, you don't need this book.
—Jason Toon

Shiny Adidas Tracksuits and the Death of Camp and Other Essays From *MIGHT* Magazine
243 pages • $14.00
Berkeley Boulevard Books • 200 Madison Ave. • New York, NY • 10016

MIGHT magazine was a short-lived San Francisco-based magazine that lasted 16 published issues from 1993-1997. Personally, I can't recall ever reading it, but judging from these 32 essays and stories, it was probably a pretty vibrant mag, if a little too much on the (gack!) "Gen X" side of things—it probably had a good circulation in snooty cafes in the Lower Haight, one of many formerly run-down hip S.F. neighborhoods currently being ripped apart by gentrification. Still, like any magazine or fanzine (including this one!), *MIGHT* contained both incredibly brilliant and insanely inane pieces.

Only a few fall under the "Criminal-Waste-Of-Paper" category, including David Eggers' "Never Fucked Anyone." It's the book's longest essay, at 16 pages, and meticulously examines why he doesn't like to use the word "fuck" to describe sex. Unfortunately for his argument, everyone he interviews think it's a perfectly acceptable use of the word, which makes the reader wonder why, one, Eggers still clings to his premise, and two, why he's inflicting us with his piece.

A bunch of the stories are tiresome in their relentlessly smarmy, 90's-style cynicism, but even a snide David Hasselhoff mall tour anecdote by Martha McPartlin has some rollicking tales of almost Beatles-level frenzy on the part of rabid Hasselhoff fans.

Other narratives start out promising, but end up sinking under the weight of the author's theoretical tangents or uber-serious tones: Glasgow Phillips' title essay about Adidas track suits and camp theory is afflicted with the former, and his "The T-shirt:More Problems of Signification in American Low Couture (Or, What am I Saying?)" suffers from the latter.

However, most of this collection is quite readable, and there are some true comedic gems that use the best attributes of smarmy latte-driven cynicism and truly tower head and shoulders over the lesser essays here. One winner is "The Way We Were: Outtakes from the Haldemann Diaries," by Bob Margolis and Dan King. It's supposedly omitted parts of Watergate conspirator H.R. Haldeman's diary, and includes "Operation Cambodia" (instead of "Operation Breakfast": the secret bombing of Cambodia), which is the search for a really decent morning meal in Nixon's White House.

"Fare Thee Well Gentle Friend: The Sad Untimely Perhaps Even Tragic Death of Adam Rich," by Paul Tullis and Zev Borrow, is about the imaginary passing of the *Eight Is Enough* child TV star in circumstances suspiciously parallel to the deaths of both River Phoenix and Kurt Cobain. Equal parts obsessive detail and broad satire, "Fare Thee Well Gentle Friend" is a textbook example of a well-written parody.

The best bits in this anthology are also, for the most part, the shortest. Brilliantly funny, Chris Harris' "Design Intervention," a mere 4 pages long, could be a long-lost Monty Python sketch, while "Falling Down: The Rise and Fall of Down Boye, America's First Angsta Rapper," by Jim Stallard, is an elegantly simple pun drawn out to an enjoyable 4 pages.

Over all, this collection works when the writers are focused on their subject and don't stray too far from the tree, to mix a metaphor. Plus, the well-written pieces outnumber the dreck by 2 to 1, a decent ratio for a magazine-based anthology (Imagine if *MRR* tried the same thing— maybe "Best of the MRR Columnists through the Ages"—scary!).

The concise stories make this a good book to have by the toilet for when you need to drop the kids off at the pool, and the gems here make it worth the $14 cover price.
—Jesse Luscious

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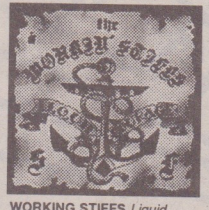

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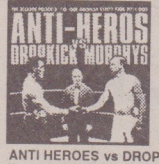

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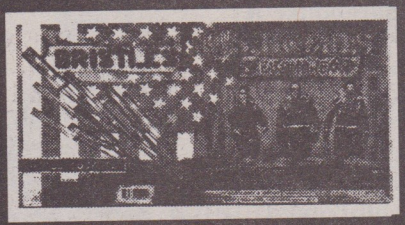

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MUSIC REVIEWS

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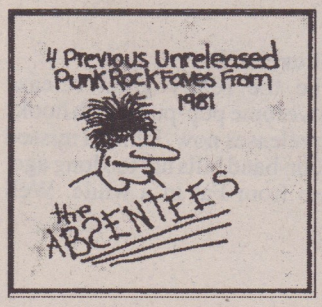
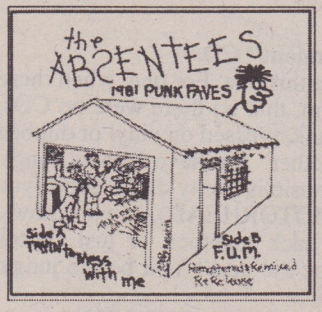


ABSENTEES - "4 Previously Unreleased Punk Rock Faves From 1981" EP

Those of you who know of the ABSENTEES—one of the world's most collectible (expensive) records—will be on this limited (to 500) 7" already. Those who know nothing of the ABSENTEES, your world will not be turned upside-down, nor even shaken by this EP. Unless you're the curious type, save your six bucks. Part of what makes a lot of bands like this great, or at least sought after, is the mysteriousness and obscurity surrounding them. That's now missing from the ABSENTEES formula. (IM)
($6: Brain Transplant, PO Box 24310, Los Angeles, CA 90024)



ABSENTEES - "1981 Punk Favorites" EP

Re-issue of a 7" from 1981. A-side is a good trashy punk song, "Trying To Mess With Me". The B-side is a sloppy throw-away song, "F.U.M.", which stands for "Fuck You Mary". A twisted love song that's a bit too self-indulgent for me. The record has been remixed and remastered which makes it sound a lot cleaner than the original. I would have preferred the old recordings. They also should have used the old artwork. It's much funnier. (CK)
($6: UG, PO Box 18625, Long Beach, CA 90807)

THE ACTION SWINGERS - "Complete London Toe Rag Session" LP

This was recorded in London in '93, but (I think) never released. Only one band member from their '91 LP. I guess that's all it takes. Hey, it has all the elements vital to a good punk release, so what do I care who's in the band? Noise, screaming, feedback, fuzz, yeah, this is good shit. Awesome covers of BLACK FLAG's "Fix me" and SUBWAY SECT's "Nobody's Scared". The only bad thing is, three songs are repeated. If I want to hear a song over and over, I'll do it myself, thank you. (DP)
(Cheap Date, PO Box 1242, Cooper Station , New York, NY 10276)

ADRENALIN O.D. - "Phat 'n' Old" CD

Hey kids, it's ADRENALIN O.D. playing live on the radio in 1996. The recording's not bad, and the hits are all performed competently, but nothing is really special here. If you need to hear AOD on CD, it would be better to pick up the one GTA put out a couple years back. (JF)
(Glue, PO Box 320, Verona, NJ 07044-0320)

ALL BETS OFF - "Roshambo Deathmatch" EP

Damn, I can't put my finger on what's missing, but this sounds empty. Like a start of something that hasn't quite matured. Standard tough guy HC (more thoughtful lyrics than expected) that is striving for something more, yet falling short of achieving their goal. This is six months old so who knows now. Front guy Sammy the Mick does a lot for setting up HC shows in the Bay Area, so when looking for booking give him a yell. And mad props for this band's window-breaking abilities, justice was served. (TJ)
($4: Cynic Squad, 530 Divisadero #121, San Francisco, CA 94117)

ANARCRUST - "Modern Slavery/Hypocrites"

This is not as blistering as I expected from the crust-core trappings. The political chanting has more than a dash of "art," and they got greedy with the low-key metal, in my opinion. There are no sharp edges, no musical rope to grab onto here—instead, we get a loosely shaped musical support system for the anarcho-cliche lyrics. I sense some hardcore-metal slippage, circa 1986. Not the worst thing in the world, but I'm itching to speed and tighten it up. If you love something, set it free... if the guitar trickery gets out of hand, maybe it wasn't punk to begin with. I'd venture to say, though, this is probably someone's perfect cup of tea. Care for some SEPULTURA with that? (AC)
(Anarcrust, PO Box 56523, 3007 Ea Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ANN BERETTA/SPRAY PAINT - split 7"

ANN BERETTA are from Virginia, and the fact that I can't exactly place their sound with some other band has me excited. It's real catchy in the same way that you remember the words to '80s pop songs. Happy, but there's anger and energy in the vocals. One song is acoustic. SPRAY PAINT from Japan sounds much like BLEW or SNUFF. They contribute two solid songs to a quite enjoyable record. (PA)
(Snuffy Smile C/O Yoichi Eimori, 4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0032 JAPAN)

ANTI-FLAG - "Their System Doesn't Work for You" CD

This is a repress of the ANTI-FLAG songs from the "North America Sucks" CD. It's been out of print and unavailable, so they decided to re-release it, along with ten additional unreleased songs. I'm glad they did, or I would probably would never have heard this. There are so many bands putting out music (some awesome, some shitty), that a person can go through life completely oblivious that a band he's heard of but never heard is actually quite good. "Their System Doesn't Work For You" says it all. Intelligent lyrics about suicide, guns, alienation and talk shows. I thought the disclaimers were unnecessary. What are you afraid of, some emo kid beating you up for poking fun at him, or a parent suing you over his kid's suicide? You shouldn't have to explain yourself or your lyrics to anyone, just do your thing and fuck 'em if they don't like it. (DP)
(A-F, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

ANTiSEEN - "Jailhouse/People Like You"

..... how did this record cum my way??????... not my cup of tea..... big mean looking southern motherfuckers.... okay.... muddy drunk slop..... what the fuck..... jeezus christ..... my fave part to this package is not the package of each members member, but the "tiny little insert" spewing forth resentment and hate towards the rock critics and what-have-yous..... god, I just can't listen to music anymore..... I'm jaded..... I'm also a fag..... Bruce, where's your tight ass when I need it?????..... I need to feel your bowels, baby.... (SW)
(Ruff-Nite, 3249 Rorer St, Philadelphia, PA 19134)

ARSON FAMILY/46 SHORT - split EP

Rhode Island is a very small state. Perhaps in compensation, ARSON FAMILY is unnaturally loud. Knee-jerking, fed-up, manic (yet comprehensible) hardcore. Three vinyl belts of frustration rip up one side of this EP. If anything, 46 SHORT rocks even harder—it's a little less structured, with just a wee hint of an East Bay, extra punk-backing vocal thing going on. Excellent, non-stop political impatience. Supposedly, they're touring with STRATFORD MERCENARIES soon. This makes sense. (AC)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

ASSHOLE BLUES PLAYERS - "Teenage Power Mother Fucker Kick It!!!" CD

Holy HIGH RISE! Garbled Japanese rawk that stands in line at the corn dog stand with its good friends GUITAR WOLF and GASOLINE. Pretty similar, actually, what with the ropy bass runs and the distortion-laden guitar burr-burring along. I drop the names of the aforementioned bands, because there is definitely something directly connected to those mighty units. However, these guys access Dee-troit fury with a vengeance unmatched by the aforementioned. You'll probably never see this thing, but if you do... (RW)
(THD)

ATARIS - "Look Forward to Failure" CD

I must say this sounds like the really great release LAG WAGON has yet to put out. Awesome pop-punk with hooks galore. I gotta track down their prior releases now. I think I missed these guys at one of those too-long four-band bills not too long ago. Probably the best pop-punk release from Fat in a while. Well recommended. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

ATOMIC BOMBS/NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH - split CD

Songs about having sex with dolls done in bland fare..... (TG)
(Nigma, 12112 Severn Wy, Riverside, CA 92503)

AVSKUM - "Crime and Punishment" CD

Ok, I'm kinda in between on this one. For one, when these guys existed (in their original form, that is) there were no CDs, only crudely recorded Swedish punk, pressed on vinyl or dubbed on tapes. Now, they're "back together" and have 14 new songs. The production is thick and the music is pretty damn good (you know—half DISCHARGE, half MOTORHEAD), so who knows. Should these guys have gotten back together, or just started something new and let the past be the past? You be the judge. (MW)
(Distortion, Box 129, S-401 22 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

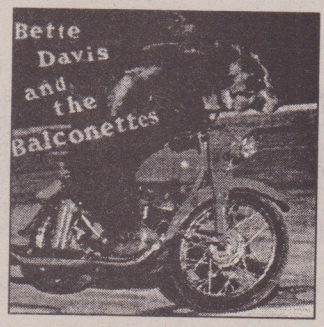
BACKBONE - CD

Not to be confused with the band BAREBONES (also from Japan), this is the first I've heard from BACKBONE. Nice looking CD—metallic foil-looking cover... minimal information (not even a band member listing!). It went downhill from there—taking cues from both punk and rock, they strayed too far into the rock wasteland for my tastes—using many of the cliched songwriting tricks you'd hear on any "alternative" radio station. Next! (TM)
(ZK, B1F From Shimbashi Bldg, 3-4-12 Shimbashi, Minato-Ku, Tokyo 105, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

BAD TRAP - "Stay Discontent!" CDEP

A three-song CD packaged like a 7" EP, as if you weren't confused enough already. The BAD TRAP (or should it be "bad trip"?) are fast hardcore not unlike early GAUNT or maybe NEW BOMB TURKS. Three songs, a kinda skimpy offering. Rough and mean, with plenty of verve in the inimitable Japanese style. One of the tracks is a blatant rip-off of "Band Aid" by the TREND, recently covered by the NO TALENTS, in case anybody's paying attention to these kind of things. Nice screams. (JH)
(Takashi Yamazaki, 101 MRuyoshi sou, 113 Waridashi Machi, Kanazawa City 920-0062, JAPAN)

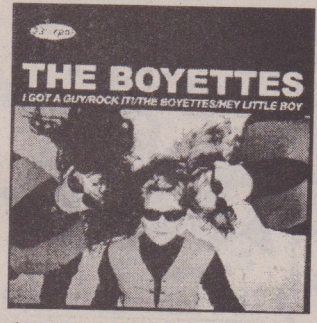


BETTE DAVIS & THE BALCONETTES - "Surf Surf" EP

Holy shit, *the* hottest-shit band of annoying girlies outta the current UK scene, coming on like furious Rough Trade back catalog from nowhere, screech intact and songs held together by the shredded nails on the bathroom floor! Their earlier singles are every bit as good, and I for one evince no shame in hopping on this particular Hype Wagon. The Real Deal™ in teenage angst-punk (sorry DONNAS). Buy on sight, punk like your sister's never-was hatecore bedroom hair-brush microphone attack unit! (RW)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 6NP, UK)

BLACK DICE - "Printed Paper" EP

I've heard some local power-violence enthusiasts remark with disdain on the phenomenon of "emo" kids jumping on the bandwagon of this extreme hardcore genre. The fact that this one-sided EP is on the Vermin Scum label leads me to guess that BLACK DICE are a product of this phenomenon, though with no special knowledge of the members of the band I really can't say with any certainty. What I can say is that this is chaotic, noisy, yet structured hardcore, played with an eye to getting the job done. I can't say anything at all about the lyrics, as they're not provided. (AM)
(Vermin Scum, PO Box 22202, Baltimore, MD 21203-4202)



THE BOYETTES - "I Got a Guy" EP

Neo-'60s garage skree from three grrls and a guy on drums. Trashy cool keyboards are a highlight of this four-song Aussie platter. A-side was better than the B-side due to the tempos. Fast, noisy garage music is fun. Slow noisy garage music is a painful drag. Good record anyway, worth hunting down. (MM)
(Wig Wam, G.P.O. Box 2366V., Melbourne, 3001, AUSTRALIA)

BREAKDOWN - "Plus Minus" CD

So the last time I reviewed a release by this band I seriously questioned their motives behind "reforming". They wrote a letter to MRR defending themselves, and slagging the shit out of me. Unfortunately I didn't see the letter till after it went to print, so I couldn't respond. So I just want to say that the points in your letter were taken well, and let's leave it at that. This time around we have another full-length from the modern day version of BREAKDOWN, the old school NYHC band. For what it's worth, this is actually really good. Thick and mean hardcore done in a way only the East Coasters can. They even toss in a BAD BRAINS cover to mix things up. Solid. (RC)
(Eyeball, PO Box 1653, Peter Stuyvesant Sta, New York, NY 10009)

CALAVERA - "Day of the Dead" CD

Now this I like. CALAVERA manage to inject enough punk energy into there psychobilly sound and that keeps this 14 song CD rolling right along. The guitar work on this, courtesy of former members of DOGMA MUNDISTA and the INSAINTS, is awesome. A perfect blend of punk, slide, country, surf and horror/goth rock. The stand up bass gives all of the songs that distinct rockabilly edge and the vocals sung in Spanish add a south of the border attitude. A fitting sound track for slugging down a sixer or two of Bud during a drive through the hot desert sun. "Purddy gude", as my dad would say. Oh, check this band out live if you get a chance, they rock. (RM)
(Disgruntled, 4470 Sunset Blvd #195, Los Angeles, CA 90027)

CALLOUSED - "The Masquerade" LP

This is fast and crusty punk rock from Minneapolis. So glue up those liberty spikes, and rock out to this female-fronted band that is heavy on the distortion as well as the politics. (RC)
(Fired Up!, PO Box 8985, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

CATTLE PRESS/AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED - split LP

This has actually been out for quite a while, but for some reason it slipped through the cracks. Try this on for size: "CATTLE PRESS is pro-evolution, pro-abortion, and advocates for the death penalty and the second amendment. All life is not precious. Acknowledge the stigma of over population and crush the illusion of the sanctified." Whoa! In case you haven't heard them, CATTLE PRESS is the musical equivalent to running in slow motion while somebody hits you over the head with a sledge hammer. AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED push the levels of what is fast with a total blast beat assault on all of your senses. Fucking killer record! (RC)
(Bovine, PO Box 2134, Madison, WI 53701)

CHELSEA - "Punk Singles Collection 1977-1982" CD

Now that early CHELSEA stuff has seen CD release, I guess it's time for the barrage of repackaging the hits. This is a great release if it's all you're gonna buy of the four new re-issues, but it's all on the first three "must have" CDs. Still awesome vintage Brit-punk though. (RL)
(Captain Oi)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CHINESE TAKEAWAY - "Shut Up and Behave" EP

Anthemic punk rocker stuff with lots of "whoa"s, "ooh"s and "aaah"s and a singer who sounds like he's straining to be understood through a mouthful of cottage cheese. Theirs is a world populated by "Pretty Paedophiles" and "Rock 'n' Roll Girls". Despite all the leopard-print clothing they're wearing in the band photo, it's more in the vein of current oi-meets-streetpunk, not really my bag but pretty good for the genre. Lead vocals by one Ego T. Superstar. (JH)
(Pelado, 521 W Wislon, B202, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

COLONNA INFAME SKINHEAD - LP

This is a posthumous release by an Italian punk band comprised of three vegan, straight-edge punks and one skinhead. All members considered themselves communists and anti-fascists. COLONNA INFAME SKINHEAD disbanded in May 1997. The music is decent punk/oi with deep vocals and competent guitar, bass and drums. The politics emphasize salvaging the worker's community rather than punk "fashion" appearances. Rest In Peace COLONNA INFAME SKINHEAD. (BR)
(S.O.A. c/o Petralia Paolo, Via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma, ITALY)

JAYNE COUNTY - "Goddess of Wet Dreams" LP

Anything from Jayne is always welcome for me—even if she mailed me her own turd, I'd still probably give it a good review. On the other hand, I will ask you to pass on this record because it sounds like shit, it is basically a bootleg and I suggest you to buy her latest record on Royalty Records for pure unadulterated Jayne Fucking-Rock-and-Roll-County Punk Rock! (EC)
(Abraxas srl, Piazza Maltoni 16, Pontassieve 50065, ITALY)

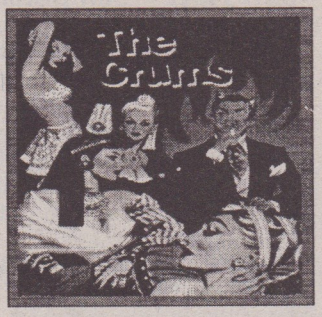
THE COWSLINGERS - "Gotta Kill My Baby" EP

This is like the KNITTERS (X) fronted by what's his face from ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT, I don't know what to think of this Americana shit but I still enjoy this, and they have over ten singles out on an independent label in the States, so they've gotta be good. (EC)
(Drink & Drive, PO Box 771101, Lakewood, OH 44107)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS/WRETCHED - split EP

Old school Italian hardcore here. WRETCHED still manage to make a terrible, out-of-tune recording sound pretty good. Both bands remind me of the Euro hardcore of the early to mid-'80s like RAPED TEENAGERS or early NEGAZIONE. I wish there was a lyric sheet of some sort. (LH)
(Against Business On Rare Vinyl)

THE CRUMS - "Creepy Crawl" EP



Great garage combo out of Virginia Beach, love the singer—Larry from the CANDY SNATCHERS—very MC5. This is a crime that's only available to 500 lucky souls, gotta press more of this puppy! (EC)
(Fandango, 1805 T St #A, Washington, DC 20009)

CURTAINRAIL - "Fast and First" EP

This EP was recorded two and a half years ago, so I don't know what the deal is and why this is just now getting released. Japan's CURTAINRAIL are about to unleash their thrash on the USA so I was excited to hear a little preview of what to expect. Sounds a lot like CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, but suffers from horrible metal production so the guitars are way tinny and razor sharp. Not bad, but I've heard better... now, bring on the live show. (PB)
(NAT, Shinmei Building 2F, 7-33, Nishi-Shinjuku 7, Shinjuku, Tokyo, 160 JAPAN)

DAHMER/INFINITE RADICAL FREAKS - split EP

This is about what I'd anticipated from these two bands—nothing bad, but nothing entirely unexpected either. Canadian grindcore meets its Japanese counterpart—I'd have to go with DAHMER getting the better of the two halves with their wall of noise/Casio keyboard approach. Inventive stuff! I.R.F. have a more straightforward noise approach—it works, but there's just so much around that's similar, I'm not sure it'd ever stand out in the crowd. (TM)
(Slightly Fast, 303-34 Ogura, Maizuru, Kyoto-Pref, 625, JAPAN)

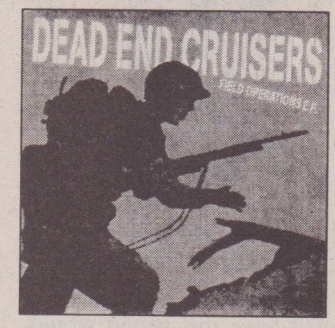
DAY-GLO ABORTIONS - "Stupid World, Stupid Songs" CD

Here it is, a blast from the past. If you remember them, it's all here from their past recordings. If you haven't heard them—fast punk with a tad of crossover metal. (TG)
(God, PO Box 44132-3170 , Victoria, BC CANADA V9A 7H7)

THE DAYLIGHT LOVERS - "Casa de Rock and Roll" EP

MUMMIES-style rock 'n' roll that sounds like it was recorded inside of a dumpster. Raw energy, fucking amazing guitar, lots of yelling and appealing chaos. A must for garage fans across the land. (JN)
(Sack O' Shit, PO Box 308, Kankakee, IL. 60901)

MUSIC REVIEWS



DEAD END CRUISERS - "Field Operations" EP

Some true rock 'n' roll classics grace this disc. The CRUISERS are channeling the SEX PISTOLS, the CLASH, and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, but adding some American rock swagger. Two great originals and an EDDIE & THE HOT RODS cover, you can't go wrong with this. (AM)
(TKO, 4104 24th St #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

DEADLY SNAKES/SPACESHITS - split EP

The DEADLY SNAKES run the RANDOMS "ABCD" into some kind of Kool Whip-induced ROXY MUSIC hallucination. Though I'm hesitant to admit it publicly, I've always liked the addition of saxophone to the 4/4 punk/thud sound—cool. The SPACESHITS are repetitive and earnest, kind of paint-by-numbers garage rock from a snazzy batch of rock 'n' roll delinquents. For those seeking a less-than-religious experience. (JH)
(Sympathy)

DEATHREAT - "Reason to Live... Reason to Die" EP

And as a late entry, we have a winner for the best new EP of '98. DEATHREAT follow up their 7" on Prank with an even more amazing record. Yep, solid, political hardcore with a sound reminiscent of early '80s Boston hardcore that gets this reviewer going. Buy this, hell, buy two and give one to a friend. No punk house should be without this. (JF)
(Partners In Crime, PO Box 820043, Memphis, TN 38182)

DECONTROL - LP

This is a pleasant surprise. Reminds me of a watered-down version of DISCLOSE. There's no information, but I think these guys hail from the States (just a guess). Twelve songs of total '83 Scandinavian-style thrash that you should most definitely pick up. It even has the song title of the month: "Government Arse Fucking." (MW)
(Distortion, Box 129, S-401 22 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

DETESTATION - "A Big White Pat on the Back/Nocturnal Fear"

Kick ass 45 by these Portland mainstays. This 45 is basically a big "fuck you" to those who would use the safety net of family wealth to play higher morality. Full of bitter anger, DETESTATION has once again put out an amazing record. Oh yeah, it's a picture disc, for those who care. (JF)
(Clean Plate, PO Box 709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002)

DEVOTCHKAS - "Oi! Toy" EP

Oooooooooohhhmygod! Not only is this the shit, but these girls are my every goddamn punk rock fantasy!!! Worth it for just the pics alone! But wait!!! They rock too!! This little slab o' vinyl sounds like it was the lost single from some time-capsule circa 1981, but instead of some washed-up has-been band from that time, trying to cash in on punk rock glory of old, you get Mande!!! Stephanie! Alaine! And..... um.... Jon... (cough)... rockin' ya while they're in their prime!!! I want to be their roadie!!!!! (JB)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

DHARMA BUMS - "Lobotomize Yourself" CD

Pretty great French punk in the tradition of LES THUGS or SHERIFFS. Full throttle guitar attack mixed with cool hooks and a punchy rhythm section. Pretty kicking shit. I even think that ballad type stuff is okay. Almost like LEATHERFACE at times. (LH)
(Nova Express, 14 Rue D' Uxelles, 71 100 Ghalon Sur Saóne, FRANCE)

DICKIE STABONER - "The Next Level" CD

Melodic hardcore a la PENNYWISE, more designed to get product endorsements than anything else. (JF)
(Unkle Kunkle, PO Box 2965, Tempe, AZ 85280-2965)

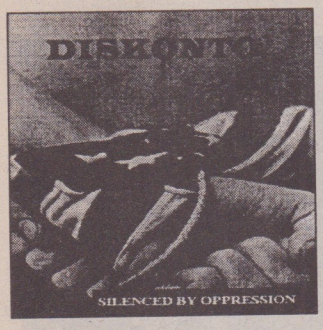
DIRT BIKE ANNIE - "Sitcoms and Summer Camps" EP

These guys have to be sleeping with the KUNG-FU MONKEYS. They play the same bubble-gum-pop-punk the 'MONKEYS play (with less of a '50s influence and more of a RAMONES feel). I hope they play here soon—I bet they're a lot of fun live. (BM)
(Break-Up!, 3935 Farm Brook Ln, Columbus, OH 43204-5003)

DISCLOSE - "The Aspects of War" 10"

I think this was recorded live to four track, and it sounds as if all the levels were well into the red. Ten songs of relentless anarcho-thrash, bordering on noise, with minimalist yelled vocals. The rawness of the recording really adds to this; it gives the songs a real live energy that's hard to capture in a sterile studio setting. Cool. (AM)
(FFT, Asahi Plaza Umeda 1212, 4-11 Tsuruno-Cho, Kita-Ku, 530-0014 Osaka, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS



DISKONTO - "Silenced By Oppression" EP

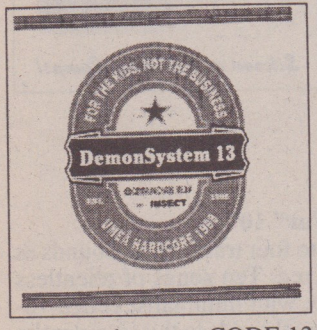
This now famous Swedish hardcore band gets their due - this was originally anticipated to come out several years ago, and due to the ineptitude of several labels, was lost until Will Clean Plate stepped in to do the deed. Early (1992-94) recordings, though you'd not be surprised if you were more familiar with their recent material - it's the same wall of guitar hardcore they've managed to refine since. Perhaps somewhat less 'polished', which is by no means a bad thing! Includes a ANTI-CIMEX cover among 9 others. (TM)
(Clean Plate, PO Box 709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002)

DOGFIGHT - "Ill Milennio" EP

Full bore stuff from Italy - immediately had me checking the speed on the turntable - seemed like it might be just too good to be true! Along the lines of some classic UK stuff (think DOOM or E.N.T), it's quick with the requisite breaks and stop/start sections to give it personality. Gotta mention the production - despite having 5 songs on a side, it sounds enormous. Have not the slightest idea what they're talking about, but I'm down. (TM)
(S.O.A., Via Oderisi da Gubbio 67769, 00146 Roma, ITALY)

DOWNWAY - "Kacknacker" CD

I say this way too much, but it sounds like the first PROPAGANDHI 12". Clean, tight—it's just a matter of how much of the same music you can listen to. I mean, there's no really special hook. Personal lyrics, decent vocal interplay, what am I supposed to say? (PA)
(206, 8314 Greenwood Ave. N. #102, Seattle, WA 98103)



D.S.-13 - "For the Kids, Not the Business" EP

Straight up, no nonsense hardcore punk, full of guitar hooks, sing-a-long opportunities, and no wimpy slow parts. Nearly all the lyrics are issue oriented in their politics, with many aimed at the punk scene. Great attack on wealthy vegan revolutionaries. Good REAGAN YOUTH cover as well. This is definitely for those who can appreciate the way CODE 13 keeps that early hardcore sound fresh and fun. From the label that brought you the LAST MATCH EP. (TH)
(Insect, Postfach 58, 116 74 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

ENDLESS HATE - "The Long Wait" EP

Italy's ENDLESS HATE sound a lot like ANTISCHISM's first EP, quirky and semi-technical hardcore with multiple screamed vocals. Throw in some DETESTATION and small amounts of crunchy mosh parts and that makes for yet another fine European release. The lyrics on side A deal with feeling confused and frustrated and the B-side's lyrics are a little more cryptic and vague. I wish bands that have this sound would explore the vast and incredible world of lyric/storytelling, or creative word play, etc., because I tell you... the music fucking rocks, and I think it's necessary to wear your feelings and reactions on your sleeve, but there's only so much one can take, ya know. Whereas with BOB DYLAN... (oops, wrong 'zine...) (PB)
(Words From A Dead World c/o Francesco Brunotti, C.P. 66, Bologna, ITALY)

EVERREADY - "Festavus for the Restavus" CD

It's been a while since I've heard these guys. Still up to their old tricks here. Still doing revved up, smart-ass pop-punk. Some things never change, and that's alright. The only slight difference is that the production value is a tiny bit higher and the playing is a tad less sloppily endearing. But they seem to have gotten more pop and more punk, at the same time. They never fail at putting a sloppy grin on my face, though. Get it, and be sure to check out the funny-as-hell liner notes while you're at it. (BG)
(Cool Guy)

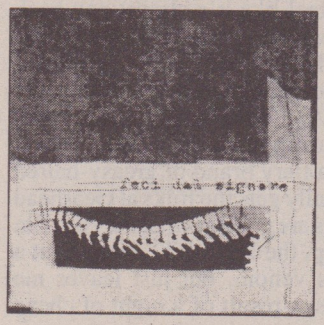
EVERSOR/COMRADES - split EP

I was totally not expecting this at all!!!! EVERSOR are so good, I've been a fan of this stuff as long as I've been in the scene. They are totally post-DESCENDENTS pop-punk, maybe SAMI-AM and BIG DRILL CAR. Pretty singing and catchy pop music, great production...I'm blushing like a little girl when her Sunday dress catches a strong breeze. And then there's COMRADES!!!! Grind fucking madness!!! Deep guttural snarling growls, crazy sick metal riffs...Fucking Lord, kill me now! This is the best SOA release I've heard in a very long time. (PB)
(SOA c/o Paolo Petralia, Via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma ITALY)

F.C.P. - "So You Think You're a Man" CD

F.C.P. has mid-tempo, bare, metallic guitar lines and very sing-songy, obvious lyrics. Donielle, the vocalist, reminds me a lot of the singer from SQUAT. The name stands for Female Chauvinist Pigs, that's just how original their approach is. Nursery rhymes or naughty cheerleading chants for the mildly rebellious. If you miss this homework assignment, don't worry, you'll still pass the class. (AC)
(Raw Power, 1636 W. 39th St, Gardena, CA 90249)

MUSIC REVIEWS



FICI DEL SIGNORE - "Seeing" EP

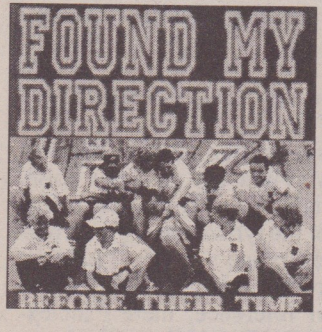
This is a real decent introduction to a killer HC band. In the vein of BORN AGAINST and HONEYWELL. Looking forward to hearing more. Check it out! (TG)
(Sanguine, PO Box 85054, Lincoln, NE 68501)

FOKKENWOLF - "Kick Arse for the Lord" EP

Sort of an English take on the HELLACOPTERS: classic Midwestern retro-isms cranked through a new mean, lean punk rock mentality. Though to these guys' credit, a slightly more rootsy, rocknroll feel is evident with less emphasis on the "heavy". Could just be that they're faster, no? Four songs, riffs you're *way* familiar with played fast and unrelenting, songs that are over before you know it, yep, it's the classic 7" experience, I might say. (JY)
(Daily BeefBurger, PO Box 302, Nottingham NG2 4BF, UK)

FOKKEWOLF DEATHRAY - "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" CD

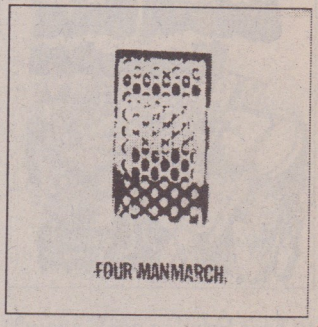
CDEP by a band that's got beefy production, tasty taste in rock history and a bunch of crappy songs. Whoops. 'Nother nail in the coffin of rock. Not my taste, I like it with a little more *panic*. (RW)
(Deadly Beefburger)



FOUND MY DIRECTION - "Before Their Time" EP

Fuck yeah, crushing hardcore from Australia! I've never heard of straight-edge from down under, but this puts it on the map! I love the production - fat bass without sounding like metal. Kind of has a Cleveland style to it. (TG)
($6: Resist, 243 Australia St., Newtown, NSW, Australia 2042)

FOUR MAN MARCH - "The Luckiest Man on Earth" EP

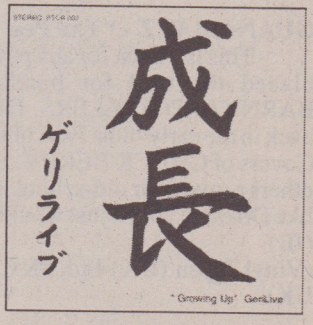


Tight, intense powercore, with a bit of that quiet/loud dynamic. Hyper blasting in the fast parts and rhythmic rocking in the verses. Melody exists but it's buried deep. BOB TILTON and DEAD AND GONE are two possible comparisons, but only as ingredients that contribute to the whole. This is a good record. (AM)
(OOO, 13709 Eaglesnest Bay, Corpus Christi, TX 78418-6319)

GEHENNAH - "No Fucking Christmas" LP

Here's a band I've forsaken. Just assumed they were some kind of hyper-crust, dreadlock, skate-core, do not know where I got that...whatever, with new awareness of their satanic heshness, I'm more into it. I do, however, *hate* punk rock Christmas records. There's no reason for them. How many ways can you bastardize the holiday mockingly, yet still cash in on it? I like Christmas, anyhow. Not funny, but decent record. (RY)
(Primitive Art, PO Box 4049, SE-300 04 Halmsted, SWEDEN)

GERI LIVE - "Growing Up" EP



I don't even know how to explain this. For starters, this four-piece all-girl grind band has been the talk of the Bay Area, stemming from their earlier project LITTLE PRINCESS. This is eight songs of fast-core that takes diarrhea and other bodily functions as its key inspiration (if I'm not mistaken, "geri" is diarrhea in Japanese). The GAUZE-style cover art is killer as well. I think this is limited to 500, so if I were you, I'd get this real quick. (MW)
($3: Punch the Cheese, PO Box 427292, San Francisco, CA 94142)

GHOUL SQUAD - "The Witch Grows Up" CD

Okay, my copy of this disc was pretty scratched up, so I couldn't actually play all of the songs. Parts of it remind me of STICKS & STONES. Mostly catchy punk with weird gothic elements tossed in. Almost like they were trying to mix MISFITS with SPECIMEN. No lyrics, but pretty death rock song titles like "Agoraphobic Witchcraft", "Doppleganger" and "Zombie Lake". If this band was a horror movie they would be "Return Of The Living Dead" and not "Profundo Rossa". (LH)
(PO Box 263, Yarmouthport, MA 02675-0263)

MUSIC REVIEWS

GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS - "Chairshot Politics" EP

This is the best EP I got all month. Tony Erba's back on vocal duties for this '82 style thrash four-piece. Lyrics are fucking bad-ass (best is an ode to the chugga sXe bands of the '90s entitled "Closed mind, open E").This is essential for fans of old Boston hardcore a la SSD or NEGATIVE FX. It's rad to hear Erba's vocals again! (MW)
(River on Fire, PO Box 771296, Lakewood, OH 44107)

GROWING CONCERN - "Never Fades Away" EP

Ready for an old school finger-pointing dog pile? Here it is x-ed up and rearing to go. Embracing traditional sXe HC with that ol' dash of melody, Italy's GROWING CONCERN never lose their drive or hook. Take me back!!!! (TJ)
(SOA c/o Paolo Petralia, Oderisi da Gubblo 67/69, 00146 Roma, ITALY)

GUANA BATZ - "The Peel Sessions" CD

This is a must for any psychobilly kat or kitten!! These guys blazed the trail for bands like the HELLBILLIES, the BARNYARD BALLERS, DEMENTED ARE GO! and others back in the early '80s. Fans of the CRAMPS should also get this!!! Covers of CHUCK BERRY, BILL HALEY & the COMETS and others prove their old-school integrity. I'd say that this is "rockin' like Dokken", but it just wouldn't apply. You know what I mean!! (JB)
(Vinyl Japan (UK) Ltd, 98 Camden Road, London NW1 9EA, UK)

GUITAR GANGSTERS - "Made in England—Live in Europe" CD

A decent live set from this Brit-punk band that has been around a while now. Sing-songy stuff that falls in between new poppy punk and old school (but not oi). I was into their studio releases but I'm not real big on live punk records. This is good if you are into these guys, if not check out the disc of their first two LPs first. (RL)
(Rampant, PO Box 3806, Southgate, London, N14 6NB, UK)

GYGA - "Slaving" EP

Shit this band rips! In your face power-violence that makes me want to fight. They are from Michigan, and show that Midwest hardcore is alive and well. Brutal. (RC)
(Element, PO Box 30287, Indianapolis, IN 46230)

HELLACOPTERS/THE NITWITZ - split EP

Bringin' with me the hangover of the super-hyped HELLACOPTERS show last night, I feel like it's almost pay back time for a self-indulgent set that was all stroke without climax. Anyway, here we go with yet another single. Yes, the HELLACOPTERS are trying to dominate your record collection like kindred brethren ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN with shameless over-saturation. Abandoning their punk roots, the HELLACOPTERS blaze out a fiery brand of greasy-haired grebo rock 'n' roll that probably really gets the folks at Gearhead off hard (gag). No doubt, these guys are good at what they do, I'm just completely over it. On the flip, the NITWITZ pound out a hard-hittin' r'n'r track that rocks venom, but just leaves me painfully numb—maybe that's just a result of a night of cheap whiskey. (DL)
(Rocketdog, PO Box 70397, 1007 KJ Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

HARRIET THE SPY/ FAT DAY - split EP

I automatically assumed this 7" was going to be 33rpm, figuring that there are four songs on FAT DAY's side. I was mistaken. FAT DAY lives up to their past recordings by giving us thrashy, trashy, distorted, yet melodic songs that I'm singing along to after the first listen. Cool. HARRIET THE SPY play arty punk and have a whiny singer. One of their songs is called "How We Got On Kill Rock Stars". Even though the lyrics attempt to be critical, the band sounds like they should be on that label. (CK)
(Donut Friends, PO Box 3192, Kent, OH 44240) **- split EP**

THE HOT POCKETS - "I Live on Rocket Street/Every Time We Get Married"

The HOT POCKETS make a luke-warm attempt to heat up your panties with two short and sleepy tracks in the lo-fi school of 3-chord throwaways. The A-side is a lust-driven, Lolita-complex, teenage torch song that drifts and lacks the passion to really get the girls swooning. The B-side has bop to it, yes, but doesn't really go anywhere. If there's anything really hot in these guys' pockets I'd really have to see it to believe it. (DL)
(Kogar, PO Box 985, 9700 AV, Groningen, NETHERLANDS)

THE HOT POCKETS - "I Live on Rocket Street/Every Time We Get Married"

Here's a band that recognizes the importance of hooks and strong vocals, especially when they're wrapped up in raw noise. "Every Time We Get Married" is some sort of sick ballad (although I can't quite get the gist of the lyrical thrust) that rings my chimes but might not be to everyone's taste. "I Live on Rocket Street" is a straight-ahead rocker that's very hard to not like. If you need some points of reference, there's an ex-SPACESHIT and an ex- KRONTJONG DEVIL in HOT POCKETS. (DD)
(Kogar, PO Box 985, 9700 AV, Groningen, NETHERLANDS)

MUSIC REVIEWS

HOT ROD HONEYS - "Horny and Hungry" LP

It's funny that I'm reviewing this record. I have listened to it about a million times since I was given a copy at a JACK SAINTS show last week. Soundwise, this album is recorded a hundred times better than the singles they've released (which is a good thing, trust me). Trashy punk rock in the '77 style with a bit of a country tinge that makes you alternate between square dancing and pogoing. I would dare to say that they are the Belgian TEENGENERATE except that they're not as frantic. The songs are catchy and they cover the KIDS "Bloody Belgium". What more do you need? (CK)
(Demolition Derby, PO Box 4005, 2800 Mechelen 4, BELGIUM)

HOUSEBOY - "1465 Tamarack Street Press Room" CD

If this wasn't a CD, I would have thought that it was on the wrong speed. Upbeat punk/hardcore stuff that sorta brings to mind PEACEFUL MEADOWS or something like that. Really tight musicianship and all too clean production value. It's okay, but it isn't very moving. (LH)
(Stiff Pole, PO Box 20721, St Petersburg, FL 33742)

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS - "Overanalyzing the Manifestations of the Unconscious" CD

OK, this one is decent in the energy and intentions department, but you know what they say about the road to hell, right? There's six songs here, and they are all mediocre metallic pop-punk. I did like the layout and title, though. (BG)
(Eyeball, PO Box 1653, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009)

INFINITY DIVE/ERESHKEL - split 10"

This record has an early Ebullition/Gravity feel and look. You know, fast and frantic, noisy emoish hardcore, with a silk screened recycled cover. Now, as a lover of the first HEROIN single, I can say this gets my thumbs up. As far as which band is better, I'd have to say INFINITY DIVE gets the nod. (JF)
(Technicians Of The Sacred, PO Box 14411, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

IN/HUMANITY - "Occultonomy" EP

Was a bit intimidated by this - read on the tenth listen the warning label - "This Record Played 13 Times in a Row will release the Occult Powers." Fuck. Going to do the review from memory - just in case I counted wrong. Getting no more predictable with age, they're still preaching the rock and roll language (with suitable samples and piano) that has the kids reaching for the volume knob. Hit after Hit, indeed. You're either friend or foe in this war, and I'm not permitted to divulge anything further. (TM)
(Old Glory, PO Box 17195, Worcester, MA 01601)

INSTANT AGONY - "No Pain, No Gain!" EP

A new record from these old schoolers (overused term of the decade), and it don't sound half bad. Their press release says that these guys were near or at the top of the Punk Charts back in the early eighties, which leads to the question: is there actually something known as the punk top forty? My question to INSTANT AGONY would be along the lines of: who the fuck cares if you made some wanky top ten in the eighties, this is punk rock—innit? Sounds like if the CLASH had gone hardcore instead of hip-hop and that other rubbish they got into. A good release. (JV)
(Homicidal, PO BOX 11, Upton, Merseyside L49 4RR ENGLAND)

THE INSURGENT/CONTRA - split EP

The INSURGENT are another testament to the influence OPIV has had on punk music. These guys are from New York and you can just hear the effect Jesse's lyrics and the overall late-eighties Gilman scene has had on these guys. I find these types of releases interesting at times, but the INSURGENT are not as of yet worthy of any real comparisons to those bands. CONTRA delivers some ferocious hardcore that makes this record hard not to recommend. (JV)
(Contra, PO BOX 144, Stony Brook, NY 11790)

INTERSTATE 007 - "On My Own" CD

"Dear INTERSTATE 007, You suck. I hate you. Please break up. Never reproduce. Thank you....P.S. Your name licks ass.". These guys are from SoCal. aren't they? Jeezus, this sounds like when LINK 80 tried to be a punk band. This flashes me back to my freshman year of high school when every fucking high school band wanted to sound like this. (BM)
(Raw Power, 1636 W 139 St, Gardena, CA 90249)

THE JACKIE PAPERS - "Uckfay Ooyay" CD

The cast of 90210 meets ex-PINK LINCOLNS in this 3-girl/man-boy outfit from Florida. Kickin' off with a surprisingly fast hardcore song, you may hear a glimmer of hope. But the spiraling descent comes quickly with a more straightforward QUEERS-y approach. Detracting further are a few out-of-place slow breakdowns that mix in sickly sweet girl vocals. I'm trying to understand this, but their lyrics complain of people online, deal with a hatred for clowns and explain how having to get up early sucks. Boofuckin'hoo. I'm sorry, but I don't identify, can't relate. My knee-jerk reaction here is "tell it to the hand!" (DL)
(Stiff Pole, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742)

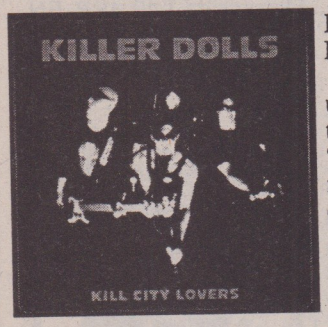
MUSIC REVIEWS

J CHURCH - "Cat Food" LP

Yep, another one. As uncool as it is, I do like J CHURCH. The never-ending cast of drummers includes Andee from PEE and Adam from JAWBREAKER, plus guest vocals by Manda from BIS. I dig some of the slower songs on the first side. Side two is more straight-forward. Some of the songs have already been released, but I can't help but like it. (PA)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 6NF, UK)

KERMIT'S FINGER - "Straight from the Bar" CD

...I'm not sure what to say about this... it's good.... I guess... it sounds like the PINK LINCOLNS meets the KABLAMIES. Witty, drunken punk with pop punk hooks... just really, really boring and dry. (BM)
($5: Poorest, PO Box 458, Boston, MA 02129)



KILLER DOLLS - "Kill City Lovers" EP

Oh man, you haven't lived until you've heard someone with a thick Spanish accent say "deemoleshion durdby". It's funny as fuck. Kind of like when my dad tells me "you act like eh crazy", "geet up" or "hurreed up!". Ha ha. Damn, I'm feeling all sentimental with all this bad English flying around. As a matter of fact I think I'll dedicate all of my reviews this month to my dad! This ones for you pop! Let's see, KILLER DOLLS. Uh huh. Wimpy, garage/hotrod rock. No balls to speak of what so ever. Fucking terrible. Or, as my dad once said about one of my first bands, "these guys es terrible". (RM)
($5: Killer Dolls, C.C. 1808(9000), Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA)

KING BROTHERS - "Go to Hell!!" LP

Holy shit! This is so fucking amazing! Rock 'n' roll that would make Chuck Berry mess his drawers! No shit, this is really good. Japanese garage-rock with the most insane vocals. Like a dog in heat, a freak without warning, the guy has no control. Damn, I wish they would've sent a reviewer copy. Twelve maniacal tunes that'll grow hair on your palms. (JN)
(Bulb 99 c/o Surefire, 323 Somerville Ave, Somerville, MA. 02143)

THE KRAYS - "Inside Warfare" CD

This record confuses me a lot! Musically, this is some pretty rippin' hardcore! Kinda like AFI. But they claim to be an oi band, because they say "oi!" a couple of times in their songs?!?!?!?! They kinda want to be political, but the message is, from what I can tell, "stay the course." What up with that, anyway!?!??! Then, then (!!!!!), at the end of "They Control You," they talk about "goin' faggot"!!!! Dude! Why do you send me this fucked-up shit when you know I'm just gonna slam you on it!! You are not the BAD BRAINS! Get over yer ignorant selves! I can't just let that shit go unnoticed! Fuckin' grow up already. Can't be nuthin' but a bunch of rich kids in punk clothing!!! God, you fuckin' suck!! (JB)
(Eye Ball, PO Box 1653 Peter Stuyvesant Station New York, NY 10009)

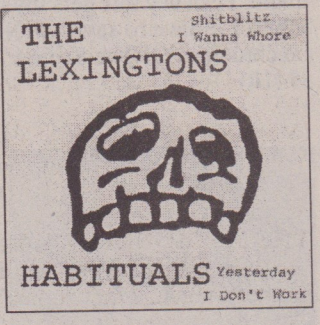
THE KIRKS - "Rejected #2" EP

.....boy howdy, the kids just can't stop putting out shit!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!..... in two weeks it's going to be 1999 and you still got the youngin's jumping on the "lo-fi" band-wagon..... yawn..... it's been just a little over ten years now that the likes of the MUMMIES shat in a cardboard picture sleeve and sold it to the world..... now you got the likes of the KIRKS (from New Hampshire) shitting in their own record jackets..... but, after hearing 1,000,000,0000,0000000,000000000,00000000 bands over the past ten years trying to out "lo-fi" each other, it gets pretty fucking dull, know what I mean, jelly-bean?????????!!!!!!..... these guys should take up a new hobby, like sucking each others cocks..... (SW)
(High School Reject, Belageweg 12, 9731 LN, NETHERLANDS)

KYRA - "Doodlebug/Punk Rock ist Nicht Tot"

Kyra is a HEADCOATEE who seems to be lost in Germany. It is likely the world could do with out this record. Who would want to own this besides friends of the band? (MM)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, UK)

THE LEXINGTONS/HABITUALS - split EP



The LEXINGTONS sound like JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP meets the CRUMBS and so do the HABITUALS (probably cuz they have interchangeable members and they're from Gainesville). Not bad. (BM)
(807 NW 3rd Ave, Gainesville, FL 32601)

THE LOCUST - "Moth Eaten Deer Head" LP

Power-circus noise music. Blistering absurdities that crush and mutate. Frantic and crazed like the annoying bug for which they are named, their metamorphosis is hard and maddening. From the air they ascend to destroy. Feverishly good. (TJ)

(Gold Standard Laboratories, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE MALEFACTORS - "Three Chords and the Truth" CD

Some pretty fuckin' kickass punk rock vaguely like the ZERO BOYS. These guys are full of energy and intensity covering lots of ground lyrically, but I'd like an idiot sheet to figure out what their "truth" is. "South Park" sound bites set the tone for some of their tunes, but the MALEFACTORS don't seem as dumb as Kenny and the crew. I guess if you kids have computers, you could check out this kickass band's website. (HM)
(PunnCrock, PO Box 683, DeLand, FL 32721)

MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES - "Dead New World" EP

Hmm, this band from Austin, TX has an interesting mix. You'll find a little bit of grind, hardcore, punk, and emo all rolled into one thing. Their style, coupled with harshly screamed dual vocals, makes for a solid package. (RC)
(Denied A Custom, 3-5-12-106 Hashigadai, Narita-Shi, Chiba 286-0037, JAPAN)

THE MANSFIELDS - "Sappy Songs for Summer Nights" CD

Uhh... guys, does Joe Queer know you're stealing his songs? These are the tunes that didn't make it on to "Punk Rock Confidential," right? They're not?!? This is a completely different band?!? Well you coulda fooled me. Especially since the songs are all lovey-dovey like the new QUEERS record (that and the fact that their lead singer tries pretty hard to do his best Joe Queer impersonation). Actually, I liked this CD a lot (a lot more than I probably should have), but then again I also liked the new QUEERS album, too (sorta), so I'm not sure if my judgment can be trusted. It's extremely sappy, but catchy as fuck. I guarantee you'll have "Dumb Fuck" stuck in you're head until you puke. (BM)
(Mansfields, PO Box 10464, Colorado Springs, CO 80932-1464)

THE MARIONETZ - "Jetzt Knallts" LP

German punk band with keyboards that sing mostly in their mother tongue. They come off as a mid-tempo wanna-be new wave band. Interesting only because not many people aspire to such heights these days. (MM)
(S &S, Stiftsbogen 24, 81375 München, GERMANY)

THE MARIONETZ - "Wir Sind die Marionetz" EP

The new wave sleeve confused me, the first song sounded vintage punk rock but "Gas Gas Gas" their hit in '81 sounded very pop with cheesy synth riffs, the B-side is just as punk as BLONDIE. (EC)
(Dirty Faces Schallplatten)

MEGA STINK MEN - "Ska Thrasher" CD

MEGA STINK MEN play slightly better than average, horn- free ska-core. The vocals are the more rough throaty type a la Dicky from the MIGHTY BOSSTONES as compared to some of the smoother crooners who rule this scene today. Not bad, but unless you need everything, there is better stuff to be found. (JF)
(no address)

MIKE - "What Women Really Want!" CD

It's hard to get past the awfully clean and sparse production on this CD. Some of these sickly sweet pop-punk tunes are ok, but they all need quieter vocals, way quieter backup vocals and much more bass and guitar. Lyrically MIKE are all about girls, girls and more girls. Lotsa photos and bragging from these goofy love-sick boys. (HM)
(Carbonite, PO Box 325, Calumet City, IL 60409)

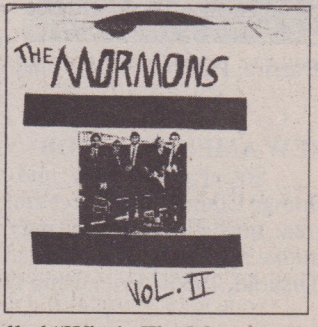
MOHAWK BARBIE - "The World is My Garbage Can" CD

Fast pop-punk that has such insights as: salads aren't punk, drinking 40s "ghetto style" is, and there needs to be a punk version of the Fresh Prince theme song. Very inspirational. (TJ)
(Umbilical, PO Box 31, Belle Mead, NJ 08502)

MORAL PANIC - "Whisper from the Qu'Appelle" CD

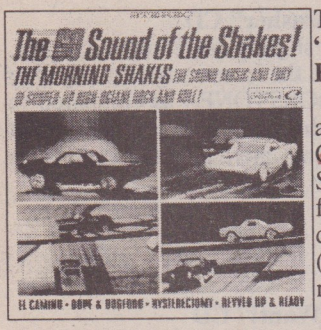
Well this is interesting. This goes from emo, to old-school punk, and then to metal in just the first three songs. There are two main vocalists. One has a gruff grind voice, and the other has more of a pained yell. From the looks of things this is very political - unfortunately there is no lyric sheet enclosed. Nevertheless, this is pretty solid material. (RC)
($10: Colin Hall, 358 Halifax St, Regina, Saskatchewan S4R 1T2, CANADA)

THE MORMONS - "Vol. 2" EP



It's printed right on the sleeve that this is no bootleg, and it's the only MORMONS record that I've seen with an address printed on it, so I'll take their word for it. This record is awesome. Out of control, kinda sloppy, screeching unintelligible vocals, this one has it all. It's also confusingly labeled (two A-sides), and hey, is that song called "Who's The Mormons" or "Mormons Theme Song"? All the paint on the label makes it difficult to put the big hole thingy on without breaking the record. It also makes the record sound all scratchy, which I like. Get this now if you can find it; only 100 pressed. (DP)
(Sonic Swirl, PO Box 770303, Lakewood, OH 44107)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THE MORNING SHAKES - "The GO Sound of the Shakes!" EP

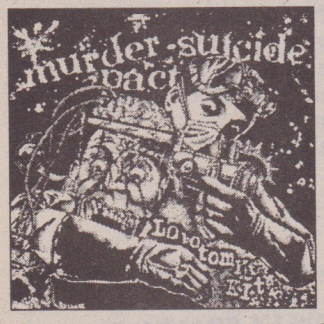
This a fucking good rock and roll record, McGillacuddy! Good songs, good production from Steve "DEVIL DOG" Baise, good fucking band. Thumbs up, big daddy. (DD)
(Cacophone, PO Box 6058, Albany, NY 12206)

MOUNT McKINLEYS - "The Cake Eater/Hindenburgh Nine"

Two instrumentals that capture your interest mostly due to effects and a theremin. Probably cooler to see it live. (MM)
(Anthracite, PO Box 10785, Pittsburgh, PA. 15203)

MRTVA BUDOUCNOST/LEFT IN RUINS - split LP

You know it is kind of funny, when I put on the LEFT IN RUINS side, I thought it sounded like they were a grindcore band from Sweden. Then I saw the address and guess where they are from? Sweden, of course! MRTVA BUDOUCNOST is the Czech Republic band that has taken the punk world by storm. They whip out twelve tracks of fast, chaotic thrash with dual vocals, all of which will kick your puny ass. Highly recommended. (RC)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)



MURDER SUICIDE PACT - "Lobotomy Kit" EP

Would you like to hear some harsh mid-tempo hardcore full of thick meaty bass lines, and agonizing vocals? Do you like lyrics about feeling rejected and hopeless? Are you ready to lash out and stab the underbelly of this fucked-up world with a rusty knife? Yeah, you say? Then get this record and go fuck shit up. (RC)
(Burrito, PO Box 3204 Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

NEW AMERICAN MOB - "Liberty" CD

SoCal punks play mid-tempo rock 'n' roll, '80s style. Orange County is still breeding bands like this? Who knew? Not great, not bad, though you may need to bust out your creepers and smoke a clove cigarette to really appreciate. (RY)
(Diskoid, 1935C Friendship Dr, El Cajon, CA 92020)

NO COMPLY - "Remember What's Important" CD

How many times does this have to happen? If you told me this was FURY 66 or GOOD RIDDANCE, I wouldn't question you for a second. I mean lyrics and all. Then what's the point of a four-song CD? Put it on a fucking record. (PA)
(no address)

NUCLEAR TRIBUNAL - "Attack of the Salami-Smokers From Venus" CD

Ignoring the insinuated sexual overtones on this (can't really tell without a lyric sheet, but the song "One for your face, one for your butt" gives ya a pretty good idea of where they're coming from) this is OK-at-best grindcore. It has a lot of early '90s thrash elements mixed in with run-of-the-mill blast beats. Uninspiring, immature and pretty forgettable. (MW)
(Poserslaughter, PO Box 180141, D-10205 Berlin GERMANY)

NUTRAJET - CD

Nouveau glam-nuwave that's tuneful, chock full o' your fave power chord progressions and fairly slick. A vocalist that smacks of Bowie-production era IGGY POP and RIC OCASEK. But actually, if you haven't noticed by now, these guys fit perfectly in our post- "Velvet Goldmine" state of being, but maybe that's because cross-era cultural plunderings now occur on a subconscious level. Another release that barely registers on the demographic of this mag unless (somehow) you remember SKAFISH (the band, that is). (JY)
(DissarayGun, 509 Sunrise Dr., Orlando, FL 32803)

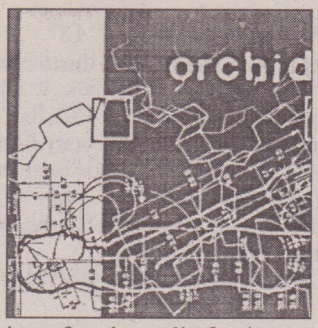
JACK OBLIVIAN - "So Low" LP

A whole LP from the eh... *genius* behind the OBLIVIANS clan. Judging from the liner notes, this is actually a grade above home recordings as most of these are done in a studio and include other sundry guests assisting old Jack. Naturally the gruff/dirt level is lower and the proceedings more stripped down. You also get instruments like farfisas and saxophones and some very cleanly recorded vocals among the fuzzy ones. Because of the more minimal nature there's more semblance to their competitors DOO RAG. Not too different from their usual fare but it is slighter higher on the authenticity level, as Mr. O has to actually come up with some sassy grooves, which he does: check out the boy-girl r&b duet in "Mama Don't Get Off'—pretty swank. Some of this stuff is even *funky* in its own strange way. Fits pretty well in that In The Red continuum. (JY)
(Sympathy For the Record Industry)

OI POLLOI - "Resist the Atomic Menace" EP

I admire that UK peace-punk tendency to cram detailed political messages into songs without sounding ridiculous. Here's more of the idealistic stuff you expect from these guys. Re-released from '86, this successfully re-captures the intimate nuclear anxiety of the Reagan years. The hysteria may have died down a bit, but it can't hurt, you know, to be reminded now and then of the consequences of dropping bombs on people. Cold War, what Cold War? It feels a little warm in here to me... (AC)
(Campary, Friedrichstr. 110-40217, Dusseldorf GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS



ORCHID - "Mean S.O.B." EP

The packaging on this EP is great. Very elaborate but in a pretty simple way. Fuzzed out guitar and bass that could stand to venture out a little more from the kinda plain way they march through each of the songs. The drumming keeps the band on the above average side because of the power and the deep sound it adds. ORCHID is at its best at the points just before and just after the wall of guitar gets pushed up several tempo notches by the drums. The A-side has a lot of this so you luck out, partner. (TH)
(Hand Held Heart, 2445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321)

OUT COLD - "No Eye Contact" EP

What is apparently the final studio release from this long lived East Coast hardcore band. Really a shame, as they still manage spiteful, antagonistic hardcore like few others have (especially lately!). Never bothering with superfluous trimmings, OUT COLD always managed to just go for the throat. Shorter, faster and always angry. Sad to see them go. (TM)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

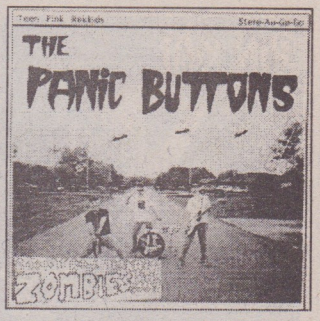
OVERFLOW - "Broken Knee" EP

Speedy melodic punk/hardcore a la SNUFF and RHYTHM COLLISION, although not as memorable. Lotsa energy, I just wish it stuck with me better. (RL)
(Broccoli, Postfach 1612, 72606 Nurtinger, GERMANY)

PANIC - "You Smell Like a Brewery" EP

Poppy punk like 999 or CHELSEA. This is some pretty fuckin' cool shit!! This is snotty, yet hooky, not unlike ONE MAN ARMY. It doesn't, however, have the same bite as any of those bands. Still, this is highly listenable. Something tells me they are a much better live band. Keep trying, lads. You'll get it!!! (JB)
(Hectic, 68 Valley Road, Brackley, Northants, NN13 7DQ, UK)

THE PANIC BUTTONS - "Rock 'n' Roll Teenage Zombies from Outer Space" EP

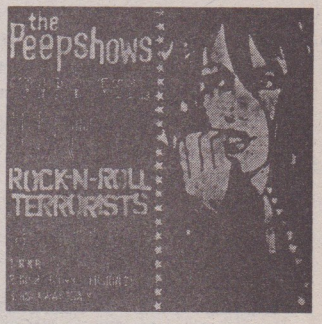


This looks like a low-fi garage punk record package complete with funny names, funny pictures and minimal info. Musically, it sounds like a low-fi garage band with dynamics from loud to louder and plenty of gusto. Nothing very original, but it's pretty decent effort. (HM)
(Teen Fink, 2344 Dug Hill Rd, Brownsboro, AL 35741)

PAT DULL & HIS MEDIA WHORES - "All Torn Up" EP

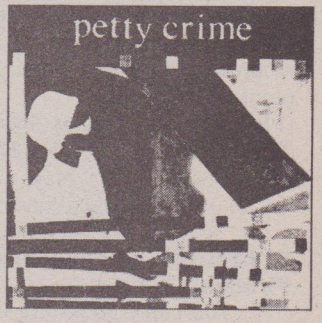
Wow, this is a pretty fun single. I could have sworn that I've heard this record before. Totally catchy power pop in the tradition of the YACHTS or the RECORDS. Really cool sing-a-long parts and great melodic guitar riffs. This is a fun single. (LH)
(Break-Up!, 3935 Farm Brook Ln, Columbus, OH 43204)

THE PEEPSHOWS/ROCK 'N' ROLL TERRORISTS - split EP



The PEEPSHOWS belt out a coupla tunes in the style of ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN and the HELLACOPTERS, all fury and fuzzy vocals. ROCK 'N' ROLL TERRORISTS keep it up on the B-side and make this one helluva testosterone-soaked slab o' vinyl. Girls, watch out. This could put hair on your chest. (DP)
(Frank, PO Box 103, 771 23 Ludvika, SWEDEN)

PETTY CRIME - "Lovership" EP



This is catchy and sing-songy; melodic with Brit girl vocals. The lyrics are personal and abstract, but not in a way that comes across maddeningly pretentious. The songs are minimalistic, with some interesting breaks and much floor tom but no cymbals whatsoever (except for the last song). The vocals rarely change key or tempo and are fairly robotic, so no emotion comes across in any of the songs. Other lovers of HUGGY BEAR and BRATMOBILE may find this enchanting, and I thought it was pretty good, but it didn't exactly set a fire under my ass. (JN)
(Slampit, PO Box 54 Heaton, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE6 5YW, UK)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PIN KAI - "Greasy Kid Stuff" EP

Sloppy punk that reminds me of old Mystic stuff. Goofy lyrics and raw production. Certainly not pop-punk, but not in-your-face enough to rock me either. (RL)
(Smooth Lips, PO Box 165736, Miami, FL 33116)

POCKET CHANGE - "Golden" CD

Finally an official release from these Sacto pop punkers! A great debut full-length that falls in between the DOUGHBOYS, SAMIAM and a Fat band. Great production, great tunes, blah blah blah. These folks should have put out a record years ago, but they sure made up for lost time here. One for the pop-punk and proud. A killer release! (RL)
($10 ppd, Hit Or Miss, 2608 Q St. #4, Sacramento, CA 95816)

POINT OF VIEW - "Gone" EP

Brilliant! This is the prefect mix of HC styles! Heavy, yet brutally fast. Pounding and noisy, yet catchy and energetic. Such full and passionate music's appeal is only magnified by their posi-core attitude. (TJ)
(Goat-Head, postbus 324, 7900 AH, Hoogeveen, NETHERLANDS)

POISON IVY - "Crawling, Slimy Things Terror-Bent on Destroying the World!" EP

I was expecting psychobilly for some reason, but POISON IVY sounds like the FREEZE with Lint on lead vocals. These guys have been around for almost ten years now, and I have to admit that their shit sounds pretty on point. A little bit later I'll review a band that suffers from being a bit too overproduced, but here is an example of how good a more economically-challenged recording can sound. Note: All songs appear on one side of this record. (JV)
(Planet Trash, PO Box 484, CH-8820 Waedenswil ZH SWITZERLAND)

PUFFBALL - "Full Throttle Rock 'n' Roll/Play With the Piranha"

You can't go wrong with PUFFBALL. I've said so many times before. In fact, I fear that as long as I'm the only one reviewing them, they'll go unappreciated and underrated. Two more of the most amazing aggro full speed punk tunes you'll ever know. "Play With The Piranha"... test spin some PUFFBALL and "Get Outta My Face"! (RY)
(007, 534 E 14th St #15, New York, NY 10009)

THE RADIATION KINGS - "Welcome on Board" LP

If punk has a version of cock rock, this is it. Not that it's a bad thing, but every song seems to be driven by the dick, from "Cute Walk" to "Be My Nurse" to their cover of the STOOGES' "Cock In My Pocket". Occasionally the lyrics sound eerily like MISFITS-era Glenn Danzig, like on "All I Wanted" and "Best In The World". This band consists of members of the VAGEENAS, SONIC DOLLS and JET BUMPERS, and this record is limited to 500 copies, so get looking now. I will be. (DP)
(Drake Willock, PO Box 101125, 46011 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

RADON - "28" LP

Wow! I've been looking for this record for about the last four years, and it's finally out. It plays at 45 and a couple of the songs have been on comps or splits, but I can't really complain. HUSKER DU-influenced punk sounding similar to SPOKE, but it holds its originality. Great songs, neat vinyl and rumor has it that they're back together with a new, yet similar name. Get this, seriously! (PA)
($7: No Idea, PO Box 14636 Gainesville, FL 32604)

RÄHÄKKÄ/ARMAGEDDON CLOCK - split EP

Finland has managed to churn out another couple of crusty hardcore acts. Both bands are pretty generic, and for the most part, fairly unlistenable, although I'm sure their hearts are in the right place. (AM)
(Mikko Honkaniemi, Vahelanpiha B3, 36200 Kangasala, FINLAND)

THE RANDUMBS - "Piss on It" CD

Ian, I've got some problems with you and your sorry ass band. First you don't thank me, then you piss all over the door to the place where I practice. I can't believe my hand has been on that lock, hence in the same general vicinity as Prozak's dick! Aghhhhhhhh!!! Get me some goddamn soap, quick!!. Just kidding. You guys rock all, man. These five songs are fuckin' crushers. Catchy, raw, snotty, funny, stupid and fast. Punk the way it was meant to be. GG would be proud and you guys are by far the best band in the Bay Area. Oh, and Prozak, how about a date sometime, big boy? (RM)
(Urine, 3739 Balboa St. 192, San Francisco, CA 94121-2605)

REAGAN SQUAD - "Golden Mile" CD

Thrashy hardcore with metallic-sounding guitars and vaguely political lyrics. At times they get adventurous with slower rhythms and vocal effects, but for the most part the riffs are tired and the words, although heartfelt and well-intentioned, are naive and simplistic. The guitar interplay suggests GORILLA BISCUITS although I wouldn't necessarily name them as an influence on the band. Thirteen songs. (AM)
(AF, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

MUSIC REVIEWS

REDEMPTION 87 - "The Spidey Sessions 1995" EP

This fucking rules. These fools are from the Bay Area, and I'm sad I only got to see them once before they retired to their mansions on the hill. Actually I think one or two of them play in the HIGH FIVES. Sounds like an East Bay-flavored BOLD. Limited to 1000. (TG)
(Breakout, PO Box 1464, San Ramon, CA 94583)

REFUSED - "The Demo Compilation" CD

Always somewhat of a kick to see where bands that are both well known and popular now got their start—this disc compiles some demo work from this Swedish outfit. I'm partial to the first demo (raw and basic hardcore), but the progression to the second demo (unfortunately, no recording dates were given) is startling— you'd have a hard time believing it's the same band! Second demo definitely gives an idea of what's to come—still hardcore but it's matured immensely. Some other bonus tracks see release for the first time... but oh, that AC/DC cover. Ouch! (TM)
(Burning Heart, Box 441, 701 48 Orebro, SWEDEN)

THE RESINEATERS - "Garbage Strike" LP

These two guys with their minimal drums and guitar set up can be great live, but sometimes it sounds like they need a bass guitar or in tune backup vocals. This LP is true to their live sound in all its glory and its shortcomings. The RESINEATERS definitely have that low-brow, home-made sound with off-key vocals and great doubled vocal energy, but I think I'll stick with their live shows. I'm especially going to their next Purple Onion show, if they dare, after they ripped Crazy Tom with a WESLEY WILLIS-esque vocal on "Microphones Are Not Provided". (HM)
(Cheap Date, PO Box 426998, San Francisco, CA 94142)

REVILLOS - "Wireless Recordings" CD

A collection of "live on BBC" recordings from these oldies. No REZILLOS songs on this baby, just their own early B-52s-ish stuff. Good for fans and that's about it. (RL)
(Vinyl Japan)

RIFF RAFF - "Kustom Made Hell" CD

Hardcore similar in sound to that stuff coming out of Santa Cruz and Grass Valley these days. This CD is intense enough, and even tight enough, but something is missing. I don't know if it's the DANZIG-like vocals or the overly used approach to production on these types of records, but even seasoned producers like Andy Ernst are having trouble making this stuff sound new and exciting (just listen to the debut MODEL AMERICAN release, then go see them live and tell me that something's not missing). This is worth a listen, but maybe in the future some of these hardcore kids who have money to burn *will burn it* instead of denying us the great and gutsy low(er)-fi records they all have in them. (JV)
(F.S.A, 706f Capitola Ave., Capitola, CA 95010)

THE ROCKETS - "Voltage Demons/The Overdriver"

It comes as no surprise that these cats call Sweden home. Catchy, straightforward, full sound punk 'n' roll. I know this is going to sound like a knock, but it's not: it's like '70s rock, minus the overproduction, with an edge and really good. Mid-tempo, extremely catchy guitar licks and multiple vocalists. Well-produced without being overproduced. (KK)
(007, 534 E 14th St, #15, New York, NY, 10009)

THE RONDELLES - "Fiction, Romance, Fast Machines" LP

These RONDELLES serve up girl-vocal powerchord love songs with slashing guitar on the front end and squeaky synth in the back, but with an assertive pop sensibility in the vocal choruses. Some good tunes here, but "Fake Fight" ranks as the most distinctive tune, a tight pop-punker with a half-dozen different unique twists; just about half of the remainder of the eleven tunes are solid and aggressive. It's when the band slips into their Farfisa organ sound that things don't hold together. (SS)
(Smells Like, PO Box 6179, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

THE SATURN V FEATURING ORBIT - "Buckleshoe Stomp/Speedway Twist"

Cool 60's-style frat rock from this San Francisco band featuring not only Orbit, but Johnny Bartlett, formerly of the PHANTOM SURFERS. One vocal and one instrumental, both covers. Fun for those midweek parties when you just feel like dancing. (CK)
(Hypothermic, Poelestraat 38 C-1, 9712 KB Groningen, HOLLAND)

SCUM - "Meuterei im Eurodisneyland" EP

It's so difficult to label bands these days. It used to be so easy for reviewers to classify bands and put them into little nutshells and umbrella titles. How I long for those days... Well, SCUM are German punk, and they can't seem to decide what they like better; '77 punk or oi!... It's pretty damned catchy and the singer delivers the lyrics like a German Captain Kirk. One song sounds especially like "Going Underground". (LH)
(Schlect & Schwindlig, Stiftsbogen 24 81375, München, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SENSELESS APOCALYPSE/HARSH - split EP

Ok, can you guess what this sounds like? If your guess was blast beat mania, then you are correct and you get to pass go and collect your $200. The HARSH on here is the one from Finland, and they have got a great song called "Vegan SS". The song is a slam on militant vegans, and how they try to shove their beliefs down everyone's throat. SENSELESS APOCALYPSE does 17 songs, none of which have titles. But hey, does it really matter? (RC)
(Mink Records, c/o Mariko Ohkawa, 17-59 Shimoimaike, Morioka Higashiura-cho, Chita-Gun, Aichi, 470-2101 JAPAN)

SEWAGE - LP

There must be a New Year's resolution to not submit anything that sucks for review, which coincides with my resolution to stop being such a bitch. Or maybe I just got lucky this month. I'm not sure why, but I really like this band. New York street punk that sneaks metal tendencies behind your back so they think you won't notice, or maybe they don't realize that they are SPINAL TAP in mohawks. Just listen to "Satan is Everywhere" and "Wrath of God". Don't get me wrong, they have way stronger punk tendencies- "Detox Doll" is reminiscent of "Rock 'n' Roll Swindle"- just don't be surprised if they show up to play in your town with cucumbers strapped to their thighs. I recommend this, but that's just me. (DP)
(Grim Reaper, 1315 Third Ave #3FS, New York, NY 10021)

SEWER TROUT - "From the Forgotten Memories of Punks Failed Hopes and Dreams Loom..." CD

Finally, a CD collection that makes some practical sense. I really loved SEWER TROUT. But something about their records always made me lazy. I'd play one side of the 10" and be too tired to flip it over. Well, here it is. Just about everything you need to know about ST in one convenient place. Now that I listen to this, it occurs to me that most bands that get described as "East Bay" sounding have more musically in common with SEWER TROUT than they do with CRIMPSHRINE... (LH)
(Sactoe Punk Archive, 1114 21st St., Sacramento, CA 95804)

SIGI POP - "Herman Munster War der Erste Punk" LP

Completely whacked! This bizarre product is written and sung in German making it hard to figure out. The CD starts out with some militaristic sound bytes with references to punk rock and they blitz into some demented electronic sounding RAMONES covers. Oh, is this side B? It almost doesn't matter. With all the reverb and echo it's hard to tell if there's always real drums and guitars with keyboards or electronic drums and keyboards (especially on solos). I wonder, because SIGI POP seems to be a one man show with a few guest vocalists. This electronic-edged German punk of SIGI POP features covers of the WHO, the CLASH, the SEX PISTOLS, the RAMONES and probably others, but the versions are different, they're quite original. This whole record is so crazy. Recommended for friends of spazzy, wacky, silly music. Ridiculous in a great way. (HM)
(Schlecht & Schwindlig, Stiftsbogen 24, 81375 München GERMANY)

SIGI POP - "Heja, Heja APPD" EP

As my dad would say, "what deh hell!?". This band kicks ass! Goofy, catchy, rockin sing along tunes that bring to mind The COCKNEY REJECTS when they were belting out tunes like "Where the Hell is Babylon" and "Shitter" and the RUDE KIDS when they were screaming about former tennis pro Bjorn Borg. The gruff German vocals just add to the absurdity level. This is godlike and I can't wait to hear more. (RM)
(Hohnie C/O Andreas Hohn, Blumlage 105, 29221 Celle, GERMANY)

SKRUIGNERS - "La Cosa Che Non Ha Importanza" LP

This Italian hardcore punk record is an impassioned, spirited, project with uptempo songs and efficient playing by all the musicians. The singing is in Italian, but the fast punk music speaks the universal language of thrash. This is a consistently energetic LP from start to finish. Job well done SKRUIGNERS. (BR)
(Abraxas Export, Piazza Maltoni 16, 50065 Pontassieve, Firenze, ITALY)

SLAPPY - "Battered and Bruised" EP

Reminds me of the JOCKS, a bunch of fifteen year-olds (I think these guys are fifteen) playing decently written punk/pop... just not as energetic or catchy. Very impressive for a first try (if this is their first try). Their cover of the RAMONES' "Love Kills" was done very well. My only real complaint (aside from it's dryness) is all the sound clips they put on. Here's a tip guys; nix the sound clips and act your age in the studio. You're kids (I think), you should be full of energy (if you guys aren't fifteen then just pretend you are, you'll sell more records)! (BM)
($3: Maze Effect, PO Box 2223, Edison, NJ 08818)

SLAK - "Tonight We Drink, Tomorrow We Dance" EP

Not bad for a debut release on a new label. SLAK provide plenty of attitude in their up-tempo '70s punk. "All I Want" and "Our Own Way" are pretty decent ditties worth checking out. I think these SLAK kids could be a major force to be reckoned with in the future. (HM)
(Sick House, 1480 Michigan Ave #H, Columbus, OH 43201)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SNIFTER/YUPPIECRUSHER - split EP

"What more needs to be said? Punk should be for the punks not for some fucking businessmen who want to make money from us. D.I.Y. doesn't only limit itself to music, it could be anything you want." This is a quote from YUPPIECRUSHER, and I couldn't agree more. There are more of these, and great lyrics, and some great hardcore to go with it. Quite an enjoyable, riot-inspiring listen. SNIFTER, and all I can say is c-r-u-u-s-t-ahhh! What can I say other than these guys fuck shit up...a Swedish DYSTOPIA? A very good split! (JV)
(Mathias Blixtberg, Ystadsg, 10B, 214 24 Malmo, SWEDEN)

SONICS - "Introducing the..." LP

My time to review the SONICS, hm? Hope I'm up to it. A reissue of their '66 LP, with the lucky addition of a couple single tracks not included on the original ("Bama Lama Loo", "Leave My Kitten Alone", "Diddy Wah Diddy", and "Dirty Old Man", my fave). Though all of this material's been heavily reissued over the last decade (the "Maintaing My Cool" CD matches it song for song), it's still a good excuse to spend your Christmas money. (JH)
(Sundazed, PO Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12051)

SORTITS - "Jetzt Wird Gefickt!" LP

SORTITS play fast paced melodic punk rock with a good deal of energy. With lyrics in both English and German, this is some good decent shit. Unfortunately, this record arrived warped in the mail, so I don't know if the vocals can get arty at times or if my record is just defective. (JF)
(Schlecht &Schwindlig, Stiftsbogen 24, 81375, Munchen, GERMANY)

SORTITS/SEIZURE - split EP

I'm not sure what these bands have in common, other than the fact that they both appear on this disc. SORTITS is from Germany, SEIZURE (how many bands have had this name?) is from the UK. SORTITS sound like early English oi, particularly PETER & the TEST TUBE BABIES, at least when they're fronting with their male vocalist. SEIZURE plays sort of mid-tempo, traditional-ish punk rock—the second of their two tracks is actually pretty catchy. Two good, if not great, bands. (KK)
(Schlecht & Schwindlig, Siftsbogen 24, 81375 Munich, GERMANY)

THE SPECTRES - "Rubber Room Rock" CD

Psychobilly? Kind of, but for the better part of this release the SPECTRES sound more like a good old-fashioned rockabilly band, which is alright by me. They reminded me of bands like WIGSVILLE SPLIFFS and the CARAVANS with their smooth approach to the music. Those bands always sounded best when they were doing more traditonal sounding rockabilly stuff as well. The SPECTRES aren't as good as those bands, but they're not far away. Ignore the self-conscious sleeve art and give this one a listen. (JV)
(My Checkbook, PO Box 1862, Seattle, WA 98111)

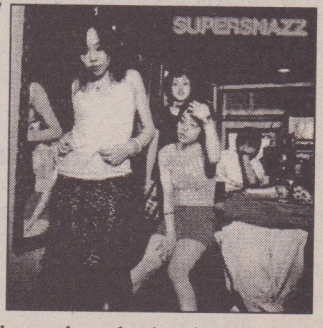
SPIVEYS - LP

A very strange record, this one. Comes off indie rock in intent, no patches or mohawks for these boys, mixing it up with equal parts '90s Ohio scene guitar squeal and almost emoesque vocal inflections. The songs ain't dumbo, but they aren't *intellectual* like so many pretentious sweater-weather wall-hugging bands of today. They have a sound I really don't expect to run into here at PRU, so I could fall back onto comparisons, but I fucking *hate* doing that to new bands. Uh, here's a new guitar band writing cool sounding non-cliche rock workouts that might remind you of something off that recent Troubleman Unlimited comp. How's that? Fuck it, try VSS without the electronica. (RW)
(Record Label? What's that? 7369 N Damen #3B, Chicago, IL, 60645)

SUICIDE SQUAD - "I Hate School" EP

An Aussie girl-wonder punk band via 197? sees their only single reissued on the same label that brought you the magnificent ROCKS and REJEX from yonder blighted rock-land. You mebbe heard 'em on the recent "Murder Punk" CD boot series, here it is on the proper format. Basic no-future styled stuff, veddy English in tone and will please every RIOT SQUAD fan in the room. Not a lot of femme-fronted punk bands from that time/region, so full respect accorded. (RW)
(Small Axe, PO Box, A2155, Sydney, South 2000, New South Wales, AUSTRALIA)

SUPERSNAZZ - "It's Alright/ Our Favorite Thing"



More great '60s-meet-'90s garage-punk from these beautifully insurgent Japanese women. They make you hate them for cramming those perfect hooks so deep in your noggin that you can't get them out for weeks. The A side is off the new LP, and the other one is brand new (not to mention, equally as immense and much too catchy for its short, sweet self). I hope they don't take too long to get back here on tour, to provoke many a great drunken dance. (BG)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SWARM/MORSER - split EP

SWARM's tempered expression of their love for metal helps save this record from regular review banishment. Thick, thick, thick sounds which move forward quite smartly without ever faltering too long on guitar leads or molasses breakdowns. I hope they don't lose any of their speed or hardcore approach on future releases. Anyone who came across MORSER's German metal-core opus of last year will be surprised that they fit two songs on their side of this EP (at 45 rpms no less!). (TH)
(Spiritfall, 215 Hancock Ave, Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

THE TENDONS - "Baby in a Bucket" CD

Apparently this band kicked a bunch of pigs heads around the stage one time and, as my dad once put it to me, "act like ah bunchah crazies". Too bad that manic energy doesn't get carried over into the recording studio. The tunes here are a mix of early 80's UK-style pogo punk and oi as well as straight ahead hard rock. Something like the EJECTED teaming up with LAST RESORT and AC/DC. As for the lyrics, they're of the early PETER & the TEST TUBE BABIES variety and while the elements are there, things get repetitive and boring after awhile. (RM)
(Helen of Oi Records, 35 Becton Lane, Barton on the Sea, New Milton, Hampshire, BH25 7AB, UK)

THEGODSHATEKANSAS - "Mischief is its Own Reward" CD

I first heard this band's music at a recent Geekfest which took place at Gilman. I recognized one of its members from his past stints, namely a band called HALF EMPTY. As THEGODSHATEKANSAS played their set I had two immediate impressions: they don't sound like they rehearse very much, and the songs sound pretty good in spite of that. On this CD you can hear those songs, and more, the way they were meant to be. A mish-mash of old-school, melodic hardcore, and emo that turns out to be something almost unique sounding—in a more recent, ANTI-FLAG kind of way. CD comes with a zine that Ernst passes out at shows, for free! (JV)
(New Disorder, 445 14th St., San Francisco, CA 94103)

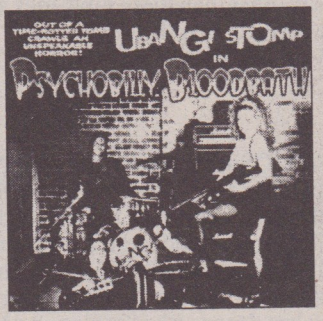
30 DEEP - "Best Regards" CD

This is punchy, jagged and melodic punk served up at 78 rpm. Kind of treads a path somewhere between HELLBENDER and AVAIL. The only thing that detracts from the solid energy and catchiness is that *all* of the songs are so damn fast that they begin to blur by the end. Still, this rocks, and I bet they really kill it live. (BG)
(Dirty Leons Big Ride)

TURBO A.C.s - "Winner Take All" CD

I keep getting all the "car" CDs. The cover pic features an underpaid and overworked model brandishing a greasy wrench, and song titles make references to a "Mystery Machine" and "Hitting the Road". Musically, they're in the post-DEVIL DOGS mode that's being mined very heavily these days in digital recording studios worldwide. Less "rock and roll" than I would have judged by the cover photo, more in a modern SoCal/hardcore/whatever vein, with lotsa choruses and whatnot, and they toss in a few quasi-surf leads to break the monotony. The guy standing in the foreground of the band photo is wearing both a MOTORHEAD t-shirt and greased-back pompadour, which might clue you as to where they're coming from. (JH)
(Cacaphone, PO Box 6058, Albany, NY 12206)

UBANGI STOMP - "...in Psychobilly Bloodbath" EP



If you like the snot-nosed punk style, this'll do, though there's precious little psychobilly on this discoid. On their second EP, the band wears its attitude like a badge, and sometimes (like on "Stuck Up") it sounds like they mean what they say; maybe the production's too clean, or the songs too carefully crafted, but while you dig the energy, you keep on wishing more distortion would come out of the speakers, or spit would be sprayed on the mike. It's a close call, but I'd say it needs more lo-fi-ness. (SS)
(Brain Drain, PO Box 39441, Greensboro, NC 27438)

UK SUBS - "Endangered Species" CD

This band was sooo good. Everyone runs on at the mouth about the CLASH, whose first two records had some good songs, but after that they sucked shit. The UK SUBS, on the other hand cranked out a ton of classics, thanks in large part to Nicky Garratt, who, like my father, eventually immigrated to the U.S. Shit, song for song it would be a tight one between them and the BUZZCOCKS as to who was consistently the cream of the '77 crop. Like all good bands however, they started to suck and this LP, originally released in 1982 and reissued here by Captain Oi, contains a lot of suckiness. A couple of the cuts, including the title track "Endangered Species", "Lie Down and Die" and "Down on the Farm" are as good as any punk tunes ever penned. Much of the rest of this release however, is weak hard rock and bad new wave. As a bonus the songs "Plan of Action", "I Don't Need Your Love" and demo versions of "Keep On Runnin" and "Limo Life". I'd look for a used copy of the LP, the song "Endangered Species" is a must, and pass on this. (RM)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

ULCER - "Discography" CD

Simply put, this is fast as fuck brutality with tissue shredding vocals. The CD includes the LP, the self-titled EP, their sides of two split EPs, and a live set. I think I will let the insert speak for the band: "ULCER was never about slogans or fashion. We never labeled ourselves as a grindcore or power-violence band." They just let their fucking great music stand for itself. (RC)
(Bovine, PO Box 2134, Madison, WI 53701)

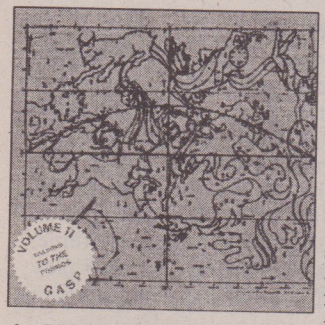
MUSIC REVIEWS

THE UNSUSPECTING PUBLIC - "Monticello" EP

Five songs of snotty and aggressive damaged teen punk. I can't talk too much shit about the kind of band I was in when I was sixteen. Musical influences are almost nondescript, they're drawing influences from all over the map, but the consistent idea is simplistic and snotty. (PB)
($4: Spoiled, PO Box 199, Kulpsville, PA 19443)

URBAN MAYHEM - "Sydney Hardcore" EP

This is pressed on one of those weird-ass polycarbonate EPs but the sound is OK. It's URBAN MAYHEM's first live show, and there's four covers (NEGATIVE APPROACH, INFEST STRAIGHT AHEAD and AGNOSTIC FRONT) and three originals. Its cool, but a studio version would probably win me over, yet the liner notes say they only existed for six months, so fuck me. (MW)
(Snapshot, PO Box 175, Georges Hall 2198, NSW, AUSTRALIA)



VOLUME 11/GASP - "Welcome to the Cosmos" split EP

AJ at Lookout! played this record for me prior to getting one at Maximum so I've had a few weeks to ponder this one. There's actually not a whole lot that needs to be said really. GASP has been around the block, but these GASP tracks are basically throwaways. Nothing interesting or inspiring. But that's fine, I suppose because the VOLUME 11 side is in-FUCKING-credible. I'd heard about this ex-HONEYWELL band before, but was skeptical because I wasn't a big fan of that band's (HONEYWELL) LP, but their side on this EP flies by at lightning speed. I suppose when you live in a shit hole like Corona, California, there's bound to be a lot of inner angst and emotional turmoil. (PB)
(Witching Hour, PO Box 30287, Indianapolis, IN 46230)

WHATEVER/ZOINKS! - split LP

This is another split that proves my theory; one band will almost always suck on a split. In this case in point it's WHATEVER. Definite metal influence with those guys. ZOINKS! however sound very good, pop punk a la the HUXTABLES and maybe even BLINK and the PARASITES. (BM)
(Abraxas Export, Piazza Maltoni, 16,50065 Pontassieve, Firenze, ITALY)

THE WIMPS - "The Broad Side of the Wimps" 7"

If you're familiar with them, then this record is much like the others. To tell you the truth, I'd much rather listen to the first couple of QUEERS records. Kinda raw, kinda like the RAMONES, pretty basic. (PA)
(Kogar, PO Box 985, 9700AV, Groningen, NETHERLANDS)

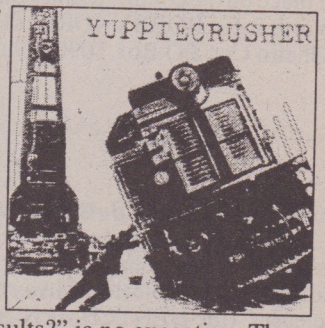
WITCH THROTTLE GUSH - CD

Another NASHVILLE PUSSY wanna-be band without the actual balls or background to make it sound punk. They try, but get lost in a pile of overproduced, redneckish type bands that can't seem to pull it off. (CK)
(8948 SW Barbur Blvd, #154, Portland, OR 97219-4047)

WORLD- "Space" EP

This is fucking nuts. WORLD blends layered noise, drums, guitar distortion and two vocals together to make one of the most interesting and original experiments in grindcore. They've had a couple tapes out for a long time, so their veterans at what they do. Side A seems to flow, like it was meant to be one long textured grindcore song, while side B is like fucking 30 songs of uncontrollable and ferocious grind. Good-ass shit, but what else do you expect from... (MW)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru Kyoto, 624-0913, JAPAN)

YUPPIECRUSHER - "Results?/United States of Genocide"

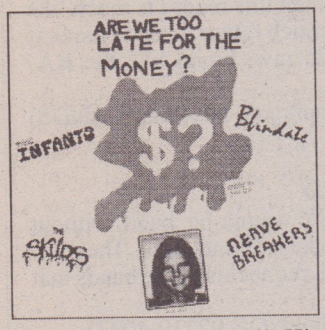


A Swiss three-piece that is no longer around does one ska-positive number about scene unity, and one tight angry punk song bashing the US capitalist regime. For some reason, a lot of the European ska-punk escaped the shticky gooey-ness that started happening over here, and sounds fine to me, if just a little bit dry—"Results?" is no exception. These guys can pull it off, either way. Too bad they broke up, durn it! We always miss the boat! (AC)
($5: UK distro: Strongly Opposed, PO Box 692, Wolverhampton, WV1 1XP, UK/Other: Flurweg 29, 2504 Biel, SWITZERLAND)

V/A - "A Compilation of Original Early Worldwide Punk Rock" 10"

An inspired title, certainly. Another "Killed by Death" clone, featuring tracks by SAIGON, ANTI-BAND, HOAX, SPERMA, STEVE TREATMENT, PVC 2, MONO, PROBLEMS, CREWSY FIXERS, and S7 KEZ. I haven't heard of them, you haven't heard of them, and the people who played on these records have long since abandoned the rough-and-tumble rock 'n' roll lifestyle for the sheltering comforts of deepest oblivion. SAIGON's "Anti-Vogue" is spunky, self-righteous early hardcore, the HOAX and SPERMA are a couple of other standouts. Taken as a whole, it's decent. No more, no less. (JH)
(no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS



V/A - "Are We Too Late for the Money" EP

As reviewed in last month's Richardsonian "Peer Pressure" column, this is a concept collector's EP that shaves the good ice off the frozen corpse of 1980s "Are We Too Late For The Trend" Texas comp LP. New wave suffers at the hands of the slash 'n' burn punk enerrrrrrrgy. INFANTS, SKUDS, BLINDATE, NERVEBREAKERS, heroes all. Historical revisionism blinds us all to the errors of the past. Hark, Mr. Murrmann, power pop is denied by the thrifty krauts once again! (RW)
(Free Market)

V/A - "Basic Training" LP

This is a three-way split with PA bands. BOBBYKORK start off with some blood-curdling, dark, and discordant hardcore. Vocals are over the top! BUTTERCUP come at us with some sloppy and entertaining guitars-and-bass-everywhere sound PSEUDO HEROES have kind of a snotty punk sound, kind of out of place on the comp. At times they're emo with really bad vocals. Worth it for BOBBYKORK. (TG)
(Ghetto Cat, PO Box 30909, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

V/A - "Blood Red Battle Royal" LP

I don't know how they did it, but Blood Red managed to get a bunch of bands to contribute strong efforts to this garage-ish comp instead of the throwaway tracks that usually turn up on such releases (the HENTCHMEN'S "Plumbline Rock" is actually something of a throwaway, but in the good, goofy sense of the term rather than simply half-assed). The bands are of a consistently high quality, and if you're a fan of the better-known bands on here (such as GIRL TROUBLE, the FLESHTONES, the SURF TRIO, the ROYAL PENDLETONS, the WOGGLES and the HATEBOMBS), this is a pretty sure bet. (DD)
(Blood Red, 2134 NE. 25th, Portland, OR 97212)

V/A - "Bloodstains Across Belgium #3" LP

This compilation continues the proliferation of 1977-1984 punk records that have been bootlegged. This volume is weaker than the first two "Bloodstains Across Belgium" LPs. It would appear that the bootleggers are running low on good material and the result is a mediocre product. If you are a completist, try to find this record used—it is not worth the price new. (BR)
(no address)

V/A - "Bloodstains Across the UK #3" LP

Have no idea what came in the first two volumes at all. But you usually know that by the third volume of any specialty comp, the stuff's gotta suck. In summary: mostly bands from '77-'79, none of whom I've heard of, so I can't really attest to the want-list desirability of most of these things. Alternates between fairly lightweight pop things and more strident, slightly more abrasive thug-pop. The poppy stuff way outnumbers the heavier stuff. Okay bands worth mentioning: the mod-ish NIGHTRIDER, the somewhat buzzy RATS, the somewhat amateurish WHAT, classic punky attitude from FUTURE BODIES. Decent tracks from MENTAL, NEGATIVES, etc., etc. Nothing that's particularly over the top or way classic, and way too much pop stuff here. Somewhat more interesting as a historical document, I think. (JY)
(no address)

V/A - "Caos em Portugal" CD

All Portuguese comp that spans the stylistic gamut—everything from singalong rousing punk to fierce crustcore. Great to see countries with thriving scenes getting their props—28 tracks total, with many of the better known Portuguese bands getting two tracks each—CRISE TOTAL, SUBCAOS, MATARATOS, M.A.D., LANDSLIDE, FUNDA, ANTI-CLOCKWISE, PROJECTO XARUTO, ACROMANIACOS, and many more. (TM)
(Fast and Loud, Apt 13037-1019, Lisboa Codex, PORTUGAL)

V/A - "Clockwork Anthems Vol.4" LP

My dad used to sing in the shower. "Eyyyy, que paaaso? Me encaaaanta quesooo!", or something like that. Anyway, I picked up on this and for years I used to sing songs I really liked in the shower. Nothing like soaping up while belting out "I shot Reagan! I shot the Pope!". Well, from the sound of things on this, I won't be singing any songs in the shower by either of the featured bands, the BITCH BOYS and the CHEEKS. The B. BOYS play Riot City Records-type punk that's okay for three, maybe four songs, but it gets old really fast. The CHEEKS play wimpy pop-punk, a la the VANILLA MUFFINS and it's just plain boring. (RM)
(Knock Out, Postfatch 100718, 42527 Dinslanken, GERMANY)

V/A - "Coletanea Aviso Final" CD

Six band comp from Brazil. The players: FORA-DE-SI , ACAO DIRETA, CENSORSHIT, OVERLIFE, HINO MORTAL, and NEGATIVE CONTROL. FORA-DE SI had some strong DISCHARGE leanings in their hardcore punk, ACAO DIRETA played some crust with crunch, and CENSORSHIT played slightly melodic hardcore (which I think includes a cover of "Skate For Fun" by Louisville's BIG DEAL!). (TH)
(ABC, Caixa Postal 110, Agencia Central, Santa Andre, SP, 09001-970, BRAZIL)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Compilation Pounding Punk Rock" CD

Solidarity First Records puts out this disc of several bands I've never heard of. ATOMIC BOMBS, the one band I have from a review a while back, are one of the best here. Mostly oi and street style hardcore for the youngsters, right outta my '80s high school days. I like CHUMP CHANGE, DYLAN McKAYS, DON'T CARE, and NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH (especially covering the ADICTS "Easy Way Out"). Nice little comp! (RY)
(Solidarity First, 7201 Archibbald 4-187, Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730)

V/A - "Deck Cheese Volume One" CD

Some cheesy glossy 'street culture' mag from the UK decides to cash in on the vogue punk sound (a bit late), *et voila,* yet another comp CD to add to the EEC jewel-case mountain. Some decent groups grace this release, including the mighty SNUFF, TRAVIS CUT, the WERNT, SAMIAM, and the BOUNCING SOULS, but it seems more like an attempt at street cred by the mag than a genuine attempt to promote the music. I'd guess most of these bands sell more records than Big Cheese sells magazines. (AM)
($15 ppd: 49 Muswell Hill, London, N10 3PN, UNITED KINGDOM)

V/A - "Every 20 Seconds" EP

Good comp for a good cause. This comp features some awesome hardcore bands (the stand outs are BOYCOT, SAWN OFF, ACTIVE MINDS and SUFFER) while all the proceeds go to Baby Milk Action. There's tons of info about how Nestle is pushing the acceptance of GATT to further their profits made off of their baby food. Get this for the info and the tunes. (MW)
(Active Distribution, BM Active, London, WCN 3XX, UK)

V/A - "Hardcore Ball 3-Nothing Action, Nothing Have" CD

Boy, that is so true. Ok, here's eleven reasons why Japanese hardcore is better than shitty US hardcore—KNUCKLE HEAD, SLANG, WAR HEAD, SPIKE SHOES, SLIGHT SLAPPERS, SHIKABANE, UNHOLY GRAVE, ETA, YOUTH ENRAGE, BONESCRATCH and PROTECT. This has got everything from ultra fast-core to killer NYHC. Check it out, poser. (MW)
(Straight Up, Kowa bld. 2F, Minami-2Nishi-1, Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060 JAPAN)

V/A - "How to Stretch a Dollar" CD

This comp sucks ass... a lot. BRUCE LEE BAND can go to hell. Bad ska + bad punk = a waste of time!! The CD sez not to pay more than six bucks, I say save your money and go buy cigarettes and Pepsi. (BM)
(Cheapskate, 154 Princess Court, Clifton Park, NY 12065)

V/A - "Instant Pop Classics Vol. 1" LP

This is a pretty cool compilation. As much as I sorta hate new wave and all that it means, I have to admit that I've always been more interested in the avant garde punk and post-punk stuff than the straight up rock 'n' roll punk stuff (the stuff that keeps getting re-gurgitated by young punkers everywhere). Mostly sparse and experimental (as much as was possible within talent restrictions and "band" format) which for me is an indicator of the late '70s post-punk fallout. Sometimes the texture is as important as the song itself. All great and the best looking bootleg comp I've seen in ages. Contains tracks by DESPERATE BICYCLES, PETTICOATS, LEMON KITTENS, STEPPING TALK, CULT FIGURES, and others. (LH)
(no address)

V/A - "Killed by Death #19" LP

More rare '77-'80 punk rock tunes, pretty standard "Killed by Death" fare. Some of these songs are great, like "Where Are You?," by Canada's K-TELS, and other songs drag. Still, the bulk of these songs are good and, if nothing else, it's fascinating to see the ways punk rock has evolved and the ways that it's remained the same. (JN)
(Redrum)

V/A - "Killed by 7 Inch" EP

More obscurities from Europe, The NIPPLE ERECTORS steal this single with a cockney accent mod/punk song, BOG UGLY, SPORTSMANN and MIRANDAS I've never heard of before, but for those times (late '70s) they play decent punk rock. (EC)
(no address)

V/A - "Letters from Punksville" CD

Another pop-punk comp with a portion of the proceeds going to charities. A very strong roster, though, with PROPAGANDHI, THUMBS, SHAFT, BIG WIG and so on. The better of the new breed for sure. A notch above most comps. (RL)
(Reinforcement, 96 Ehret Ave, Harrinton Park, NJ 07640)

V/A - "Musik Erleben" CD

Hey, didn't I just review a thirty-something song comp by this label last month? This one has twenty-eight songs, and only one band is on both. Just how the fuck many bands are there in Germany anyway? These are good comps, but I find myself overwhelmed. PILLOX, THE ANNOYED, MONOCHORDS, DIAVOLO ROSSO, TOPSY TURVIES, FAZIT, GAU, REIZEND, too many to name them all. Lotsa different styles and influences, there's something for just about everyone. If you're interested in the German punk scene, these comps are a good way to get a lot of music for your money. (DP)
(Plastic Bomb, Gustav-Freitag Str. 18, 47057 Duisburg, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Surprise Package Vol. 2" EP

The little elves at Flying Bomb are up to it again, bringing a three-song stocking stuffer for you scrooges too cheap to buy a real gift. ROCKET 455 unwrap their Yuletide spirit with a lil' jive turkey number complete with elementary school choir back-ups. This is good for the once a year listen. The BLOWTOPS try to kill Christmas with a more sinister approach. Lots of buzz-saw fuzz here that sounds a bit like the LIL' BUNNIES meets the NECESSARY EVILS on bad eggnog. Now, the WHITE STRIPES are some married couple from Detroit. I don't know what they look like, but I'm picturing the Thin White Duke with a Santa hat on. This is right in sync with the soundtrack for "Velvet Goldmine" and this pseudo-glam revival-thang. Santa, please kill me. (DL)
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown—She'll Hurt You in the End" LP

.....Crypt has done it again with yet *five* more volumes in their "Teenage Shutdown" series..... this one is number *eight*..... all remastered slop with wonderful sound quality..... with bands like the STINGRAYS, the FOUR FITHS and the MARUADERS....there's alot of this stuff already on other '60s comps, but it don't sound this good.... this is Memorex, dude.... I've been hearing these comps being played lately at some of the more "hard-core" gay bars here in Frisco as opposed to the Techno-crapola that usually shakes the walls..... it's great watching two guys sucking on each others faces and stroking each others cockcicles to "I'm Tempted" by the QUESTS..... man, I'm ready for the year 2000, baby!!!!!! (SW)
(Crypt)

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown—Get a Move On" LP

Another storming LP full of garage stompers, high on the list of MUST gets from this collection of '60s punk compiled by Tim Warren. The liner notes claim the 18 songs on here a mix of KINKS and PAUL REVERE & the RAIDERS. Those influences are clear, but in a much more raw form. You should own all the comps in this series! (IM)
(Crypt)

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown—Teen Jangler Blowout!" LP

At its best, this blast of '60s punk is a finger-snapping pleasure, but be sure to take that "jangle" concept seriously, and don't expect too much raw garage stuff. Among the highlights—the ANIMALS ("I'll Be In" has a "Secret Agent Man" coolness and a punk snap); BURGUNDY RUNN (recalls the ANIMALS without the Burdon rasp); the JACKSON INVESTMENT CO (a hip rocker with psych-guitar squiggles galore); the YOUNG ARISTOCRACY (poppish '60s punk about problems with "untrue" chicks).... Nice program notes provided for some songs. (SS)
(Crypt)

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown—The World Ain't Round, It's Square" LP

Ah, music to my ears. Primal, urgent, and hormonal. This '60s garage band comp calls up some of the best noisy suburban blues punk I've heard in a while. You can tell these middle class kids had a lot of pent-up energy, and lots of STONES, THEM, and old blues records. Their imperfection at copping them is our boon. There's only one or two duds out of the whole 17 tracks, so you can't go wrong with this collection of out of print 7"s. Really, it's worth searching for. (BG)
(Crypt)

V/A - "Too Fat for Love" EP

ALL YOU CAN EAT and YOUR MOTHER team up to perform songs from the soundtrack to "Grease", or something...I'm not quite sure what's going on. There's some speedmetal, some hardcore, some singalong punk, a ditty about a tour van called "Mr. Color TV", and the good lord only knows what else. I don't know what it has to do with the title, except that it has MRR reviewer Floyd on the cover—and he's all muscle, baby. If you think you want this, you probably do. (AM)
(Probe, PO Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566)

V/A - "A Tribute to the Jam" CD

Second JAM tribute in two months. Way better than last month's pop punky tribute. This still doesn't measure up to the originals by a long shot, but the cringe factor is minimalized. Detour-esque bands do the honors this time around. Definitely more mod and truer to the originals. STRIKE, SHREDS, and CHOSEN star, to name a few. (RL)
(Rhythm Vicar, Bushell Business Estate, Hithercroft, Wallingford, OXON. OX10 9DD, UK)

V/A - "Wankin' in the Pit" CD

This is the third of a series of East/West comps featuring primarily Japanese and American bands. The Japanese bands aren't too familiar (SPREAD, FAT RANDY, POT SHOT, NICOTINE, EASY GRIP and more) while the Western bands are quite common (NOFX, CHIXDIGGIT, SNUFF, TEEN IDOLS, etc.). This is a good introduction of Japanese bands for those into NOFX/SNUFF and ska. Ironically, NOFX do a slow dub tune. Standouts include tracks by SNUFF, TROPICAL GORILLA, STRUNG OUT and INFIELD FLY. (HM)
(Suburban Home, 1750 30th St #365, Boulder, CO 80301)

V/A - "The Winterfresh Revolution" CD

It's so hard, 23 bands and only four or five I enjoyed. On the positive, it is quite mixed—pop, HC, edgers, and a little emo. Personally, I liked J CHURCH, KRHISSY and ERIKSON who all do the pop thing. STEVE COOLEY pulls off the FUGAZI emo-feely song and I could have sworn that the DEAD END KIDS were from Sacto—goofy, ya know? It's OK. (PA)
($4: Breathmint, PO Box 54, Richboro, PA 18954-0054)

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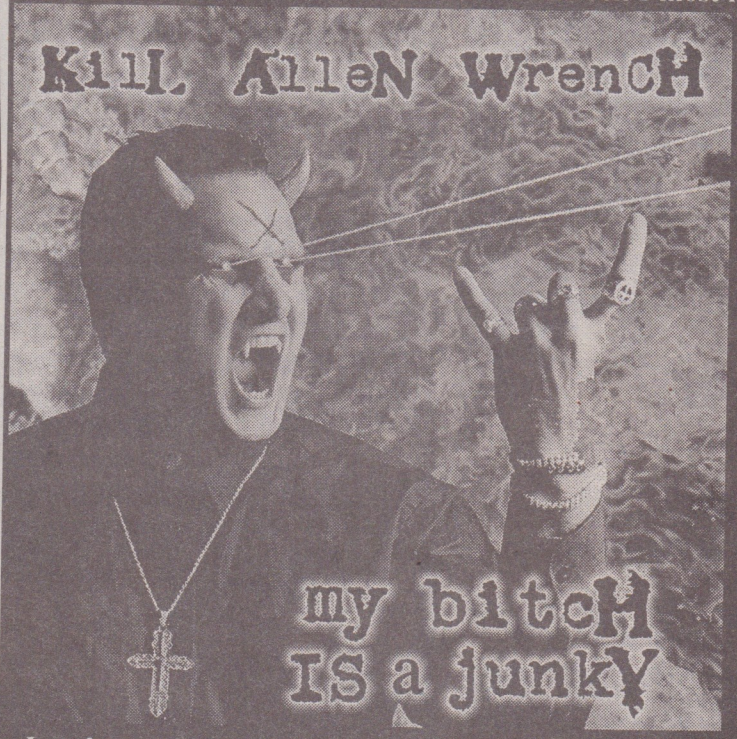

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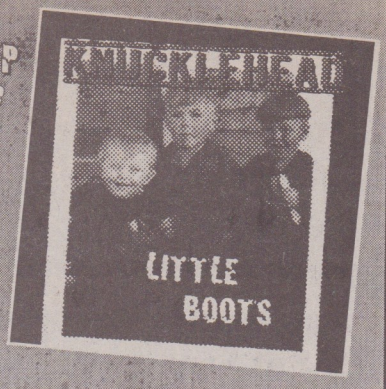

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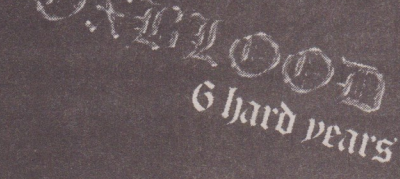

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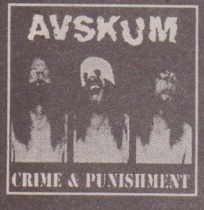

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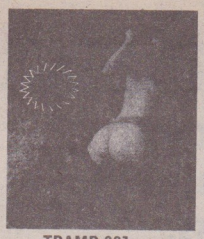

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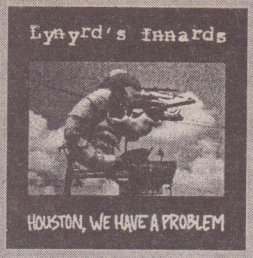

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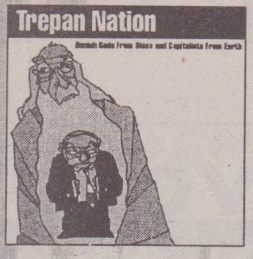

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FANZINE REVIEWS

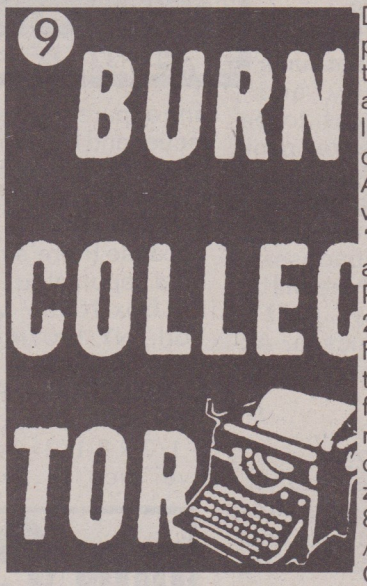
Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (LB) Lily Boe, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (JC) Jeremy Cool, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (MJ) Mary Jane, (RL) Rachel Liba, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (CR) Casey Ress, (SS) Sean Sullivan, (TX) Trixie.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you!
Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

A PUNK KID WALKS INTO A BAR #12 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
Well the editor says this issue sucks, in part cuz it is half ads and reviews. Still it ain't all that bad. There's plenty of rambling writing, mostly about dumb shit but done somewhat entertaining. The editor writes about working as a lifeguard, a NJ hardcore fest, food poisoning, stuff like that. Free in person and a good deal if you pick it up that way, I'd save my dollar for next issue though. (JM)
PO Box 254 / Rye, NY 10580

AMERICAN UPSTART #3 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 44 pgs
This is a really nice-looking streetpunk/oi zine. At first I thought it was new, but then I realized it's just *Upstart* renamed. Plenty of reviews, articles on the Dropkick Murphys, the Main Street Saints and ska pioneer Laurel Aitken, a feature on readers and their pets (mostly big dogs), and a few columns make up the bulk of this mag. Not to mention the centerfold calendar, featuring a bowler-hatted, balloon-chested, brass-knuckled, boots-and-braces skin chick, lovingly rendered in pen and ink in the 'come hither and I'll smash your face in' pose so often favored by the type. (AM)
(PO Box 10005 / Kansas City, MO 64171

ARMED WITH ANGER #5 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
This is a really well done and thoughtful zine. One of the coolest things about it is that it focuses on people active in the scene who aren't in bands. This issue features "punk businessmen" - Kent from Ebullition Records, Timojhen from Vacuum distribution, and Martin from Pressure Drop Press. Richard (the editor) asks interesting questions about running a business while trying to stay true to your ethics. For the music-focused, there are interviews with Stalingrad and Four Walls Falling. There are also articles on traveling in Mexico and global economy, plus reviews. This is a great zine in so many ways - personal, political, excellent layout. Definitely worth getting. (MD)
PO Box 487 / Bradford / BD2 4YU / UK



ASSWHINE #9 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
Contracted form of *The Assassin and the Whiner*, *Asswhine* is a really great personal comic about being an alcoholic child of an alcoholic parent, relationships and dealing with family. Carrie is insightful, and her comics are well-drawn and thoughtful. Well worth your dollar. (BC)
PO Box 963 / Havre De Grace, MD 21078

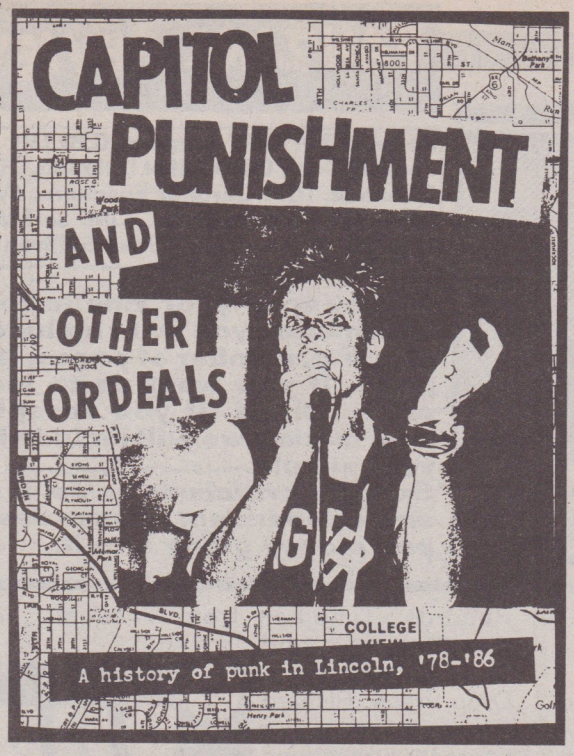
BITE THE BULLET #1 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Black metal and b-horror flicks seem to go hand in hand with each other in the land of maple leaves and not much else. These guys have a good range of coverage, leaning more towards the heavy, doomy, sludgy side of music. They interview Sheavy, Dichotic (whose CD they put out and is reviewed in this issue), Civil Carnage and others. He even has a little mini-shrine section devoted to Motorhead! And how can you argue with reviews of bands like "Witchfinder General" and "Impaled Nazarene"? Plus, they review Evil Dead 2, and The Bloodsucking Freaks. Just when you thought people had forgotten what good camp movies really are, *BTB* comes along. Get this zine. (RD)
86 Nelson's Landing #216 / Bedford, NS B4A 4C6 / Canada

BURN COLLECTOR #9 / $1 or 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Pick of the month (a) Reviewing zines like this is dangerous, 'cause mediocre zines look so much worse now. I used to worry when I read *Burn Collector* that Al always seems so depressed, but he obviously revels in it and can even make me laugh out loud with his studied observations of the world. This time he's musing on how the Reagan years rallied punk together, and reconciling how punk, artistry and the rest of society fits together. Sound dull? Nah, only if you're unfamiliar with reading a zine by someone who can really write. I used to worry, but now I hope he's content right where he is. Very recommended. (TX)
Al Burian / 307 Blueridge Rd / Carrboro, NC 27510

CAPITAL CITY FANZINE #2 / $12 ppd
Video – 2 hrs
This second installment in the *Capital City* series shows a marked improvement over the first. It has more interviews than the last (including, but not limited to The Makers, Automatics, Candy Snatchers), plenty of live video (The Fells, Guitar Wolf, Electric Frankenstein, Nashville Pussy etc.) and a section where the editors (I guess that's what you'd call them) are just fucking around in Chicago. The quality isn't the best, but it's very entertaining and worth the dough. (JC)
George Hewitt / PO Box 143522 / Austin, TX 78714-3522

CAPITOL PUNISHMENT AND OTHER ORDEALS / $5 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
The subtitle of this is "A History of Punk in Lincoln, '78-'86". That sums it up well. Fairly hefty and comprehensive, I found this to be quite interesting, a history about punk in a nowhere town just like where I grew up. There are similarities and differences, the story of our scene as it grows, complete with embarrassing photos. Maybe someday there will be one of these for every town. (GF)
15 E. Limberlost #26 / Tucson, AZ 85705

CHANGE #11 / $5 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 128 pgs
Before the price tag scares you off, you should first know that it comes with a 47 song CD with tons of cool bands doing songs about... THE SIMPSONS! The entire fucking *issue* is devoted to the most brilliant, subversive TV show ever created! This tome really goes above and beyond the call of duty: not just Simpsons clip art, but interviews, reviews, and columns revolving around it. The CD is even called "This is Springfield, Not Shelbyville!" You know when you get one of those rare zines that totally restores your faith in punk rock and you love it so much that it's not even worth trying to describe it? Well, here goes: Pat interviews Los Crudos, Sweet Diesel, Kill Your Idols, Fastbreak Ebro (of Charles Bronson), reprints an interview with Matt Groening, interviews the #1 Simpsons collector in the world, and much more. His devotion to the show is truly admirable - he even prints trivia! He also gets up close and personal with basketball players (another one of his fetishes),

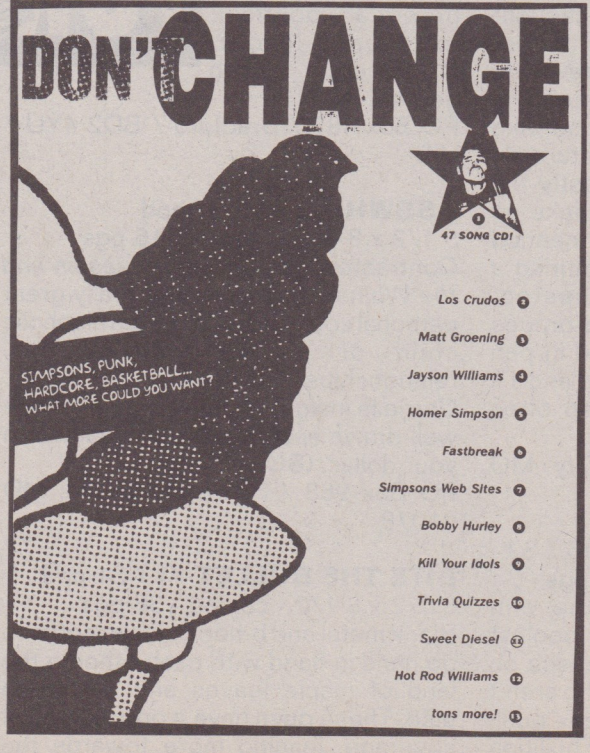


and apparently he sunk $7,000 into this issue, and boy does it ever show. I just can't say enough good things about this- you really just won't understand until you have it. Send off for it today, because there's no possible way you'll be disappointed. (RD)
PO Box 1010 / Village Station / New York, NY 10014

COMFORT CREATURE #3 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
I've tried to avoid using the term "*Cometbus*-esque" in reviews, but there's just really no other way to put it. It's not just the subject matter, or the handwriting, but the author uses the same type of language and style as *Cometbus*. Personal reflections on the life of the author, lyrics from songs his band wrote, and lots of self deprecating humor. I credit the author that he makes what would otherwise be a thoroughly uninteresting situation, somewhat worth reading.(CR)
PO Box 4251 / Boulder, CO 80302

COMPLETE CONTROL #2 / 55¢ or 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Usually when people write about their home town, it's boring "Jimmy and I went to Denny's" kinda stuff. But not Greg, oh no, he goes out and researches his neighborhood's radical history and what a history it is. Race riots, radical women fighting for bread, the whole thing. This article is the obvious high light, but there is plenty of other good personal/political shit in here. This is really a bargain at two stamps. Get it while they last. (SS)
PO Box 5021 / Richmond, VA 23220

COWBOY LOVE #17 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 40 pgs
Where are all the cowboys? Outside of the cowboys on the cover, this zine ain't got nuttin' to do with cowboys. Dang, here I was all excited to read about cowboys, and maybe some good ole country music if I was lucky, but nooooo, *Cowboy Love* turned out to be more like Spread the Love. Yes indeed, I believe this is a hippy zine in disguise (shocking!). There are too many mentions of pot, the Grateful Dead and lovin' art in here—the creator even says to the zine's contributors, "I credit all of you with keeping all the love in flow." Hippy! Other than being hippy-fied, this zine is actually pretty cool. It has lotsa people talking about where they were five years ago and where they saw themselves in five years then (did that make sense?). If you don't mind the hippy vibes, check this out. (LB)
502 S 6th Ave #1 / Tucson, AZ 85701



THE DIRTBAG MANIFESTO #2 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
The first article entitled "Life Sucks and Keeps Getting Worse," laments that "a man can't even enjoy some good porn or some good tacos anymore." Another suggests that the key to uniting the punk scene is cheap beer. The sad thing is he actually has some moments of clarity among the stupid comments (ex: making the world a better place isn't just fighting for Mumia, it's working within your own community; starting at home.) Maybe he should start at home and examine his priorities: beer, porn and tacos? Interviews with The Loiterers and Two Man Advantage. (RL)
PO Box 1221 / Lake Grove, NY 11755

FLIPSIDE #115 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 178 pgs
Well, of course this is huge and covers the SoCal punk/ bar rock scene very well. But there is a *ton* of other great stuff in here, too. I was stoked on the great interviews with Seein' Red (by Matt Average), Walsh St. Cop Killers (Brian GTA), Slayer (Nardwuar), and Rudimentary Peni. I was surprised to see extensive goth coverage too, interviewing Peter Murphy and Gitane DeMone; plus some pop punk, surf, etc. bands and Andre Williams. Also, I loved ShitEd's column on punk ethics and the trailer park column. Definitely worth the three bucks. (JM)
PO Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 91116

GALAXY 666 #7 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 60 pgs
Not too bad pirate punk zine. Lots of articles that look like they probably have been taken from other fanzines and flyers. Weird assortment of writing ranging from Taoism to pirates to witchcraft, some of it good, some of it not. Overall, an ok zine, but nothing spectacular. (CR)
PO Box 1714 / Buckley, WA 98321

THE GODS HATE KANSAS / Free
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This comes with the Gods Hate Kansas "Mischief Is Its Own Reward" CD, and is basically a lyric booklet, but it also has some neat little articles of protest and rebellion. The lyrics are intelligent and humorous at the same time. Now if I could only hear the record... (AM)
445 14th St / San Francisco, CA 94103

HOBBY BROADCASTING Vol 1, #4 / $3.50
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs
This seems great if you're interested in pirate or amateur radio. The technical side of radio is completely beyond me, so the stuff on CB radio, transmitters and setting up your own station couldn't hold my attention. Still, this was a good read for me, with high school pirates getting shut down and telling the tale, other behind the scenes stuff, info on the FCC and DIY radio conventions. I even liked their explanations of their advertising stance and the "only-indie" review policy. Worth a look if this is your thing. (JM)
PO Box 642 / Mont Alto, PA 17237

IT'S ALIVE #17 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 60 pgs
This is a blast from the past type of zine (I think even Felix would approve). It contains about 50% copied reprints of "classic" hardcore show flyers (most of which are vintage, many of which you have seen before, and many you have not) and the rest are excellent photos of hardcore boys in action (most of which are taken by the author, all of which are good to great). The photos are set within a context of gossip blurbs which could only be shared by someone "in the know". (AR)
Fred Hammer / PO Box 6326 / Oxnard, CA 93031-6326

JOHNNY CAN'T READ #4 / $1 US or CDN ppd
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
This issue opens with a long, interesting talk with Joey Keithly (DOA) discussing punk history, Canadian politics, etc. There's several pieces that seem written off the top of the head, yet it seems like the authors are pretty knowledgeable about which they speak: police abuse at the APEC protests, the Active Resistance gathering, Clinton sex scandal, Kosovo, and some herbal remedies. Reviews and ads, too. Pretty good for a buck (esp. a Canadian one.) (JM)
PO Box 20105 / Green Acres PO / Thunder Bay, ON / P7E 6P2 / Canada

LOOSE SCREWS #16 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This zine consists mainly of personal stories (albeit most are good ones), it also has an interview with a band called Car 44, a real small review section, a few comedy bits and that's pretty much it. I enjoyed it, short and sweet. However, for the love of god, don't ever print that picture of that abnormally gigantic bare ass again, or Garcia and I will come and get you! (NF)
Rob "The Cowboy" Spinner / 1124 Clear Springs Rd / Virginia Beach, VA 23464

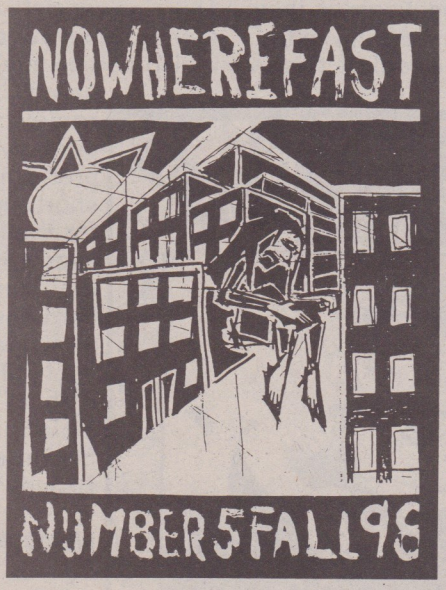
MAD AT THE WORLD #2 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
Cut & paste hardcore zine; interviews with Yuppicide, Breakdown, No Contest, Kill Your Idols and more. It also has the

standard reviews, comics, columns and stuff. Not much feeling for it one way or another, not really my area of coverage. (JC)
10 Garvey Dr / Jamesburg, NJ 08831

THE MESSENGER Vol 2, #1 / $3.50 / 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 12 pgs
Not really sure why this belongs in *Maximum*. It's kind of a more topical *Lies of Our Times* paper, with the focus on "freedom of the press", mild criticism of the NY Times, reform, cyberculture... Not a ton of personality, and the letters section contains it all. (AR)
2701 University Ave #457 / Madison WI 53705

MO CHEEKS FANZINE #3 / $1 + 4 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 43 pgs
Nothing new here, just another mediocre *MRR* type rip off similar to... perhaps my ass for a comparison. No it's not as bad as my ass, but these are a dime a dozen and how's about a 'lil originality there Bob. Well, I just think it's annoying to see people put in a lot of time and energy, just to have the result be a lesson in boredom. (NF)
321 High School Rd #344 / Brainbridge Island, WA 98110

MT MAG-SKA-ZINE #83 / $2.50
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 47 pgs
This zine has been around for a while, and after my first time reading it, I'm not sure how. First off, they began by calling themselves, "the holy grail of ska publications", which makes them look cocky and also stupid. The zine itself consists of a few descent interviews (the Rancid one sucked ass though, and was a huge waste of space), some sleep worthy columns, the review section was too long and so is this review.(NF)
8314 Greenwood N #102 / Seattle, WA 98103

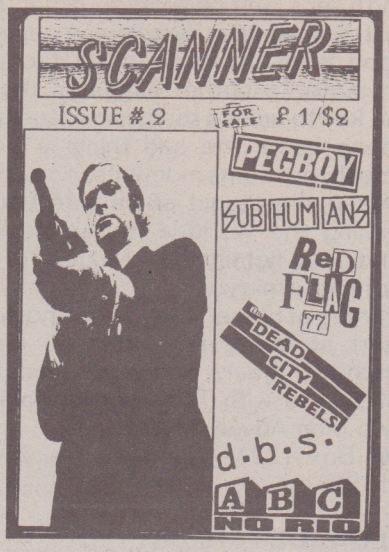


MULTIBALL #15 / $4.50
7 x 8 1/2 - offset - 70 pgs
Some people complain that *Multiball* has strayed too far from the original all pinball format. I'm amazed there is any more to write about. The editors have branched out to Spain in search of more games, interviewed a pinball repair person, reviewed games and spilled anecdotes. Tales of restaurant chains and record/zine reviews round out the issue. Always consistently good, always recommended. (TX)
PO Box 40005 / Portland, OR 97240

NEGATIVE REACATION #1 / .50¢
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
What is it with Atom and His Package interviews? I swear to god, every zine I've read this month (besides our own dear *MRR)* has an interview with the guy, and this zine is no exception. Besides the Package interview, there's plenty of info on veganism, an interview with Cody's band, The Leprous Leprechauns and the usual reviews. Maybe I should get a drum machine...I could be famous. (SS)
Cody Tarlow / 1136 5th Ave / New York, NY 10128

NO GUTS, NO GLORY #1 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 42 pgs
Oh, geez. Macho metal up the wazoo - while it's obvious that a lot of time and effort was put into this, they seem too focused on the whole "so and so talked shit" tip. They cater mainly to the more tough guy section of their scene, covering bands like Compression, Meatjack and Next Step Up. For someone who does a lot of bitching about his scene, he doesn't seem to be contributing much to it. They've got rants on zines, a "How to Be DIY" article and an entire column devoted to a "two faced, ass-kissing fool" in the Maryland scene whose crime is badmouthing Compression. I suspect you can see what direction they go in. And to top things off, in their zine review section, for *MRR* they say "Get a real job you dirty bastards." As if reviewing this steaming pile of pretentious macho bullshit isn't enough of one. (RD)
Karl Core / PO Box 1803 / Glen Burnie, MD 21060

NO LIKUM SOAP #7 / $1 plus stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
I didn't know what to think of this - it has potential, but...It's a personal, quirky little zine written by a girl who seems to have her head on her shoulders. There are interviews with Operation:



Cliff Clavin and Atom and His Package. They could use some editing to make them more interesting and concise. The personal bits were very high school and just, well, tired. The editor's piece against affirmative action was oversimplified, and then there were two really offensive contributions from Ella's friends. One was "Why I Wish I Had a Vagina" from a male who actually doesn't want a vagina because they "smell disgusting" and menstruation is "gross and awful". Then there is a column by a guy who doesn't like "sluts" - "how do I know I am getting grade A meat when my shit could be tainted... because it is skanks like that that are transmitting some horrible diseases." This guy can seriously just go, like, fuck off. To Ella's credit, she wrote a disclaimer, but why print it at all? With friends like that, I feel bad for you. (MD)
344 West 72 St / New York, NY 10023

NOWHERE FAST #5 / $1 ppd or 3 stamps
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Cool personal zine with traveling tales, drinkin', stories, drawings, freegan recipes on the super cheap and more. Good observations, nice. It kind of meanders, but good for fans of the picking up and moving around school. (MJ)
Jen / PO Box 235 / Jericho, VT 05465

OI-PUNK #20 / $1 ppd or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This zine is boring. The best part is

the running hamburger-man on the cover (pretty sad, eh?). The worst part is when the guy who does this, Moz, says, "I feel that the only true underground is electric, grind, and noise music," (even sadder, yes?). In here are boring interviews with Rev Norb, Inbred Whiteboy and some fellow named Ski-Mask, as well as a couple stories that are boring too. (LB)
PO Box 2552 / Pearland, TX 77588

PARANOID TIME #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Odd little rantings from Santa Monica. This is the first issue, but it seems to be off to a decent start. Some focus or continuity might help; some of the contributors wear apathy as a badge of honor, while others write about homelessness, gentrification and junk bonds. The writing is hit or miss, but most of the articles were entertaining. The editing leaves much to be desired. The bondage goth poems at the end are horrible. Overall a fun read. (BC)
PO Box 21 / Santa Monica, CA 90406-0021

PERSONALITY LIBERATION FRONT #2 / $2
5 1/ 2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
Yes! This is exactly what I look for in a fanzine. Everything about this, from the layout to the writing was great. The way that they tackle issues like class and gender really impressed me. Instead of irritating one dimensional analysis with lots of silly slogans or verbose posturing, they lay out some really well written and thought out articles that get to the root of the issue. Lots of ideas about women and queer issues, interviews, thoughts about the macho side of punk and anarchist politics and a wide range of other topics. Everything in here was just great. In a lot of ways this is the standard by which DIY punk fanzines should be measured. (CR)
PO Box 3023 / South Brisbane / BC / QLD 4101 / Australia

POTATOE #3 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Short stories bout this guy's life. Pretty simple and common formula for a zine nowadays, sometimes works, sometimes doesn't. I thought this one worked, good feeling to the whole thing, kind of sad, yet ultimately positive and life affirming. Good way to be. (GF)
PO Box 1891 / Fayetteville, AR 72702-1891

RAD PARTY #19 / ?
4 x 6 - copied - 48 pgs - French
This is an unusual format - it's written as one long narrative and all the names of bands and whoever are in bold. Actually, it's perfect for my level of French 'cause I'd just skim along until I found something interesting and start translating from there. It seems to just be gossip and information as well as a few ads. Crazy, but good. (TX)
Small Budget Productions / Stephane / BP No 07 / 78 110 Le Vesinet / France

THE REFORMATION OF KINGS / $4 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 64 pgs
This is a chapbook type thing put out by Mark Bruback, who was interviewed in here a few issues ago. It's a mix of rants and rhyming poetry with some clip art to liven it up. I strongly agree with the politics Mark is spoutin' in here, but only a couple of the pieces were new information to me. Maybe if you are not as much of a well-informed/jaded hack as I am, you'll get more out of it. Still, props to Mark for publishing this type of thing. (JM)
Weak Publications c/o Mark Bruback / 2608 2nd Ave #184 / Seattle, WA 98121-1276

SCANNER #2 / $2 ppd or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 48 pgs
The next installment of this fairly new Brit zine. It's got columns, gig and record reviews, columns, interviews with Pegboy, Subhumans, Red Flag 77, DBS, and a lengthy piece on ABC No Rio. Not bad at all, the interviews especially are well done and manage to draw the odd intelligent remark out of the bands, which isn't usually an easy task. (AM)
6 Chatsworth Dr / Rushmere Park / Ipswich / Suffolk IP4 5XA / UK

SCREAM #9 / $3 ppd
8 x 8 - copied - 38 pgs-French
Unfortunately, my 7th grade French classes didn't give me enough to be able to read this. It looks good and has some nice layouts. Interviews with Man Is The Bastard and Jean Seberg, plus the usual columns and reviews. It has one thing that looks like a suggestion of getting de-baptised. Also an article on zero population growth, and it seems to be pretty into skating. Mais oui. (MJ)
Luc Ardilouze / 8 Rue Tourasse / 64500 St. Jean De Luz / France

SCUMBAG TULIP #10 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Well, there's a couple good bits. Like that this zine comes out of Hawaii, and it's nice to see the Hawaiian scene represented. But, content wise, there's nothing earth-shattering. There's an interview with Aaron Cometbus (who's handwriting the author is like the millionth person to copy), some obtuse poetry and a few political rants. Zine, book and record reviews, as well as the obligatory top-ten list. If you're into ska, Asian Man, Liberation or Kung Fu releases, or want to check out the scene in Hawaii, go for it. Otherwise, don't bother. (RL)
37 Kuhina St / Wailiku, HI 96793

SICKNESS #2 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 38 pgs - Dutch
Boy, where's (HH) when you need him? Well, not too sure what's going on here, for I don't speak Dutch worth a lick, but to the best of my ability, this seems to be a political zine with a touch of humor that happens to be in a language that I

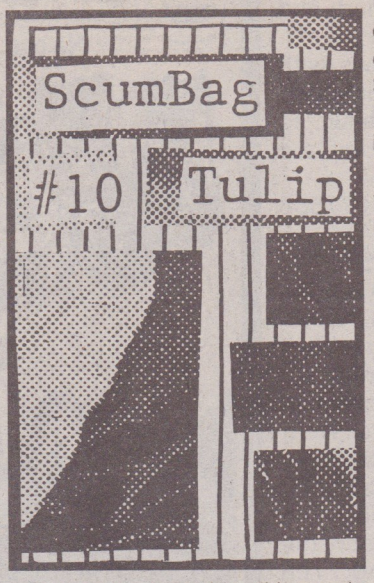
don't speak. (NF)
PB 9297 / 1800 GG Alkmaar / Holland

SMELL OF DEAD FISH #53 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 50 pgs
This is written like a letter or a journal and is frantic, disorganized and random. The hand-written, and sometimes difficult to decipher, pages are written at different moments in different coffee shops and recount a trip to the Bay Area and other travels. Some of the stories are boring or make no sense, but the cluttered thinking is often insightful and humorous. Reads a lot like Neal Cassady's autobiography. It's best to read this a little bit at a time, but it's intriguing and worth reading. Also, I respect any publication that's bound with duct tape. (BC)
PO Box 484 / Pensacola, FL 32597

SO FUCKIN' WHAT? #4 / $1 + stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
Crass influences in full effect. Columns on supporting Food Not Bombs, Gay Rights, a New Afrikan prisoners of war, reclaiming education, communication and other rants. Interviews with Violent Society, A Global Threat, Bomb Squadron and the Lower East Side Stitches. Record & zine reviews. Warning: punk as fuck, spike up hair before reading. (RL)
253 Alexander St #322 / Rochester, NY 14607

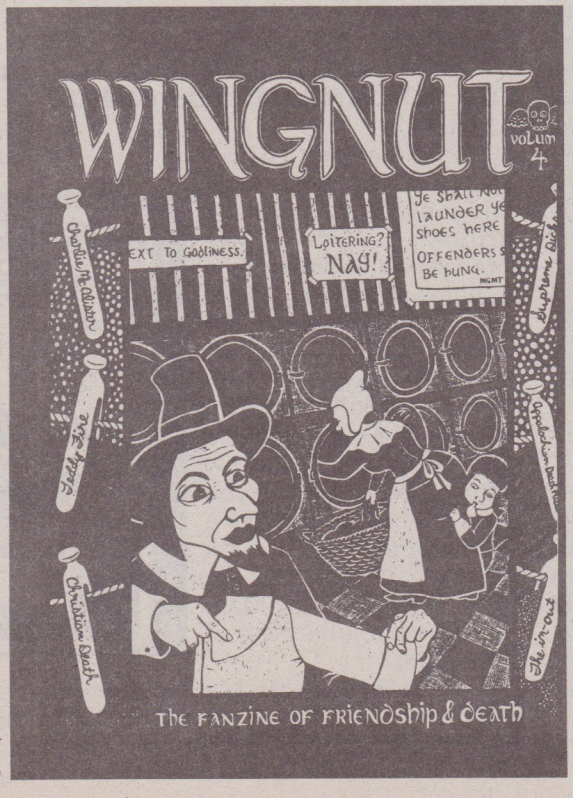
SOAP & SPIKES #5 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 36 pgs
Pick of the month (b) This is an amazing mostly interviews zine, more what I thought I'd be reading as a *MRR* reviewer. Here are interviews with some actually interesting people - ex-Germ Don Bolles, Brandon Cruz, and Tony James. The key to a good interview is having an interesting subject, then you can even use questions like "who drummed on the first single?" and still have a good article. I kept waiting for a let down but this zine is good throughout. Very recommended. (TX)
431 Burlington Ave #5 / Burlington, ON L7S 1R3 / Canada

STUFF #9 / stamp or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
Short comics, some funnier than others about, well, stuff. Key word is short. There's a letter at the front explaining how he keeps it short to keep it free, and how it takes longer to do a page of drawings than to do ten of writing, which is true. These comics are still too short, especially since some aren't original storylines. But it's free. It's not a bad read, but I wouldn't wait by the mailbox for it either. (BC)
7438 Etiwanda / Reseda, CA 91335



SUBURBAN SUBWAY #4 / $1 ppd or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is a sweet zine about love, wanting a love life, having fun with friends and other personal ziney stuff (also included are interviews with the Vermins and Joe Queer). Brad Subway, the guy who does this, just graduated high school and really wants a girlfriend. So girls, if you're out there and live in Boston I think you should try and hook up with Brad—he seems like a cool guy. Check out his zine, get his digits and get together, okay Boston girls?? (LB)
Brad Petrigala / 80 Boylston St. / Room T1120 Box 427 / Boston, MA 02116

URBAN GUERRILLA ZINE #5 / $1.25
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
At one point in this zine the author proclaims that they are not privy to East Bay scenester type bullshit, and fills the rest of it with name dropping, location dropping (is there such a thing?), and similar detritus. There is also an extensive reprint of the Starr report on Clinton and Lewinsky's touching, an interview with Penny Rimbaud (Crass), a how-to on homebrew, a few learned opinion's on Chiapas and the Critical Resistance conference and some local tales. (AR)
Jay Unidos / 1442A Walnut St #419 / Berkeley, CA 94709



WAR CRIME #10 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
An anarchist zine with an emphasis on direct action (like sabotaging ships) and animal rights. News and updates on struggles all over the world, Food Not Bombs, book, zine and record reviews, prisoner news. Not as dry as you'd expect and definitely informative.(MJ)
Mike / PO Box 2741 / Tucson, AZ 85702

WELCOME TO THE NIGHTMARE #7 / $1.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 50 pgs
Spooky shit! This zine is all psychobilly-fied with reviews of a M3t3ors show and the U.S. Psychobilly Festival, an interview with the Haywoods, and drink recipes. *Welcome to the Nightmare* is very into being a psychobilly thang, which is kinda scary (not in the way it wants to be). This zine is not too cool. (LB)
1840 41st Ave / Capitola, CA 95010

WHEN PUNK TURNS THIRTY ?/?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
This may be an insert to the *Smell of Dead Fish*.. It was tucked inside of my copy and is by the same writer at any rate. It is basically reflections on the state of punk rock, though I'm not clear on if the writer is thirty or has been a punk for thirty years or is marking 1969 as the beginning of punk. It doesn't really matter, as the hand-written observations do offer valid analysis of the loss of punk as an ethic or action. Probably nothing you've never heard before, but it's well-

written and well-organized, as well as offering some ideas for making punk a unified force for positive change, like talking to each other. I enjoyed reading it and thought it was a lot more worthwhile than pointing fingers at people who aren't 'punk' enough without offering any solution for 'saving the scene.' (BC)
PO Box 484 / Pensacola, FL 32597

WILLZINE #3 / $1 + 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 36 pgs
This zine is trying way too hard to be funny. It's sad. There is a thang on assholes, which distinguishes assholes from other freaks (who cares?), excerpts from some sex book, dumb cartoons, a "moron test", columns and more. On top of all this there is a thing on Burning Man. Oh my my. (LB)
321 N Pottstown Pk / Exton, PA 19341

WINGNUT Vol 4 / $6
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 314 pgs
Did you catch that? 314 pages!!! This is very, very thick. Naturally it is not all high quality but there is so much volume to this that it's a can't lose situation. If you find something dumb, just randomly flip somewhere else and there will be something better. I found quite a few good, a very few great (Manifest Jo-Jo for instance), much mediocre, and some a waste of paper. An incredible effort (Herculidian, I would say) well worth supporting. (AR)
PO Box 603128 / Providence, RI 02906

MORE LISTINGS

BLACKMAIL #2 / 1 stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
7 Seconds, Gr'ups tour diary, book reviews.
1775 Franklin St / Berkeley, CA 94702

CHUMPIRE #109-110 / 1 stamp
Bite sized zine - lots of reviews and small commentary (mostly on the scene). It's kind of disjointed due to it's shortness.
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

EMERGENCY #1 / $1 ppd
This zine consists of personal stories about the author's friends and their whereabouts. Kind of like reading a public journal.
Ammi Emergency / 142 W 4th St #18 / New York, NY 10012

FREAK TENSION #1 / 2 stamps
Gory fiction, well written live reviews and record reviews.
Matthew Johnson / 2124 Orchard Pl / Eau Claire, WI 54703

GROPING 4 LU.NA #9 / Free
5 1 / 2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Slick collection of photos and summaries of the subject in the photo. No real theme or connection between the writings, just a lot of random writing and ads.
PO Box 953 / Del Mar, CA 92014

OH NO! #1 / $1 ppd or trade
Simple, sloppy personal zine with writing about how the Descendents influenced the editor, school, news clippings, not much else.
PO Box 588 / Friendswood, TX / 77549-0588

PAPER AND STAPLES #1 / $1 ppd.
"Personalish" zine with some lefty political stuff and personal tidbits. Articles on Catholic school, global capitalism, and the Zapatistas. This zine is okay.
Mark / 269 Lodge Ln / Grays / Essex / RM17 5PR / UK

PLASTIC BOMB #25 / $5 - German
This issue features Jello Biafra, Varukers, Muff Potter, the Dickies, Hammerhead, the Adverts, the Vans tour, District, Avail, lots of reviews and classifieds.
Gustav / Freytag Str. 18 / 47057 Duisburg / Germany

STRANGE DAMAGE #11 / free
Mostly cut'n'paste with weird graphics and newspaper cut outs. Weird, poorly drawn comics. There was no real content or point to this.
4 Elm St #204 / Lancaster, NH 03585

TRUST #72 / ?
This is a really professional looking zine from Germany with the standard interviews, reviews and ads format, but I can't read it because it's in German.
Dolf Hermannstadter / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28207 Bremen / Germany

TYPOGRAPUNX #7 / $?
Graphic design talk in graphic design jargon. On the pretentious side, but possibly interesting if you're into graphic and web design, I guess.
15 Churchville Rd #115-163 / Bel Air, MD 21814

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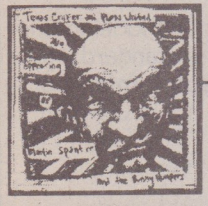

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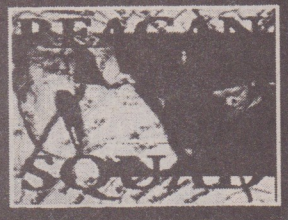

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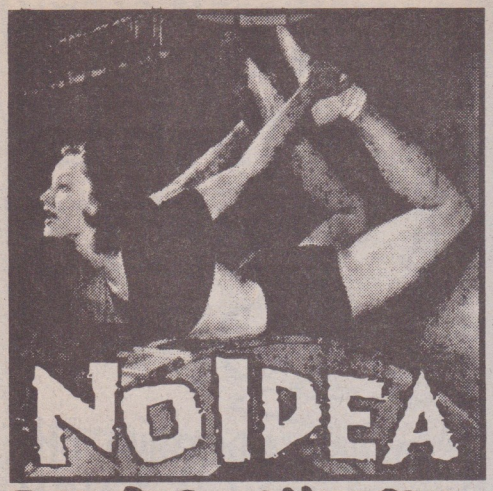

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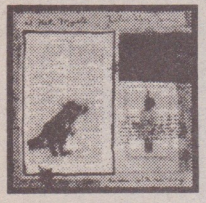

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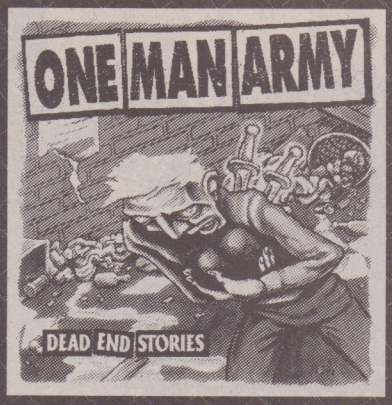

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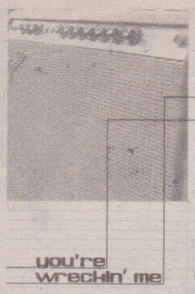

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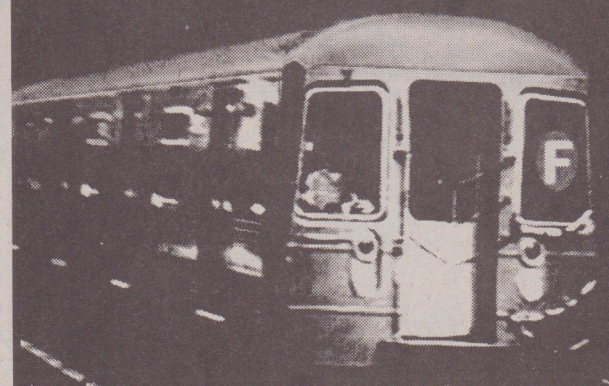

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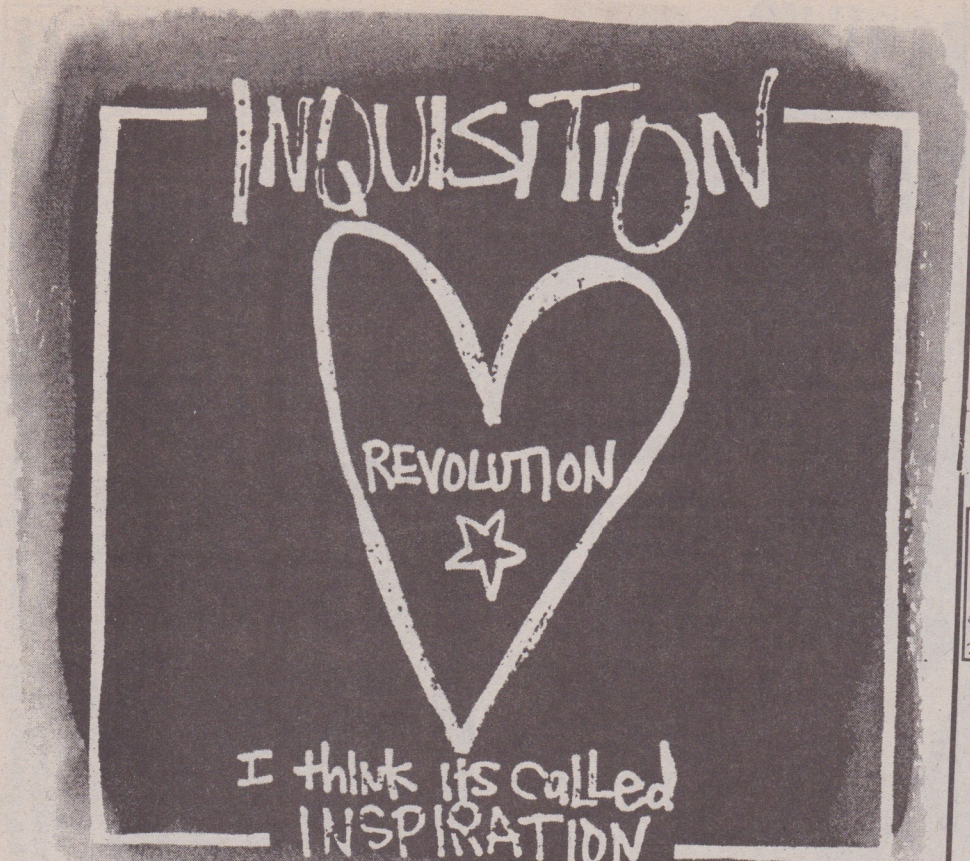

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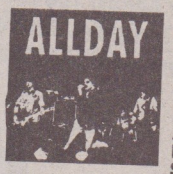

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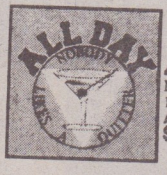

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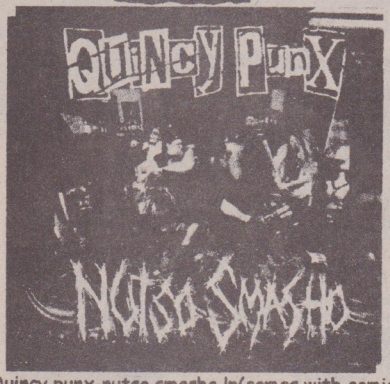

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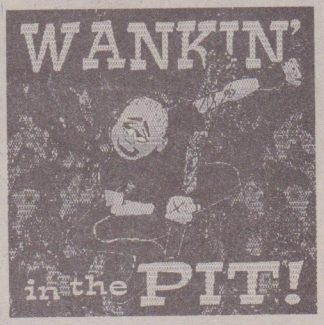

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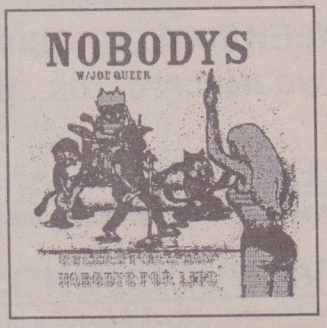

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FREE 3-song casette #4 from Skidd Freeman, the master of chaos. Send request to Skidd Freeman, P.O. Box 4281, East Lansing, MI 48826. Or email: skiddfreeman@webtv.net (one per household please)

HAWAIIAN STYLE PUNK - Hawaii Comp CD with 36 tracks for just $9.00 postage-paid!!! Order from the Hawaiian Express Mail-Order Catalog. Use a computer for more info and a complete catalog @ http://members.aol.com/hwnexp/news.html and send money to Jason Miller / PO Box 777 / Bryon, CA 94514. Mahalo!

BORED? GET YOURSELF cheap cassette recorder. Record yourself/ your friends/ anybody causing public chaos/ mad noise/ screamin'/ Bangin' on shit/spoken word/ lo-fi/ experimental/home made/punk/ noise/whatever/etc. Go the fuck off! Mail it to me w/ art/words and your address. Why? for upcoming cass/vynil projects. Bands! Send demos! All styles welcome. It's all punk to us! Existential Boredom, 22 South Mallory St. #1, Hampton, VA 23663.

CLINTON'S DICK...ATTACK!!! No-fi=noise collective. Japanese noise from Hapmton, VA. Critics say: "...the new Crass" -Zero Points Bulletin "A dynamic flux of repulsive impulsion" - Selective Scene You'll say :Hey man, what the fuck man? Send $1.00 for Demonstration Cassette. No-fi c/o Existencil Bordeom, 22 South Mallory St. Apt #1, Hampton, VA 23663

PUNK ROCK FOR SALE over 2500 punk records, cds, shirts, videos, etc. Large SAE. UK 2 IRCs Europe, 3 IRCs world, to North Records, 26 Hardhorn Way, Poulton, FY68AA UK. Website from November-North Records.com Thanks. Sorry we've been away!

THE PISS SHIVERS, "Hepped Up On Goofballs" punk rock CD. Fun, moderately offensive and non thought provoking music. Only $3.00 (postage paid). Payable to Cedric Crouch, PO Box 163, Barto, PA 19504. Distros/labels we also trade.

PUNK/MOD RECORDS FOR SALE, +2000 items, '77-'85, European, American, etc... 7"s and Lps, Killed By Death / Back To Front / Bloodstains Across Stuff, oi, hardcore, anarcho, mod, power pop: Guilty Razors, The Kids, Electrochoc, Sema 4, Big Boys, DDT, Bellevue, Raxola, Rude Kids, Nasty Facts...for list: send 2 irc's or 2$: N.Verbanck, B.P.13, 66320 Marquianes, France| P.S. trades welcome too...

SERIOUS COLLECTORS of punk, oi, hardcore, garage, 1975-1987. Stoopid records 6546 Hollywood Blvd, #214, Hollywood, CA, 90028. Open 7 days, 12:00-8:00 pm, (213) 467-6990. Call for mail order. Send $3 for list. Buy/trade. http:/ /gemm.com/s.cgi e-mail stoopid@jps.net

PUNK VINYL COLLECTABLES for sale. Write for free list. US and Euro punk rock records from the years 1977 to 1983, with some Dutch punk records on list. Also accepting priced wants lists. Jeff Gebenini / Curacao Str. 9 (2 Hoog) / 1058 BJ Amsterdam / Holland

NOBODY'S HEROES new 7" "Kill Tomorrow", available now! Some of many places to get it are... Fan Attic Records, Cyclone Records, BHB Records @ (508)420-0424 or your favorite independent record stores.

MEGARARE Finnish Punkrock Obscurities for Sale or Trade, like; Briard: All 7"s & LP, Destroy: Sanoja 7", Rattus: Khomeini Rock 7", Stalin: Chaos 7", Neuroosi: Rock Against Seija Isonsaari 7" (rarest European punk single, 10 exist!!), Kasvain: Onko Suomi Usattunut 7", Nauta: Ibko Suomi Vapaa Maa 7", 000:Oodeja Simasuille 7" & LP, Taavi & Rytmiryhma: Aanilevyko 7" etc.. .available almost all early finnpunk wonders so check my wants ad and offer trade (prefer) or send serious money offers!!!! (massive catalogue for $2 bills or 3x IRC) Write, call or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M Sateri, PO Box 174, Fin-11101 Riihimaki, Finland. fax +358 19 721328, tel + +358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@ aar.inet.fi

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RARE BRITISH PUNK / OI! / HC Set-sale catalogue, over 1500 items. Abrasive Wheels - Zounds. Deletions / rarities plus new releases, T-shirts, etc. Want-list service. Elista, 157 Common Rise, Hitchin, SG4 0HS, UK. Please send reply coupon for hard copy of listing by airmail, or catalogue is on line at www.homeusers.breathe.co.uk/elistarec Phone: +44 1462 433107 / Fax: +44 1462 433089 E-mail: mikeelista@breathe.co.uk

SALE/TRADE/BUY HC/Punk records. Big list with Misfits, Big Boys, Agnostic Front, Revelation stuff, Bacteria Sour. List for $1 or free with email: Axel. herrmann@lbb.de

ROCKNROLL music classifieds

WORLDWIDE PUNKROCK for sale: 2000 [illegible] Albums I've got mega-rare [illegible] as well as usual stuff. Also got rid of [illegible] records. The list is full of [illegible] Back To Front, Blood [illegible] like Anarchy, Brutal, Shit [illegible] Bastards, Victims, Raz [illegible] Fresh Color, Nabat [illegible] Grave, Panx, Stalin, Fric [illegible] Chain Gang + much [illegible] Trades welcome! Send 3 IRC's or $2 [illegible] complete list to: Ingo Fitelbach, PO Box 1319, 23833 Bad Oldesloe, GERMANY. Fax: +49-4531-67733 (Tel 67738). [illegible] 101603,2202@compuserve.com [illegible] http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/[illegible]

FOR SALE: CRIMPSHRINE - Lame Gig LP, No Idea split 7", JB split, Worlds V.II comp 7", Econochrist/Detonators 7", JB-whack & blite 7", Stikky- cuddle 7", Our Voice- Pro Choice 7" comp, If U Can See Thru This 7" comp, Sleeping Body 7", Spongetunnel- 1989 7", Chino Horde- this is done 7", Gray Matter 2x7", Amenity- this is... 7", Forced Down 7" + 2x7", Mohinder- gravity 7" #1, Dark Sarcasm 7", CIA- god, guts, guns 7", S.Weasel- Suzanne...7", all that old Lookout 7" crap, too. Serious inquiries only. Don't waste my time. Ian P.O. Box 673, PDX, OR 97207. I'm pretty willing to just sell you my collection for a coupla grand, too.

PUNK/OI!/HARDCORE and Ska records and CD's for sale, including lots of rare European Oi! stuff (Decibelios, Evil Conduct, Warrior Kids, etc...). Send $2 for a list. Wolfgang Diehl, Gaverstr. 15, D-67346 Speyer, Germany

CHECK OUT THE BIGGEST Punk Rock mail order catalog in the world! Over 70 pages full of rare and out of print Punk records from: The Adicts, Dickies, Blitz, Crass, Partisans, Dead Kennedys, Misfits, Crass, Subhumans, Dils, and thousands more. Everything from 1977 to the present. Also hundreds of patches, shirts, stickers, and buttons to choose from. (All for cheap too!) For the newest catalog, send 3 stamps or $1.00 to: Dr. Strange Records, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701, USA. Or check out the web page at www.drstrange.com. And when in Southern California check out the new store. 2300 square feet of pure punk rock! Records, cd's, creepers, bondage pants, studs and more...(909) 944-1778.

NOCTURNAL PROJECTIONS - World View 7" ep: 4 unreleased tracks featuring Graeme + Peter Jefferies first punk recordings from March 1981. Send U.S. $5 post paid AirmailWorld to: Simon Kay / 36 Barlow Pl / Birkenhead / Auckland / New Zealand. Fax: ++ 64-9-302-2046

NOBODY'S HEROES New 4 song 7" out on B.H.B. Records. $4 ppd w/sticker & patch (cash only). Also send SASE for mail order catalog. B.H.B. also does band T-Shirts & patches real cheap. Skaters send SASE for the cheapest decks & stuff. B.H.B. Records/ 10 Liam Ln/Centerville, MA 02632 or phone (508) 771-4595, email - pb7671lb@aol.com

EERIE RECORDS PRESENTS best & worst of My 3 Scum $7.00. v/a Horror House w/Invisible Rays, Little Billy Catfish Trio, Assmen, Go-Go Rays, Bastard Brigade, My 3 Scum, and more $10. The Broken Toys, "Born Holes" 7" $4. Stick Max 4 song cdep $3. All prices postpaid. Send check/cash to: Eerie Records, 2408 Peach St., Erie, PA 16502. Check out the page for new releases and shows! www.eerierecords.com

"PAY NO ATTENTION To What's Behind The Curtain" 13 band, 27 song, Ska & Punk compilation CD from Stink Box Records. Featuring: The Piss Shivers, The Cuffs, Christian Science A.D., Mohawk Barbie, Sniper Patrol Flowers, Type Cast, 71 Scent Sick Tea, Nosebleeds, SnollyGoster, Falcon, The Bovaters, Hole In One Only $10.00 postage paid. Payable to Cedric Coker. P.O. Box 163, Barto, PA. 19504.

BUFORD RECORDS: NEW! Public Relations Volume 1 cd comp. 3 labels/3 bands. Buford Recs., Room 101 Recs., and Breathmint Recs. Bands: Sputnic, Khrissy, and By Any Means Necessary. $4 ppd. Send well concealed cash or M.O. to Buford Records/ 2 Oak St. Ext./Franklin, MA, 02038-2827. Free catalog + t-shirt w/ every order.

BUFORD RECORDS: ALSO NEW! On Breathmint Recs. "The Winterfresh Revolution" comp. cd. Bands: J Church, Dead End Kids, No Fraud, The Thumbs, Boba Fett Youth, Chapter 9, Krhissy, Rallycap, By Any Means Necessary + many more. $4 ppd. Send well concealed cash or M.O. to: Buford Records/2 Oak St. Ext./Franklin, MA, 02038-2827. Free catalog + t shirt w/ every order.

CARBON CYCLE RECORDS is looking to distro underground / punk-based projects from the Portland area, seeking to form a fairly comprehensive selection of the Portland underground. Contact me at: John Trimble/ Carbon Cycle PO Box 11741 Portland OR 97211. Iowa Hawkeyes 7" coming soon.

FOR TRADE: Fresh Color 7", Bog Ugly 7", Bad Posture 12", Roach Motel 1st 7", Bleach Boys 12", Pekinska Patka 1st 7", Cigarettes 1st 7"; Looking for: Vulpess 7", Dregs 7", Crime 2nd 7", Dirtshit 7", Glueams 1st 7", BVD 7", Nixe 7" and more. Send lists to: Thomas Lindenbaum, Voxtruper Str. 12, 49082 Osnabrück Germany

SADDLETRAMP RECORDS - 3 ass kickin' punk 'n' roll 7" singles available. The X-Rays "Whores Are Cool", Cellophane Suckers "Schweinhund E.P.", The Chargers "Don't Mind If I Fucking Do E.P.". $5 U.S. each including P + P from Saddletramp Records, P.O. Box 5412, Nottingham, NG1 6HT, U.K.

DIOS HASTIO last tape "Ascenso del Error" out now! Raw HC-crust from Peru, the first demo "Raza de Gusanos" still available. Each one $5 ppd world, both demos (in just one tape...two covers of course) $7 ppd world.... trades are welcome! Get in contact c/o Jose M./ PO Box 4370/ Lima 1/ PERU

I'M STILL LOOKIN' for some records, like: Bonecrusher - "World of Pain" CD, Stitches- Sixteen 7" (first Press), Mental Abuse- Street of Filth LP, G.G. Allin - Inside/Outside 7", Antiseen-Rojalty 7", V.A. - Come Alone to the Holy Night Skinheads CD, T.J. maxx-7" or CD! I'm also interested in other oi!/ punk stuff. Write to: Halloween Mike. P.O. Box 101125, 46011 Oberhausen, Germany.

TRADE ONLY: Dayglo Abortions - Womb 12" Frantix - Old Man 7" Mentally Ill - Gacy 7" Gears-lp & 7" Screeching Weasel punkhouse, radioblast 7" Final Conflict - family 7" Lip Cream - Lonely Rock 7" & Close edge, Septic Death - Kichigai 7" & Attention 12" Warzone east 7" Turning Point 7" Fartz- World stinks 7" Crucifix-Capitulation, Varaus - 1/2 lp Big Boys-Towel& lullabies S.O.B.-swindle lp Larm/Stanx 12" Master tape 1 & more Martin 2340 w. 24th St., Chicago, Il 60608 (773)847-7020.

WANT: Stalin-trash lp Stalinism 7" Mad 7"ers Pandemonium Who the 7"Rattus old 7" Lama 7" ers Kohu 63 old 7" Aburadako 7" flexi Varaus 7" Plugz - Mindless 7" Tampax/Hitlers 7" Nabat 1st 7" V/A o'Comeco do fim do mundo lp Gas Hiroshima flexi. Check trades above. Looking for world punk-h/c, it could be killed by death bloodstains obscure send list. Martin 2340 W. 24th St., Chicago Il 60608 (773)847-7020.

SLAP HAPPY RECORDS needs bands for upcoming CD compilations, plus possible full lengths or 7"s. Power-pop, pop-punk, rockabilly, garage, punk, etc. Send demos to: POB 249, Byron, CA 94514. (925) 634-3580 (Ted). Email- slaphappyrecords@ hotmail.com www.geocities.com/~slaphappyrec/

100's OF PUNK, anarcho punk, oi, hardcore to go. 95% originals. Both sides of the Atlantic. From ABRASIVE WHEELS to ZOUNDS with more mind-blowing names in between. Send $1 or IRC for full list and free original buttons (1st come, 1st served). I need 2 copies of NAKED RAYGUN's "Understand" on cd and basically cool mail. François Bouthiaux, 19 bis rue des Ecoussons, 25 300 Pontarlier, FRANCE

NOBODY'S HEROES- new 7" "Kill Tomorrow" available $4 cash postpaid to BHB Records- 10 Liam Ln. Centerville, MA 02632. Also available from: Cyclone Records, Fan Attic Records. Overseas: Mr. Clean (France), Knock Out (Germany). Also skateboards and shit real cheap! Pro stuff, poor guy prices! e-mail: pb7671lb@aol.com or SASE to BHB Records for catalogue. (508) 420-0424 Paul. Every Nobody's Heroes order gets a sticker and patch.

PUNK/OI!/HARDCORE and Ska records and CD's for sale, including lots of rare European Oi! stuff (Decibelios, Evil Conduct, Warrior Kids, etc...). Send $2 for a list. Wolfgang Diehl, Gayerstr. 15, D-67346 Speyer, Germany

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WYOMING, MONTANA. NW states summer '99 I'll be travelling I-25 north Ft. Collins to Billings. I-90 west to Seattle, then south. If you could put me up or show me around for a day that'd be much appreciated. Me: 27, male, like fast music, left/radical politics, good stories, etc. Write, call: Jeff, 3374 18th St./ SF, CA 94110 (415) 864-6906

XXX PORN We need Punk & Alternative females & male/female couples- No single men to be in Alternative/Punk Hardcore Adult films. Punk/Alternative/Industrial bands needed for soundtracks. Females $500-800, Males $200. 18 or older. Send info & photo & age statement w/signature. Fire Storm Productions PO Box 422965 San Francisco, CA 94142-2965 USA

VIDEOS: over 1000 shows. All. Adolescents, Adicts, Bad Brains, Bikini Kill, Black Flag, Burn, N. Cave, Chaos U.K., Circle Jerks, Cows, Cro-Mags, Damned, Dayglos, Descendants, Dickies, Entombed, Exploited, Eve Hate God, Flipper, Fugazi, GBH, SJ Hawkins, Hole, Jawbox, KMFDM, Hyenas, Leeway, Lyres, Madball, Marilyn Manson, Meatmen, Mighty Bosstones, and many, many more. $1 for 40 page list. Write Merle Allin/214 E 24th St. #5b/NY, NY 10010. Call (212) 889-8334. Quickest service anywhere.

STEFAN RENSTROM!!?? Hello! I sent you the money, where are my records? If anyone knows where he is please contact me. Mark, 6546 Hollywood Blvd. #214, Hollywood, CA, 90028 (213)467-6990 stoopid@ jps.net

HARDCORE & PUNK VIDEOS! 120 min for $13. Pick 3 of the following for $13 or send stamps for list. Propagandhi, Public Enemy, Queers, Quicksand, Rage, Ramones, Rancid, Rocket From, Rollins, Samhain, S. Weasel, Sensefield, 7 Seconds, Shelter, Sickofitall, Skankin Pickle, Smiths, Snapcase, Spitboy, Strung Out, Subhumans, Suicide Machines, Sunny Day RE, Superchunk, Toasters, Total Chaos, Unbroken, Vandals, Weezer, Y of T. Email: choosethehuey@hotmail.com. Huey, PO Box 95516, Seattle, WA 98145

HARDCORE & PUNK VIDEOS! 120 min for $13. Pick 3 of the following for $13 or send stamps for list. Jawbox, Jawbreaker, Jets to Brazil, Judge, Lagwagon, Less Than Jake, Lifetime, Los Crudos, Madball, the Makeup, Man or Astroman?, MDC, MM Bosstones, Mineral, Minor Threat, Misfits, Mr. T Experience, Muffs, Murphy's Law, MxPx, Neurosis, NOFX, Offspring, Op Ivy, Pennywise, Pixies, Promise Ring and more. Email: choosethehuey@ hotmail.com. Huey, PO Box 95516, Seattle, WA 98145

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DUMPSTER DIVE FANZINE PO Box 426, Norwalk, CT 06856, $2 ppd ($4 foreign) #14 - featuring: HepCat; Malcolm Tent; Stiff Little Fingers; Nashville Pussy; S.C.O.T.S. plus lots more junk!

XXX PUNK XXX Punk & Alternative Females needed for Adult & Fetish photographs. Tattoos, Piercings, Scars, Body Modifications, Dread Locks, Mohawks, Wild Hair, No Hair. All body types. $100 plus $20 per hour & copies. Fire Storm Productions PO Box 422965 San Francisco, CA 94142-2965 USA

WANTED: MRR 129, 131, 136-41, 144, 153, 161, 164-66. Write quoting prices. A.E. Roach, 6919 Harrison Lane, Alexandria, VA 22306-1430.

BANDS-I CAN DESIGN and print your 7" covers at a reasonable and competitive rate. One to four colors, single or double sided. Printing w/o graphic design also available. T-shirt silk-screening also available. Write or email for rates. Larry/Genetic Disorder PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175 or <harmon1@mail.sdsu.edu>.

ADVENTUROUS MOD-BOY, 20, in search of places to crash throughout the U.S., love and friends...Fave current bands are: Garbage, Blink 182, and Placebo. Loves Gus Van Sant, Carbination, Bud. Leviticus @ 324 W. 22nd #2, Merced, CA 95340

WANTED: MRR 129, 131, 136-41, 144, 153, 161, 164-66. Write quoting prices. A.E. Roach, 6919 Harrison Lane, Alexandria, VA 22306-1430.

THE .357s WANT YOU - The .357s are seeking rock'n'roll fanatics across the country to serve as "promotional representatives." Promote the band by selling CDs, T-shirts and booking the band in your area. For more information, please contact us at: Hello Records / PO Box 21867 / Lexington, KY 40522 or e-mail at hellorec@mindspring.com 100% American Rock'n'Roll.

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BANDS WANTED for compilation CD's. Punk, Hardcore, Ska and Thrash bands wanted for Loco Diablo Underground CD compilation #4. Send demo's to: Loco Diablo / P.O. Box 332 / Thomasboro, IL 61878

DRUMMER WANTED for melodic punk- rockabilly band in the East Bay with female singer and former member of Crimpshrine/ Tilt. We have a practice space, gigs, etc. You must have transportation, a source of income, experience. 510-522-1033.

ACTION, MORE LETTERS for Sonja! Schreibt Briefe an Sonja, cause she is looking for pen pals! She like Punk Rock, Ska, Trainspotting, Matt Damon, Mr. Steve Boy, Fantasy Books and German Soap. Sonja is 23, and lives in Cologne. Write to Sonja Kollman, Apenrader Str. 16, 50825 Koln, Germany and tell her about you or the OC Crew, or whatever. I just hope this is a good idea, don't disappoint me. If possible, auf Deutsch schreiben!

BANDS WANTED! I am looking to start a new label and need punk and hardcore bands interested in appearing on an up and coming compilation CD and/or other releases. Send demos to: Cryptonic Records, 2823 Stacy Ct., Marietta, GA, 30062.

VIDEOS VIDEOS VIDEOS have lots such as jon spencer, sex pistols, warzone, guitarwolf, makers, econochrist, nashvillepussy, wu-tang, motards, avail, joncougarc.c., fifteen (98show) & lots more. Traders welcome send s.a.s.e. for list to kelly 1019 N. Anza El Cajon, CA 92021 also I do printing, buttons, silkscreening. We need projects!!!

BLACK DOVE DISTRIBUTION is a multi-project anarchist collective. We distribute pamphlets and patches, as well as print a bi-monthly newsletter of anarchist listings. Send a stamp to be on our catalog mailing list (you'll receive a catalog every 2 months.) Black Dove Distribution//5275 Whisper Drive//Coral Springs, FL 33067

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GRADUATE STUDENT SEEKING written submissions on women's memories of childhood. I am particularly interested in games, i.e. recess activities, hopscotch, jump rope, roller skating. Narratives will be compiled into a thesis paper. Feel free to add any thoughts and opinions you have on how your childhood has/ has not affected your life. Send to: Jeanne, 2216 Garden Place, Raleigh, NC 27607

"PUT THE PAST AWAY" #1 zine is out now for $1 ppd. It features articles on punk politics, being queer and not fitting in, an interview with Tom Ackerman, and music reviews. All this for your reading pleasure. Chris/ PO Box 5683/ Evansville, IN 47716

TO ALL GOTH/PUNK GIRLS out there, I'm a 27 y/o Goth Punk guy who needs some penpals, so please write me and bring me some joy in my life. Don't be ashamed to enclose a picture of yourself (always answered!). Carlo Dekeyzer, Brugse Heirweg 2/a, 8211 Aartrijke, Belgium.

GOOD ADVICE for all of you who likes traveling! Try to avoid "Belgium"!!! This country really, really sucks!!! Absolutely no scene or music culture over here. Only lots of stupid sick minded people that really loves (!) to manipulate & to nail alternative people down (in a full passionate way). Oh, what a sick country this is!!

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE. PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: twff@juno.com or via the web: http://www. freeyellow.com/members2/ seidboard/twfhome.html

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL PRESENTS

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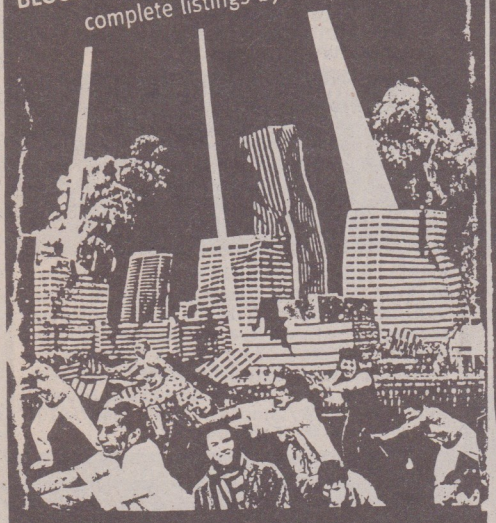
a blood-splattered guide to KILLED BY DEATH, BLOODSTAINS and other 77-84 reissue comps
complete listings by comp and by band



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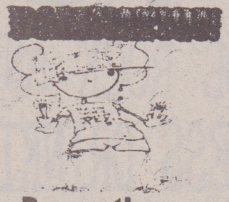

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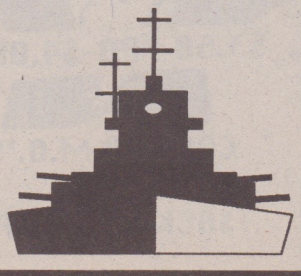

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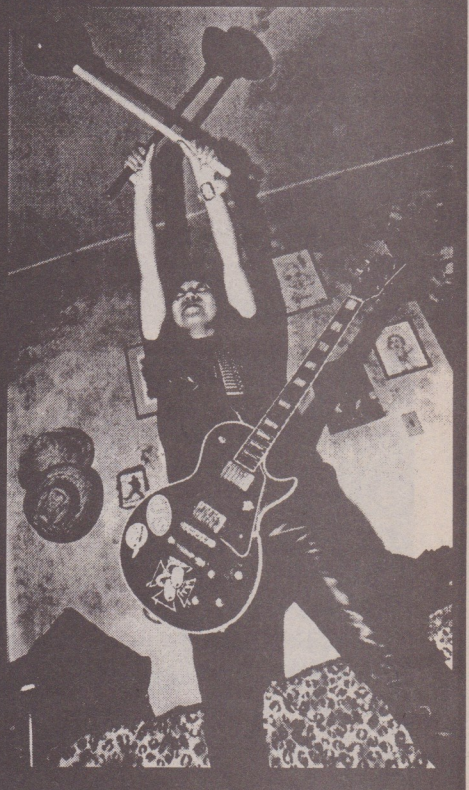

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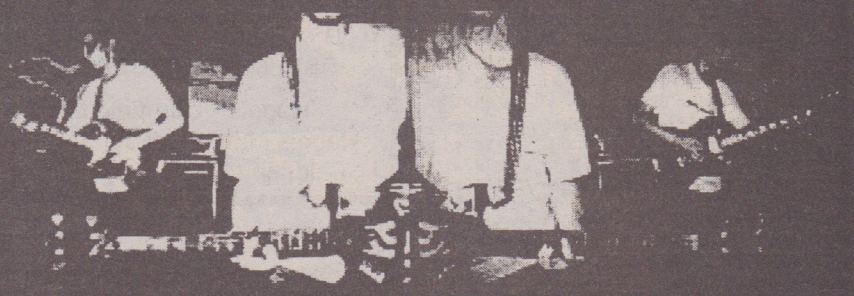

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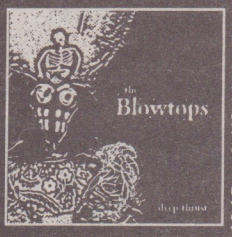

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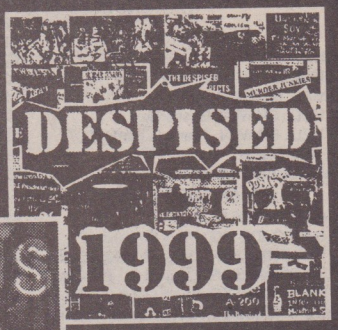

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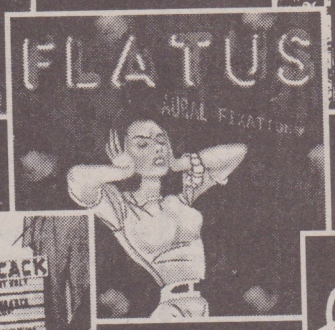

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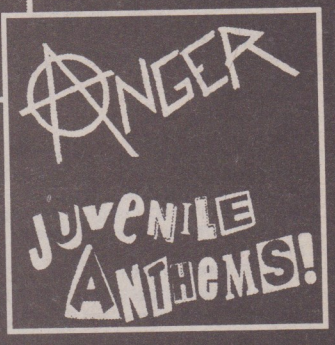

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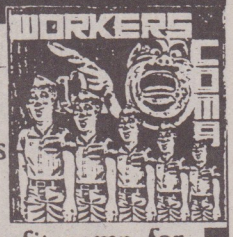

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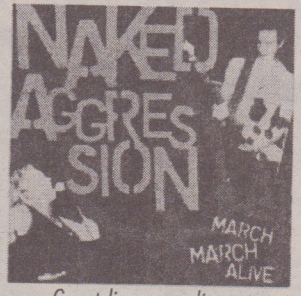

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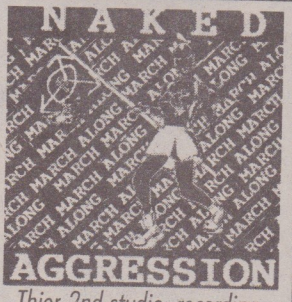

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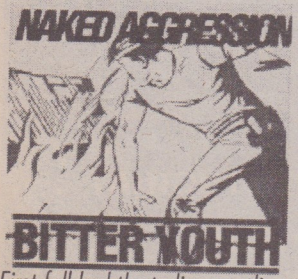

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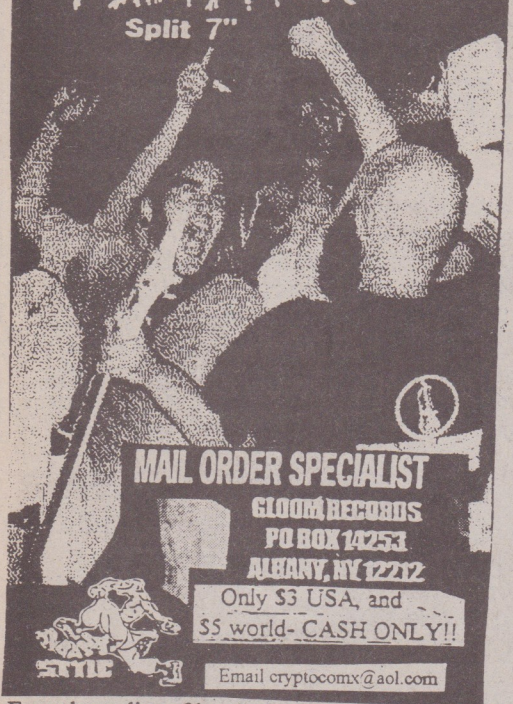

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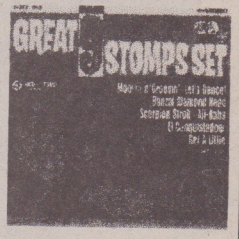

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AND YOU THOUGHT IT WOULDN'T HAPPEN.... BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKIN LIFE #7

Do-It Yourself Resource Magazine No. 7, 1999

For 6 years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you sent in listings for, and many of you utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or just using to keep in touch.

And then the unimaginable happened....no collective stepped forward to team up for the 1998 edition. The 1999 edition should make up for that—in addition to the usual print edition, BYOFL will also be available in a perpetually-updated, searchable format on the web.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of info, and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing (remember some libraries and computer stores have net-connected computers).

Listings

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing) Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Hall Capacity/Lodging or Food Provided?/Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc.)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC Shows and Times
RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

Ads

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc.

Deadline: Feb 1, 1999 -- Due Out: April 15, 1999

Submit listings on the web at:
http://www.byofl.org/
(preferred method)

Send snail mail listings to:
The Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St, #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303-1805

Send all ads to:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO Box 460760
S.F., CA 94146-0760

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!!

1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) Be brief! We're not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
3) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it'll only take you a couple of minutes and you won't have to hunt for a stamp.
4) Don't use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the web site, we'll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
5) Feel free to send friendly letters, goofy drawings, and other goodies, but don't expect a reply. We're swamped.
6) We don't need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
7) Don't send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you're in—just for the ones that are really active!
8) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene's listings done, but....
9) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Internet is your friend).
10) No certified/registered mail, please!

mpton comes alive". Do you own "Framp-
s alive?
have, on and off at different times last fifteen years.
lieve every American has owned that record point in their lives.
MRR: It's possible.

R AND THE
BE BABIES

they say
they are lying.
hat and the Boston album.
eah, and "Hotel California".
Mmmm, maybe not that one. What e bands that, punk or not, like Peter ton, influenced you?
e Clash, I mean that was like the first thing I , that and the Beach Boys.
Who do you like in the new breed of ands?
lass Murderers, Urban Soldiers, bands like

Your first couple of albums are more rashy "let's bang on our instruments ay really fast", as you guys moved you kinda became more poppy, do ys want to talk about that at all?
was just a natural progression that we are better than when we started. I think every s got to do that, surely!
s there a point where you want to line though, I mean, "do we want to e the next U2 or...."
Ve don't believe in drawing lines - we believe ng them.
ink that a good song is a good song, if it's a punk style it's a punk song. When we write bum, we write enough songs for that album, I mean I don't think we start with a conscious n about what it's going to sound like.
MRR: That's a good point, you say that it wasn't a conscious decision to say "well, it seems like new wave is big, so let's slow it down a bit", it just kind of naturally did that.
Del: That's more what punk is really, just doing things on the spur of the moment. I mean it's not like we sit at home and say, "its' gotta sound like this or that" or "it's gotta sound like Suicidal Tendencies", it's what you're into at the time.
MRR: Well, a lot of, especially old school punks, will cite bands that weren't necessarily punk bands as influences, but have a punk feel to them, do you have any of those influences?
Del: The Stones.
A.D.:The Who
Rum: Elvis...early Elvis. Early Elvis was the first punk.
A.D.:There are a lot of old bands we still listen to, we have to, we're in our thirties now, we have to.
MRR: Yeah, I've noticed that's a requirement once you reach that age, huh? I was pissed.
Del: Yeah, the guys we've been touring with play nothing but punk tapes, and by the end of the day we're like "can't we listen to some other styles of music?" Just 'cause you're in a punk band doesn't mean that's all you should listen to.
MRR: Do you guys consider this a reunion tour, which is an obvious question with the Pistols and the Filthy Lucre tour, what's your take on that?
Peter: Surely you have to split up to have a reunion tour.
Rum: I mean, before we came to the US, we finished a six-week tour of Europe.
MRR: You're saying you never called it quits? It's not like "the Pistols are doing it, so and so is doing it..."
Peter: No, they copied us!
Del: We never split up. We just got lazy, we got sick of each other, but we never split up. It's especially not a reunion tour, when we're out touring, everybody here thinks we've split up, then we come back from touring Europe and everybody says... "it's a reunion!"
Rum: We are always playing somewhere.
Peter: Next year we're going to be really busy, ar we're too busy to tour in Europe, then they're go to think we split-up again, it's ridiculous.
MRR: Since you've been around the wor where are your favorite places to play?
Peter: I liked Japan, that was good.
MRR: What was good about it?
Peter: The food.
MRR: What about San Francisco?
Del: I don't know, I haven't eaten yet.
MRR: Is that why you guys are all so skinny?
PTT: (no comment)
MRR: By

the w what's w the zinfen Peter's dri ing?
Del: That's punk?
MRR: Tha kinda like, foo viva France stuff.
Peter: All I say is, when you're in the area, drink local brew. I mean, they make a really good w zinfendel, so why not drink it? Let's face it, Ame beer, most of it is shit.
MRR: Well then, you've obviously ne had the beer they call King Cobra. Wh are you going to take it from here? How l do you think you can keep this going? you think you can keep this going for an er twenty years?
Peter: We don't make plans like that really. I m it'd be boring, wouldn't it?